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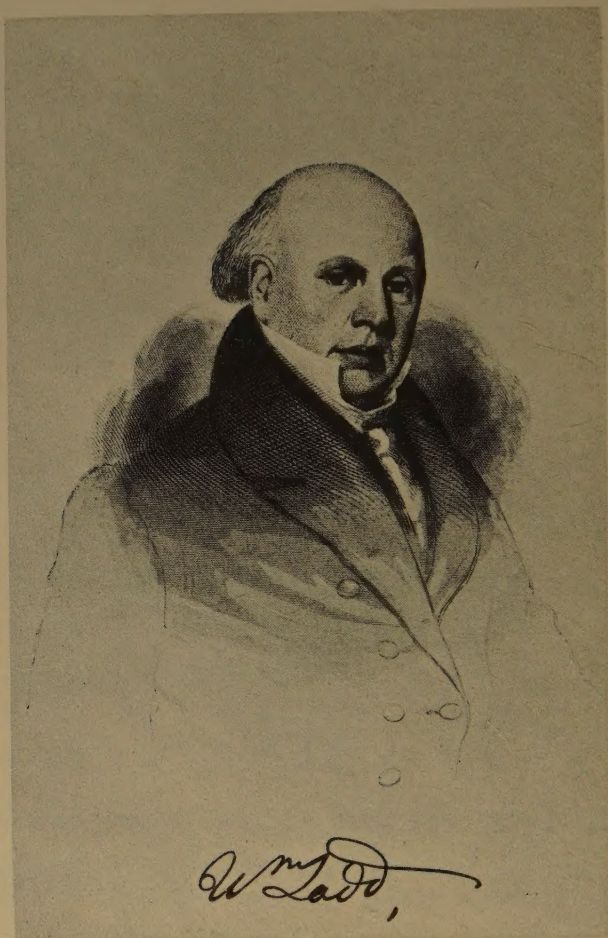
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The Apostle of Peace.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM LADD,

BY

JOHN HEMMENWAY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ELIHU BURRITT.

"O that I had another life to devote to the holy cause of peace. It is a cause to die for. It is to me the field of glory, the field on which my Saviour died."— *William Ladd's Letter to Rev. Asa Cummings, from Canandaigua, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1841.*

BOSTON:

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY, No. 36 BROMFIELD STREET.

1872.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE greatest wealth of any country or age is the immortal lives it produces for itself and the world. There are rich and proud empires that look upon such lives as their peculiar and most precious treasure. For instance, England, so proud of an empire ten times as large as Alexander's or Cæsar's, would give up India, with all its wealth of gold and pearl and precious stones, rather than alienate the koh-i-noor of Shakespeare's glory. She has a dozen other lives, some centuries old, which she would not sell out of her jewelry for such another dozen of the best colonies she wears around the neck of her empire. These and all her other colonies may be scattered from her, like unstrung beads, but all the revolutions that smite down thrones and crowns, and sever or shatter kingdoms, can never rob her of the immortal wealth of the great lives she has begotten for the good of mankind. Such lives are to nations the immediate jewels of their souls, and they make one common lustre for the race. No lives can be immortal that do not shine beyond the boundaries of one nation. The brightest stars in the heavens differ in glory only in circumference of light. The lives of great men differ only in the same measurements.

When America comes to make up her jewels, or to compare them with the jewels of other nations, it is doubtful if she will be able to show a life of longer radius and serener light than the life of WILLIAM LADD. This Maine farmer arose by the power breathed into his soul, to the very first order and rank of that nobility of the great world which numbers but a few men in a single age. Every country has its illustrious patriots, whose souls can only take in and worship its sole good and glory. But philanthropists, with hearts large enough to take into their embrace fifty nations, with a pulse of sympathy and good-will beating warm and ceaseless for each and all, — such men have been few from the birth of time, and they are few to-day, though increasing in number. They are the only order of nobility recognized and honored by the empire of humanity. Patriots may make a more brilliant lustre, but it is more temporary, and confined to local illumination. Often a shade of national selfishness discolors its aspect to other countries. The light it sheds upon its own land may have been kindled at the ashes of their prosperity. It may, to the eyes that most admire it, shine the brighter for the darkness it has made around it. But true-hearted philanthropy, of William Ladd's order of will and work, ascends to a higher level of view and life. As from the mount on which Christ sat and preached his immortal sermon, it looks off upon the great world in the pathway of his eye and with the pulse of his heart. It looks from such a lofty point of vision that the boundaries between nations seem but the narrow streets of one great city, not walls to sunder its habitations. From such a height it cannot or does not notice whether the faces on one side be black, and on the other white, or a shade between. To its ear the human voice has but one language, the human heart but one divine fashion of sensibility, the human soul but one stamp of origin and value.

Such was the philanthropy of William Ladd, and such was the eye with which he looked, the heart with which he felt, the hand with which he worked, and the life he led, for the common weal of mankind. The order or mission of philanthropy to which he gave all these faculties of his life was at the time but just instituted. No other special work of goodwill to man set agoing since the angels sung their song to that string and tune, ever required more faith and hope against hope. It was the effort to abolish a system of violence and bloodshed, which every year, from the flood to Waterloo, had destroyed more human lives than perished in the waters that upbore Noah's ark, or at that average of destruction. Christianity had not checked war, neither by making it less frequent or furious. Even when paganism had succumbed before the banners of the Cross, religious wars between nations that raised those banners against each other, raged with heathen fury sometimes for a generation. Christendom was one continuous field of battle, with only short breathing spaces called times of peace. All the nations of the civilized world, including America, had just emerged from a long and terrible struggle, terminating at Waterloo. They were all still bleeding with their wounds, and burning with animosities that blood had not quenched. Heroism, chivalry, patriotism, military history and glory of all the Grecian and Roman centuries; of the middle ages, and all other ages; Homer, Virgil, and all the classical romance of martial deeds and dǎring, — all these took hold of press, pulpit, and people, and made a new literature in prose and verse to feed the appetites they created. Such was the time at which a few men in private life, of small influence, but of great faith and holy purpose, came together, each band a little handful, in London and Boston, almost simultaneously, without concert or mutual knowledge. These men, few and feeble in political and social force, addressed their minds to

the question how the long reign of war could be broken, and banished from the Christian world. It required a faith which few men had attained in a thousand years to believe that the great destroyer could be bound and cast into the utter darkness that gave it birth. The struggle would be long and desperate, but not doubtful in the far-off end. This they believed. With this faith in the power of the Christian religion, reason, and the enlightened conscience of nations, they believed that the war system might be abolished like other evils that had yielded to the same moral forces. Still there was one great difference between this system and all other pernicious customs that had been put down or remained to be abolished. It was in this aggravated and formidable difference that these early friends of peace, and all who have since espoused the cause, met their greatest difficulty.

This difference between war and slavery or intemperance, or any other great form of wrong and oppression, has its most serious distinction in the fact, that one is an international, world-wide custom, and the other, local or national evils, to be abolished only by local efforts or national legislation. England could and did abolish slavery in her colonies without asking concert or consent of other countries. The United States did the same. Intemperance has been and is a terrible evil in both countries; but it is for the people of each to put it down in their own borders. The example and sympathy of one are helpful to the other, as a stimulus to new faith and exertion, but the real work and result are local. Each must do the one and achieve the other by and for itself. But no one, nor two, nor three nations can abolish war. To banish this great evil from the civilized world, requires the co-working and co-partnership of all the great nations of Christendom, no three of which speak the same language. Besides this difficulty, they greatly vary in temperaments, institutions, and in progress of enlightenment. Now, not

only the governments, but the people of these nations had to be virtually educated and brought to see the wickedness and folly of the war system, and to join in the effort to abolish it. To reach and convince the minds of these rulers and peoples, and to enlist their effective co-operation, involved an effort from which even men of sanguine faith and hope might well have shrunk.

But war was not only an international custom, to be abolished by the whole family of nations working in copartnership, but it was upheld by influences which no other evil habit or system ever won to its support. Slavery never produced any attractive literature to deepen its hold upon the popular mind of any country that tolerated the evil. It had no martial chivalry or heroics to sing about slave-hunting raids in Africa, or incidents of "the middle passage," or of barracoons and slave-pens in America, Cuba, or Brazil. It furnished no tropes or illustrations for the press or pulpit rhetoric. It touched no enthusiasm; it stirred no romantic sensibility in its favor. It had no hold upon the better nature of man; nor found any defence or reason for its existence, except in the lowest instincts of self-interest of a man, of which his moral conscience was secretly ashamed. Intemperance was as poor in literature, in prose or verse, as slavery. It had only the low language of appetite in its defence or apology. Its bacchanalian songs touched no chords of sympathy in the popular mind. It would not enlist music, poetry, and painting, nor make any attractive romance for novels. The earnest men and women in America and England who banded themselves against these evils, could pierce them through and through with the arrows of truth. There were no thick bosses of classic literature and classic history to turn or dull the points of their weapons.

How different, in these respects, has ever been and still is the popular status of war! Nearly two thirds of the written

history of mankind has been the history of this destroyer of the race. It has suborned to its service and glorification the most brilliant literature of all the ages. One continuous line of poets, from Homer to Tennyson, has sung its glories with a genius the world has called divine. Music and painting and sculpture, and every other art that could throw a romantic gloss or glamour around its bloody deeds, have given their power to the beast. Every college that has opened its doors in Christendom for the last thousand years, has nursed and fed the minds of its students with this literature. More than one hundred lines of Mars' bible have been taught and learned against one line of Christ's gospel committed to memory. And perhaps the press and pulpit never dealt in military allusions and illustrations more freely than at this very day that we have reached. All the human industries and enterprises, all the heroic and patient philanthropies that have been set on foot for human good since the flood, have never made such poets, painters, and singers as war has brought into the world to celebrate its glories.

Such, then, was the work which a small band of men, meeting in Boston almost simultaneously with a similar band in London, had faith and hope enough given them to set their hands to, soon after the battle of Waterloo. The venerable Noah Worcester virtually led this forlorn hope in America, supported by a few others who shared his views and labors for the cause. His "Solemn Review of the Custom of War" made a deep impression upon many thoughtful minds, and the new and unpopular society he represented gradually gained adherents in face of general indifference and much ridicule. But the cause was now to win one who may be called its first apostle in America. At the age of forty-one, William Ladd, then a retired farmer in Maine, found himself drawn to the point of a new departure in his life of labor and duty; and, like Paul, he was not disobedient to the heavenly

vision that opened up to him a field of effort for which he had been unconsciously prepared. The readers of his biography will notice the process of this preparation, and the affinities of his natural temperament and disposition for the work. In the first place, he had had a very remarkable education and experience, producing and illustrating that almost endless versatility of genius and working capacity so peculiar to a genuine New-England character. Indeed, few men, even of this race, had ever fitted themselves for so many different positions and occupations, and filled them all so effectively. Graduating from Harvard to a place before the mast as a common sailor, and then from the mastership of a vessel of his own to a cotton plantation in Florida, and alternating between other occupations, on sea and land, at home and abroad, — he had a training in the knowledge of the world and of human nature, that fitted him in this respect admirably for his apostleship in the cause of peace. But this training supplied, as it were, only the muscular force of intellect and experience for the work, and it would not have led him into it by its own impulse. A kindness of heart and tender regard for man and beast; a deep and generous sympathy with the oppressed and the suffering, whatever their color, race, or condition, were manifested and cultivated in all the enterprises he had set his hand to, and fitted him for an advocate of a new course of philanthropy, suddenly brought before him under impressive circumstances.

In the year 1819, Mr. Ladd stood at the bedside of the venerable Dr. Appleton, President of Bowdoin College, who, in bidding adieu to the world, spoke with glowing faith and hope of the benevolent societies of the day, and of all the signs of promise and progress his closing eyes were permitted to see. All these societies were then few, feeble, and young. But he saw them in his vision multiplying in number, and increasing in power for good. And first in the order of their rank and work, he placed the peace societies that had

so recently been organized at Boston and London. These he dwelt upon with fervid interest, as if they led the way to the happy years of the Millennium. It may have been the first time that Ladd had ever heard of such societies. Indeed, the dying old saint of Bowdoin College seemed and was to him another Ananias, who put his fingers on his eyes and opened them to the view of such a field of labor as he had never thought of. He went home from that bedside a Paul to a cause to which once he was tempted to be a Saul. For, after a long course of sea-faring life, he had thought seriously of entering the navy. *Peace Societies?* the abolition of war? the dethronement of military glory? reversing the education and habits of all past ages? What a faith and purpose for a few men to entertain so soon after Waterloo, when the world was singing the songs of the big-plumed wars! It was a brave faith and purpose though, and they wrought upon Ladd's mind from day to day, until he threw himself into the cause with a devotion which, it is not invidious to any other advocate of it to say, has never been equalled.

Mr. Ladd found in the "Christian Mirror," at Portland, a medium through which he could at all times reach the public with his views and sentiments in behalf of the cause he had espoused. We soon find peace societies reported in different towns and counties in Maine, which doubtless owed their existence to his ceaseless labor with pen and tongue. As a speaker he had remarkable power to impress an audience with the eloquence of his earnest and deep convictions. All the training of his varied occupations and experience now came into effective use; and the telling and happy illustrations they supplied both to embellish and enforce his arguments, made his addresses very interesting and convincing. His whole heart and soul were in the work, and, speaking in earnest, he was listened to in earnest by all who heard him. The first address that seemed to introduce him to the public as a

speaker of great force was delivered in Portland in 1824, before the peace society of Maine. The next year he delivered an address before the Massachusetts Peace Society at Boston, and both were so effective that they were printed and circulated in England. Every new speech from the platform and article from his pen deepened his devotion to the cause. In a few years after his interview with Dr. Appleton at the closing hours of that good man's life, he became known and esteemed both in America and England as the Apostle of Peace. For he not only gave himself, heart, soul, mind, and purse to the work, but he was able to do what no one had done before, to go up and down through the country preaching the gospel on which it was founded, with an earnestness that always secured him an attentive hearing. To these labors was soon added a large correspondence with the friends of the cause in England and other countries, and men abroad of high official position, in connection with the publications he forwarded to them. Among these was Lord Palmerston.

For several years after Mr. Ladd came into the work, the Peace Societies were mostly if not entirely confined to the New England States, or rather to Massachusetts and Maine. The one organized in Boston was the mother of them all in age and inspiration. It was now one of Mr. Ladd's early and successful efforts to form a national organization at New York, called the American Peace Society. This was accomplished in May, 1828, after a long series of lectures delivered in New England and the Middle States. In the same year and month, Mr. Ladd issued the first number of his "Harbinger of Peace," which he continued for three years. It was a monthly magazine of twenty-four pages, of which 1,500 copies were printed monthly. All this while, he retained his residence and carried on his farm at Minot, in Maine; laboring on it in the sowing and ingathering seasons of the year, and lecturing on peace between the close of the fall and opening

of the spring work. But he could not intermit his editorial labors for the cause in this way. These he had to perform in the busiest months of farming life. Even in the hot weeks of haying and harvest, he had to write or provide twenty-four pages of matter for his "Harbinger." There is no reason to wonder that he found all this work too heavy upon him, especially as he lived four hundred miles from the place of publication at a time when there was no railway open in the country. In transferring to the executive board of the Society the editorial direction of its organ, they conceived and carried out the idea of changing its name, much to Mr. Ladd's regret, though he acquiesced without making any opposition to it. They called it "The Calumet," not a very happy title for the organ of a cause so eminently Christian in its origin, spirit, and argument. Besides it was a pity to change the name for any other equally good, and none then nor later could be found more appropriate and felicitous than "The Harbinger of Peace." Indeed the friends of the cause have in a slight degree adopted a kind of military phraseology in naming their organs. "Heralds" were rather warlike persons and blew warlike horns very wrathfully at times; and "Banners" the world round had and have a very warlike meaning. Even "Advocate" has a litigious sense and sound. But Ladd's "Harbinger" has a bluebird's warble to each of its syllables, and the soft sheen of stars and morning dawns upon every letter of the word. The "Calumet" was continued about four years, when it was succeeded by the "Advocate of Peace," as the organ of the American Peace Society.

There are two characteristics of Mr. Ladd's apostleship and labors for the cause which the thoughtful reader must notice. All men who enter upon a great Christian work, see at first its principles, as did the partially opened eyes of the blind man in Scripture, "like trees walking." They do not at first plant their feet fully and firmly upon the rock of truth, and they soon begin to feel no strength in their standing. This

was Ladd's first experience. He espoused the cause of peace just as thousands of the early friends of temperance did, who allowed a moderate or occasional use of intoxicating drinks; not realizing how "the fatal precedent will plead" with the voice of a growing appetite. He was not a total abstainer, but admitted the right of defensive war. He soon found that his feet stood upon the sand instead of the rock; that the *inch* he allowed brought in all the *ells* that a Bonaparte, a Frederic, or a Wellington could wish to ask, — that every war that had wasted the earth could come in through that inch of allowance; that wars in defence of honor could and would plead for even higher authority than wars for the defence of life or property; and that every nation was the sole judge of its own honor and of the occasion to fight for it. So he found, what every effective friend of the cause must find, that total abstinence is as vital a doctrine to peace as it is to temperance. From that time forth to the day of his death he held and demonstrated the principle that *all* war is inconsistent with the spirit and teachings of the Christian religion. He did not say or believe that a man could not fight as a soldier and still be a Christian, any more than he believed that John Newton was not a Christian while reading the Bible and praying over a ship's hold full of slaves he had stolen or bought in Africa. But he maintained that one act was as inconsistent in a Christian as the other, and would be equally repugnant to him when his conscience was duly enlightened. There is no doubt that this conviction which Mr. Ladd soon came to hold and boldly to maintain in his writings and addresses, tended as much as any other influence to bring the London Peace Society more fully upon the same ground, and to give them the moral strength of a principle so vital to the cause.

The other characteristic of Mr. Ladd's advocacy was the clear conception of the most practical plan for abolishing war, and organizing permanent and universal peace. The

theory of confederations, leagues, diets, and congresses of nations to this end, had been brought before the world by men of different countries. But Mr. Ladd was the first to give an American shaping to such an international assembly. He was the first to assimilate it in structure and function to our National Congress and Supreme Court. In the first place, he proposed that a congress of nations should be convened whose express work should be to elaborate a well-defined code of international laws, by which every difficulty and question of right should be settled, if it could not be done by the two parties to the dispute. Having produced such a code, the congress was to adjourn *sine die*, and be replaced or succeeded by a High Court of Nations, each of them having one or more judges on the bench. This was to be a permanent body, like our Supreme Court at Washington, to hold periodical or occasional sessions for the adjudication of all questions between two or more nations, that could not be settled by ordinary negotiation. Its decisions were to be based upon the principles of the international code thus elaborated to guide them; and where these did not apply to any particular case, this supreme judicial body was to act as a Court of Equity.

When we consider that such a permanent High Court of Nations would not only be the noblest and loftiest bar that could be established on earth for the appeal and settlement of all serious questions of difficulty between them, but that such a bar would be a bond of confederation to them, we must recognize the fulness of Mr. Ladd's plan for abolishing war, and establishing permanent and universal peace. He gave to the advocacy and development of this scheme years of indefatigable faith and effort. He enlisted a large number of writers to elaborate it with their best arguments and illustrations. As a stimulus to these efforts, the American Peace Society offered \$1,000 as a prize for the best essay on the subject. A considerable number were produced, and submitted

to such a jury of award as Wirt, Webster, Story, and Marshall could form. As their excellence was so good and even, the jury could not desire to say which was the best. So, six of them were published in a large volume by the Society, including one written by Mr. Ladd himself, which developed the scheme more completely than any of the rest, and which to this day is accepted as its best exponent and argument. This was the largest and most costly volume ever published on either side of the Atlantic on the subject of peace. As soon as it left the press, Mr. Ladd set himself to the work of distributing copies to the crowned heads and leading men of Christendom with all the glowing zeal and activity which he brought to the cause. And it is the best tribute to his clear judicious mind that the main proposition as he developed it has been pressed upon the consideration of the public mind of Christendom ever since his day, without amendment, addition, or subtraction. The writer of these introductory notes, who was one of Mr. Ladd's disciples and successors, felt it his duty to present the proposition, pure and simple as his master developed it, at the great Peace Congresses at Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, and London; and to-day it stands before the world, the scheme of William Ladd.

Thus, Mr. Ladd may be truly called the Apostle of Peace, not only because before and more than all others of his time he went up and down the country advocating the cause, but for having preached the foundation-principles which are its life and soul, and for having virtually originated the very plan by which war will be abolished, and universal peace organized and established as the permanent condition of nations. He was about fifty years of age when he first gave himself fully to the work; but the labor he performed for and in it might well fill the measure of a long life. A paralytic stroke suspended his labor for a season; but, rallying from this, he seemed anxious to redeem the time that the severe illness had withdrawn from the field. He evidently

felt that his last tour through Central and Western New York was to close his public labor for the cause he loved so well. The reader must peruse the narrative of this last journey with peculiar interest and sympathy. The writer, happening to follow him through these towns the next year, learned the precious memory he had left. There were many who remembered and told how the dear old man grew more and more earnest as his strength waxed weaker and weaker; how, when his paralytic limbs became unable to sustain him, he would stand on his knees in the pulpit, and with his beaming face just above the desk, pour out his trembling utterances upon the breathless audience. Young men then, but in gray hairs now, still remember those utterances, and the voice and face of the Apostle of Peace, saying his last words to a generation to whom he was resigning the work and mission of his life. He reached home and lived just long enough to kneel down with his wife by the bedside in thanksgiving to God for all the guiding and support of His love and providence; and then his spirit followed his prayer to that heaven of peace and rest with which it had lived in such serene and happy communion on earth.

Such is a glimpse of the life of William Ladd, which forms the subject of this biography, written, as it were, by a neighbor who knew and loved him. It is a life which deserves a larger volume and fuller history; and, if written twenty years ago, the material for such a book might have been easily obtained. But this simple narrative gives all the salient incidents of his life, with varied illustrations of the character of his mind and of the qualities and experiences of his heart and soul that made him what he was. The day will come when that life will shine with brighter lustre on the road of human history. When the cause for which he labored with such devotion in its infancy shall come to its glorious consummation; when war, with all its barbarous progeny of evils, shall be banished forever from the civilized world, when its crushing

burdens shall be lifted from the neck of bent and shoulder-peeled labor, and all the nations shall sit down together under the vines and fig-trees of permanent and universal peace and harmony, then the name of William Ladd will have a memory and a mention that shall realize to it even in this world that precious truth, —

“Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

PREFACE.

THE "Exeter News Letter," in a notice of the death and character of William Ladd, said, a few days after his decease, "His Biography, if well written, will make one of the most interesting and useful books of the age. But who shall write his Biography? Who shall describe the changes of his eventful life? Who shall speak of him as the academy boy, the collegian, the sailor, the sea-captain, the agriculturist, the public speaker, the Sabbath School teacher, the advocate of temperance, the friend of the African race, the promoter of Missionary and Bible Societies, the benefactor of the widow and the orphan, the Apostle of Peace, the humble Christian, the minister of the gospel, the friend of man, the servant of God?"

A biography worthy of him cannot *now* be written, as a large portion of his manuscripts cannot be found, and probably are not in being, as the most diligent search and inquiry have brought but little to view; and the most of his friends and acquaintances, who could have furnished much valuable material from their own personal knowledge of him, are now numbered with the dead. The Memoir should have been written soon after his death, and would have been, had it not been for a misunderstanding between Rev. Dr. Beckwith (the Secretary of the American Peace Society, who was the proper person to write it) and the relatives of Mr. Ladd.

No one can regret more than myself that the important work of writing the Memoir of Ladd has, in the providence

of God, fallen to one so poorly qualified for such an undertaking. It should have been done by one of the best writers of biography, with a soul overflowing with philanthropy, and deeply baptized into the spirit of Christianity.

As a portion of the material was not received in season, it is not so systematically arranged as it should have been; but this defect is not of much importance.

One or two anecdotes are repeated, but each contains interesting circumstances omitted in the other. There is also considerable repetition of facts and opinions of a similar nature, by different persons, in their delineations of the life and character of Mr. Ladd. This is a very valuable quality of the Memoir, as many witnesses, each not knowing the others' testimony, all agree in their estimate of his character. What devout Christian ever thought there were too many similar narrations of the character, words, and works of Christ in the Holy Scriptures? In future times, when the world shall rejoice in its long, holy Sabbath of Peace, it will be precious to mankind to read the testimony of "a cloud of witnesses," all agreeing in their exalted opinion of the life and character of the man who did so much to "beat swords into ploughshares."

Some reminiscences will be found which some may think not worth preserving, but nothing which tends to illustrate or give a particular view of the character or works of a great and good man is unimportant. No generation will be so indifferent to the character and memory of the founder of the American Peace Society as the present. When a Court of Nations shall be established, as*it surely will be, then every little occurrence or saying of him who did so much to bring the grand idea and plan of such a court before the eyes of mankind, will possess an interest to that age of the world vastly transcending all the boasted deeds and words of war's mightiest hero.

Well has an eminent scholar and statesman numbered his name with the precious few which, "when the warrior no longer receives the blessing promised to the peace-maker, shall be inscribed on immortal tablets."

Mr. Ladd in the latter years of his life became what is generally termed a radical peace man. He took the very high ground on peace which is held by that worthy sect of Christians, the Friends. But for several years, immediately after he began his labors in the cause of peace, he believed in the right of defensive war; and this honest belief he says he was reluctantly compelled by the power of gospel truth to abandon. In 1840, a few months before his death, in his last fully expressed written opinion in regard to the right of war, he says, "I do not believe that it was ever the mind and will of Christ that his followers should ever engage in war on *any* emergency." This appears to have been his opinion for the last ten years of his life.

I have endeavored in this work to bring to view Mr. Ladd's sentiments on peace and war. That he spoke and wrote the honest and carefully embraced principles of his inmost soul cannot be doubted. But it is, to the sincere inquirer after truth, a matter of little importance what were the opinions of William Ladd, or any other great and good man, as a rule of action in the course of moral duty. Man is not a rule for man. All moral principles and actions must be weighed in the infallible scales of Christianity; each human being must do this himself, without regard to the opinions or deeds of his fellow-beings, according to the best of his knowledge and ability, in meekness, only "looking unto Jesus." Still, it is interesting and proper to know what were the sentiments of Ladd, the great pioneer reformer in the august and philanthropic enterprise of peace; but he is to be followed as far, and no farther, than he followed in the footsteps of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

A more devoted philanthropist than William Ladd our world never saw. His all — body, mind, affections, time, talents, prayers, labors, property — were consecrated to God for the good of man in the cause of peace. He was the first President of the American Peace Society; its first Corresponding Secretary; its first General Agent; and the first editor of its first periodical. Dr. Beckwith says, "His purse and no other was pledged for its bills; and long did he issue its appeals, and deliver its lectures, and circulate its publications, and carry on its operations, with little more aid from the community than their consent that he might manage the cause very much as he pleased, and their occasional commendations of his incomparable perseverance and zeal. It is not too much to say that had it not been for William Ladd, there is no good reason to believe that there would have been established, to this day, a National Peace Society.

Mr. Ladd had a faith, that never for a moment wavered, in the word of Him that inhabiteth eternity, that a long period should arrive on earth when "nations shall no more lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." It is sweet to look forward to that blessed period in the coming ages of time, when love and peace shall be co-extensive with the dwelling place of man. Then beneficence shall be the height of human glory. Then the name of William Ladd shall be in grateful remembrance as one of the worthiest and most honored characters to be found recorded in the history of man. It is comforting to look forward to that "latter day glory," although the philanthropist has to look with sighs and tearful eyes beyond lowering clouds of war, and over the prostrate forms of the many worshippers of military glory, to that blissful day, distant though it may be.

Now violence and destruction abound in the earth, and the military hero and conqueror is the light and the glory of nations, and the people of peace are "a little one." But it

shall not always be so. Earth, as one whole land, shall yet rejoice in Messiah's reign of universal peace and love. Glory forever to Him who hath said, "I will make thine officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise."

JOHN HEMMENWAY.

PENNMONT-FARM, BRIGHTON, ME.,
May 10, 1871.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM LADD'S LIFE, FROM HIS BIRTH TILL THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS LABORS IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING OF HIS LABORS IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE TILL HIS DEATH.

CHAPTER III.

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

CHAPTER IV.

REMINISCENCES AND OPINIONS CONCERNING HIS CHARACTER AND LABORS BY "A CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

CHAPTER V.

REMINISCENCES BY JOHN HEMMENWAY, PRINCIPALLY COLLECTED BY HIMSELF AT MINOT.

CHAPTER VI.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED PRIVATE LETTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS PUBLISHED WRITINGS.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM LADD'S LIFE FROM HIS BIRTH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS LABORS IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

WILLIAM LADD was born in Exeter, N. H., May 10, 1778. He was the oldest son of Eliphalet Ladd, an eminent merchant, who removed to Portsmouth, N. H., about the year 1795. He died in 1806. He bore a good name as a patriot and a Christian. His wife, the mother of William Ladd, whose maiden name was Abigail Hill, was a woman of superior mental and moral excellence. William, it is said, in his countenance much resembled his mother. She became the second wife of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D., of Portsmouth, N. H., and continued his widow from 1812 to her death, in 1834, at the age of eighty-eight years.

It would be interesting to every one, who truly deserves the scriptural title of "A lover of good men," to linger among the early years of the life of him who, in a long course of years, gave the best of all evidences that he loved God, by ardent and holy love of man; but unfortunately little can be found to gratify this worthy curiosity. That the "Apostle of Peace," the peace-maker of the nineteenth century, was an amiable boy, full of peace and love to all, a favorite with his

mates and school-fellows in the quiet and beautiful town of Exeter, is an unquestioned fact. Such a record was made of him many years ago, by one of his contemporaries. No boy, unless it were a very evil-minded one, could long remain sour and unhappy in the gay and loving society of one whose laugh was so wonderfully hearty and so innocent.

The school hours of his very early years seem to have been, according to his own account, rather tedious to his frolicsome spirit. He says, "We remember distinctly our A-B-C's and our A-B-Abs, which we have shouted out to the school-ma'am, who, while she was fitting work for the girls, or shaking her hemlock at the noisy boys, was unconscious of the urchin at her side, who, with primer half closed, and his eye on the toy he had left, followed the teacher's pronouncing of the alphabet; and we remember, when for whispering or playing we have been made to stand on the block, or been pinned to the dame's apron, a bond as indissoluble as a chain of adamant, an imprisonment more hopeless of escape than Baron Trenck's. We all remember the ebullitions of animal spirits which burst forth from the tedious restraint of those long hours, terrible alike in the strictness of the confinement and in the duration,—no inconsiderable portion of existence. We remember how hats and caps flew into the air, when the welcome cry of 'all out' proclaimed our liberty, and the shouts, the loud laughter, and the anticapers by which the long pent up spirits at length found vent."

William Ladd fitted for college at the academy of his native town, and entered Harvard University in 1793, and received his degree of A. B. in regular course in 1797, at the age of nineteen years. Dr. Beckwith says, "He attained, on the green side of twenty, such a reputation for scholarship as entitled him at the close of his collegiate course, to an honorable appointment in a class which produced some of our most distinguished men."

Mr. Ladd had no ambition to be considered a learned man. He was very much inclined to rank himself low as a scholar in comparison with other literary and scientific men. He would sometimes say, sportively, "The knowledge which I gained in college the salt water washed out of my memory." He says in reference to his knowledge of Greek writers, "All that remained of my labors, by the midnight lamp, over the pages of Homer and Xenophon, was the admiration of feats of arms and military glory, and that at last, thank God, has vanished too, having been dissipated by the light of the blessed gospel which plainly showed me that it was only a delusion of Satan." It is proper to state here, however, notwithstanding his own low opinion of himself as a Greek linguist, that a gentleman who knew him well for many years, recently said that Ladd was considered a good Greek scholar. His knowledge of Latin appears to have been much more extensive than Greek; but in writing English he disliked a "Latinous" style. Few learned men even in writing made less display of knowledge. His grand object seemed to be, as to style, to merely write so as to be easily un-

derstood, by unlearned as well as learned men. As to his knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy, little is known by me; whether extensive or not, it is pretty evident that such branches of science engaged his attentions but little, except perhaps in the early part of his life.

William Ladd, it is said, was designed by his parents for the medical profession, at the time of his entrance into college. How much knowledge of the healing art he acquired is not known; but he seems to have possessed more acquaintance than people generally, as he was in the habit of examining the cases of the sick in his own family and of prescribing for them. With his great natural cheerfulness, tenderness of spirit, sound judgment, carefulness, systematic arrangement of all things, hopefulness, and perseverance, he would have made one of the very best of physicians. But God, in his wise providence, designed William Ladd, not for a physical but for a moral physician. His mission was not to prescribe for the diseases of the human body, but for the far more intricate and inveterate disorders of the immortal mind.

In 1797, the year he left college, being anxious to extend his knowledge of the world, he sailed as a common sailor in one of his father's vessels, and visited London and other parts of Europe. The next voyage he went as mate; and in eighteen months from the time he embarked as a sailor, he took the command of one of the largest ships that had ever sailed out of Portsmouth, being then but twenty years of age. He soon

became one of the most highly esteemed sea-captains in New England. He followed the sea till about the year 1800, a period of three years or a little more, and visited many parts of the world, and, being very observing, gained much useful information.

At the age of about twenty-one years, he married Sophia Ann Augusta Stidolph, of London. She was then nineteen years of age.

On leaving the sea, Capt. Ladd settled as a merchant in Savannah, Georgia; but, a few months after, he removed to Florida. Though not an experimental Christian at that time, one object of settling there was highly worthy of a devoted Christian philanthropist. It was the peaceful and just abolition of negro slavery by the introduction of the free labor of European emigrants. The men with whom he began the trial of his benevolent enterprise were principally Dutchmen. Some of them proved to be idlers, others became sick, and thus, from various causes, his noble scheme failed, and he thereby lost nearly the whole of his hard-earned property. His occupation in Florida was the cultivation of cotton. At that time slavery was lawful, not only in the Southern but also in the Northern States of the Union. And Mr. Ladd, if I am rightly informed, in the prosecution of his philanthropic design, fell into an inconsistent error, which he afterwards sincerely lamented. In the management of his cotton plantation he made use of some slave labor. This appears to have been nothing but a *temporary* plan. Still, it was not in keeping with his grand scheme for the undermin-

ing of slavery and the liberation and elevation of the African race. It was doing a *little* evil for the time being, that a future *great* good might come, which is not agreeable to the morality of the gospel.

Though not a Christian then, he was far less inconsistent than that very godly saint and eloquent preacher of the gospel, George Whitefield, one of the best men that ever blessed this world. Mr. Whitefield, in 1738, thus wrote concerning the infant colony in Savannah, Georgia, when he founded the long and tenderly cherished child of his affections, — his Orphan Asylum. "The people were denied the use of both rum and slaves. So that, in reality, to place people there on such a footing, was little better than to tie their legs and bid them walk. The scheme was well meant at home (in England), but, as too many years' experience evidently proved, was absolutely impracticable in so hot a country." This language sounds amazingly strange to Christians in the latter part of the nineteenth century; but it is not, in reality, nearly so strange or contrary to Christianity, as it is for Christians now to justify and glory in war, an abomination far exceeding in horror and guilt both rum-drinking and slavery, bad as these things are. It is pleasant to believe that in the latter part of the twentieth century those Christians that shall speak of war in any other language than unsparing condemnation, will be "few and far between."

The conscience of William Ladd, especially after being enlightened by a regenerating knowledge of the gospel, was extremely tender. He loved with the sublimest

affection, he adored with the profoundest adoration, that "Name which is above every name"; and he loved ardently every human being, not merely because he felt that he ought to love all men, but because he *loved* to love them. And when, on looking over his past life, whether after he became a Christian or before, he discovered any wrong he had done to his brother man, intentionally or unintentionally, he was keenly affected with sorrow.

A lady who knew Mr. Ladd well in her youth, says: "He had a great deal of pity for the African race. He once had slaves in Florida; and often alluded to the sin of slavery. Whenever he spoke of this matter, it was with deep emotion; the tears would run freely down his cheeks. He regretted that he ever held a fellow-being in slavery."

Captain Ladd left Florida on the death of his father in 1806, and removed to Portsmouth; and that year again returned to the ocean for a livelihood. "A moderate estate fell to him by the death of his father. About this time he was for a while a supercargo on board a vessel, navigated and partly owned by the celebrated Capt. Paul Cuffee, a half-negro and half-indian, manned by a crew of negroes. His object in taking this (as to many it may seem) whimsical step was not merely to speculate in merchandise, but to speculate *on* negro character. What his conclusion was we do not know." — *Advocate of Peace*, 1835.

At a certain time, during his residence in Florida, one of his neighbors came to him with a loaded gun,

in great rage, and threatened him with almost instant death, taking his gun for that express purpose. But Mr. Ladd met him with so much kindness, gentleness, and good sense, that the malicious man left in a peaceful manner, without attempting any personal abuse. The cause of the man's high wrath towards Mr. Ladd is understood to have been this: A short time previous to this occurrence a son of this man had fallen in a duel, and on speaking of the fact to Mr. Ladd he said his son died like a *man*. Mr. Ladd replied, "He died like a *fool*." This, though strictly true, was an improper and imprudent expression, which he would not have made after he had "put on the new man"; as he was always very careful to respect all the prejudices and sincere errors of opinion of all men. He was very precise in fulfilling the command of Scripture, "Honor all men."

Though William Ladd, while he lived in Florida, did not profess to be governed in his conduct by the principles of Christianity *as a Christian*, yet he lived as peacefully among the indians as Christian William Penn ever did among that proverbially revengeful and warlike class. He treated the "poor indians" in a Christian manner. They did not steal from him; and when his horses would occasionally stray away into the indian's premises, they would take the pains to return them. Capt. Ladd found by experience, before he became a "Peace man," that the folly of peace is wiser than the wisdom of war.

Capt. Ladd continued year after year to spread the

sails of his ships, visiting many and far distant lands, increasing in wealth and knowledge of the earth and of man till the war with Great Britain, in 1812, compelled him to furl his canvas in Portsmouth, as it proved, forever.

It would be interesting to follow him, voyage after voyage, as he sailed, accompanied with the loved wife of his bosom, who, though of a timid nature, clung to him at all times with singular tenderness and constancy. Were material at hand for such a purpose, the "pen of a ready writer" might portray a history more enchanting than the most marvellous web of fiction that shuttle of novelist ever wove.

About two years after he left the ocean, he removed to Minot, in the State of Maine, and lived upon a large farm that belonged to his father at the time of his death. Mr. Ladd bought of his three brothers their right in this patrimonial estate.

The account of Mr. Ladd's life for the following eight or nine years must be very brief, as I have no documents to draw from. During this period of his life he appears to have employed himself very diligently in building, and planting trees, erecting stone walls, cultivating his land, and raising stock, principally sheep. He was an enthusiast in agriculture. He loved it for its own sake rather than for its profits. A lady who knew him well recently said, that "he seemed to wish to make every thing *better* than he found it, — not only in the moral but also in the material world." Mr. Ladd made a public profession of

religion, and united with the Congregational Church at Minot, about four years after his removal to that town. Immediately after that important event, he interested himself greatly in repairing and building the walls of Jerusalem which he found sadly broken down. His labors at that time are still beautifully visible.

CHAPTER II.

LADD'S LIFE FROM THE BEGINNING OF HIS LABORS IN THE
CAUSE OF PEACE TILL HIS DEATH.

THE name of William Ladd deserves to be embalmed in the affections of mankind, as the noblest philanthropist of modern times. Even Wilberforce and Clarkson were luminaries of an inferior order, compared with "The Apostle of Peace." Let the history of our world be searched from the present hour to the time of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, and but *one* name will be found that can, with justice, be compared as a philanthropist with William Ladd's, the Founder of the American Peace Society. That solitary name is William Penn.

Many, especially in future times, will want to know at what period of his life Mr. Ladd commenced his labors in the cause of universal peace. I say, in future times, for the time has not come to properly appreciate the character and labors of Ladd. It must be done by a wiser and better generation than the present. The question may be asked, "What better is the world for Ladd?" That inquiry cannot be well answered now. But, when the millennial age of peace and love and Christian glory shall be asked the question, "What

better is the world for William Ladd?" it will point to the swords of a world beaten into ploughshares for its answer.

Mr. Ladd says, "I had the privilege of witnessing some of the last hours of the Rev. Jesse Appleton, D. D., President of Bowdoin College. In his joyful anticipations of the growing improvement of the world, and the enumeration of the benevolent societies of the day, he gave a prominent place to *Peace Societies*; and this was almost the first time I ever heard of them. The idea then passed over my mind as the day-dream of benevolence; and so every one views the subject, who does not examine it. It is probable that the impressions made at this interview first turned my attention to the subject, but it probably would soon have escaped from me, had not the Solemn Review, which came soon after into my possession, in a very singular way, riveted my attention in such a manner as to make it the principal object of my life to promote the cause of Peace on earth and good-will to man." This was in the year 1819. Mr. Ladd was then forty-one years of age. It is said he gave his first public utterance to his views and interest in Peace, in an agricultural address. But it is not known that he said much, or published anything expressly to promote Peace, till he began his first series of Essays on Peace and War, thirty-two in number, in the "Christian Mirror," at Portland, Maine, in July, 1823.

In his introduction to these essays he says: "In consequence of reading 'The Friend of Peace,' and other

tracts, published by the Massachusetts Peace Society, which were given me by a friend, I became convinced that war is an evil, which might be banished from civilized society, and that it is the duty of every man to lend a helping hand to bring about so desirable an event. I felt it a duty, which I owe to God and my fellow-creatures, to do something to hasten the glorious era when men shall learn war no more; which is certainly predicted in the Scriptures, but which must be brought about by God's blessing on the exertions of the benevolent. Every individual is responsible for his conduct in this respect. He who does not give his prayers, his influence, his talents, and, if necessary, his purse, to hasten the millennium, fails in his duty as a Christian and a man. Under these impressions I became a member of the Peace Society of Maine, and received about twenty numbers of peace tracts. Those I had before received from a friend, I got bound into a volume, to lend among my neighbors. I have been anxiously inquiring for the remaining numbers that I might bind the others also, and send them on a like errand."

These essays were completed in the "Mirror" in 1824, and in 1825 were published in a volume.

In 1825, Mr. Ladd wrote an able review of Commodore Porter's "Journal of a Voyage in the Pacific Ocean in the U. S. frigate Essex." The following is a passage: "What is strange to tell, and what will appear inscrutable to future generations is, that benevolent men, bearing the Christian name, have been engaged in

the slave trade, both as owners and officers, and were unconscious of their wickedness. By the exertions of a few benevolent individuals, cases of this barbarity were brought distinctly before the public, and the trade was abolished. I hope that by exposing some of the horrors of the *war trade* I may be, in some feeble measure, accessory to the abolition of war, which has been a thousand times more mischievous to the happiness of the human family, than the *slave trade*, because it extends to a thousand times greater portion of the human race, and enslaves not only the body, but eternally destroys the soul."

Mr. Ladd disapproved of the erection of the Bunker Hill Monument. It was always grievous in his eyes. He published in the "Mirror" three articles, giving his reasons why he considered the work contrary to Christianity, philanthropy, and sound patriotism. He observes: "I understand that it is contemplated to erect a column of the most durable materials and beautiful proportions on Bunker Hill, to record the valor of our countrymen, and to hand down to the latest posterity the names of the combatants engaged in the famous battle fought at that place. From its elevated situation, it is calculated to be one of the first objects which will arrest the attention of the voyager as he approaches the metropolis of New England. In order to add greater *eclat* to this spirited undertaking, the nation's guest is to lay the corner-stone on the anniversary of the battle, and probably the ministers of Christ will assist with religious rites, and beauty and fashion will

add lustre to the occasion. Can there be found in New England a misanthrope whose bosom does not glow with patriotic ardor at the prospect of an event associated with the glory and liberty of his country, and with gratitude to her brave defenders? Alas! I am that misanthrope. I view the intended monument in a light altogether different from its founders. I fear,—no, I *hope* that, as we regard the pyramids of Egypt as stupendous monuments of the degradation of the generations which raised them, so future generations will look upon the column as a monument of the barbarism and anti-Christian spirit of our age. I know I stand almost alone in my opposition to the monument. I know that patriotism, gratitude, and, above all, *glory* will be arrayed against me, and I shall be branded as a penurious wretch, a fanatic, and a misanthrope. Nevertheless, I refuse to ‘follow the multitude.’ I hereby enter my solemn protest against it. Because such things encourage military glory, and thereby endanger the peace of the world. Because it is as vainglorious for a nation to erect a monument of her own victories as it is for an individual to trumpet his own fame; and is so far from adding to a nation’s honor, that it is but a monument of its pride and self-conceit. I object, because such monuments must be grating to the feelings of Great Britain. We have too long indulged an antipathy to her.”

He signs these articles “No Misanthrope.”

In 1825, Mr. Ladd began a second series of essays on Peace and War in the “Mirror,” numbering thirty-

seven, and finished them in 1826. In 1827, he gave them to the public in a volume. In his preface he says: "If my feeble exertions shall in any way advance the great cause of 'peace on earth and good-will to man,' which brought the Saviour from heaven, the small space I have filled in existence will not be left a blank, and my fellow-creatures will be benefited more than they could be in any other way by philanthropes."

On the 4th of July, 1825, Mr. Ladd delivered an address before the Peace Society of Oxford County, at Sumner, Maine. The following sentences are from it: —

"Truth is wholesome medicine, though sometimes disagreeable."

"Wars are necessary to armies, and armies to kings. No army, no king; and I wish I could say, No king, no army."

"Injustice, as it generally precedes, so it commonly follows wars, and the victorious acknowledge no right but power."

"We are free — politically free. Shall we not then be morally free, and drive far from us all those prejudices which enslave the mind? Shall we not remember that we are men, and that all mankind are our brethren?"

"As you love virtue and happiness, as you prize liberty and independence, as you desire to be a true disciple of the Prince of Peace, 'study the things that make for peace.' Above all, beware of being dazzled by the glaring meteor of military glory, which, like an

ignis fatuus, beguiles mankind into perdition, both temporal and eternal. Give honor to whom honor is due, but do not confound the destroyers with the benefactors of our race."

In December, 1825, he delivered an address in Boston before the Massachusetts Peace Society, and also an address at Portland, in February, 1824, before the Peace Society of Maine. Both of these addresses were so highly esteemed that they were reprinted in London. The following is from the Portland address: "The greatest anomaly in the moral world is a fighting Christian,—especially a Christian fighting under the pretext of spreading the gospel of peace. . . . As one star differs from another in glory, so we may suppose those who have saved the world from war will shine with superior lustre. What sources of immortal happiness do they deprive themselves of, who refuse or neglect to be fellow-workers with God in the pacification of the world. . . . Nor are you, ladies, to be idle spectators of this change. On you, no less than on us, depends whether the custom of war shall be continued or abolished. You are the guardians of our infancy. From you we receive the first impressions and the associations of ideas which we form in the nursery, which go with us through life, and descend with us into the grave. It is yours to give the tender plant a direction favorable to peace. O, how melancholy is the fact, that female beauty, softness, and delicacy should so often have smiled on scenes of carnage and bloodshed, and rewarded the perpetrators of the blackest crimes with

smiles of approbation. When your sex shall frown on the custom of war, then, and not till then, will it be abolished."

Mr. Ladd wrote many letters, in behalf of the cause of peace, to different persons and characters in Europe. The following extract is from his first letter : —

(To John Bevans, Esq., of London.)

MINOT, COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND, STATE OF MAINE,
U. S. OF N. AMERICA, August 23, 1824.

DEAR SIR, — It is with much hesitation, that I, an individual in an obscure corner of a new State, undertake to address and introduce myself to the Peace Society of the Metropolis of the Christian world; but knowing that the friends of Peace, all over the earth, are united in the same glorious object, and that they have a common feeling of brotherhood, to all who are seeking the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and the empire of Peace, and encouraged by the consideration, that the most inferior means and persons acquire a degree of interest and importance, when they have a relation to so great and glorious a consummation as the pacification of the world, I cannot resist the desire to introduce myself to that worthy Society, for which I feel so much esteem and respect. I feel an ardor in the cause in which I am embarked, and am determined that no considerations of a personal nature shall deter me from what I think the path of duty, in making every exertion, and using all lawful means, for a cause which angels came to sing, and the Son of God descended to preach. I would rather be called an enthusiast or even a fanatic than have a soul insensible to the miseries of my fellow-creatures, or to fail one jot or tittle in my exertions to advance the kingdom of Him who died that I might live.

I remain, your friend and fellow-worker,

WILLIAM LADD.

On the 4th of July, 1826, Mr. Ladd delivered an oration at Exeter, N. H. The following are a few sentiments from that performance: —

“We think but little of expense when demanding justice. It is when justice is demanded of us, that we regard the expense. . . . Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. The prevalence of this precept would put an effectual stop to war and slavery. . . . God seeth not as man seeth. The soul of the meanest slave is as precious in his sight as the soul of Washington; and the servitude in which we hold millions of our fellow-creatures, is infinitely more offensive to Him, than the political bonds which bound us to our mother country, the severance of which this day is set apart to celebrate. In the words of Jefferson, ‘I tremble for my country when I consider that God is just.’”

(Extract from letter to John Bevans.)

MINOT, August 3, 1825.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, — Your very interesting letter of 19th of first month came but lately to hand. Peace is a cause which lies near my heart, and to which I devote all of my leisure time. When I consider that my change of views, in respect to peace and war, was effected by reading a few tracts on those subjects, and that, instead of entering the navy, which was once, though long ago, my serious intention, for which my early sea-faring life had prepared me, I have become an advocate of peace, I have reason to hope that a similar change may be wrought in others by the same means. Last Christmas-day was our first anniversary of the Peace Society of Minot, — a day long to be remembered in this

place and vicinity. Ministers of three leading denominations — Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists — united in the religious exercises with great harmony. Republicans and Federalists joined in the procession and anthems. An address was delivered by a respectable lawyer, Jacob Hill; and many who were formerly at variance were (at least partially) reconciled, and pronounced it the happiest day they ever saw in their lives.

Your friend and fellow-laborer,

WILLIAM LADD.

In a letter to Thomas Hancock, Foreign Secretary of the London Peace Society, dated at Minot, March 25, 1826, Mr. Ladd writes, "I am busily occupied in promoting an object which makes the happiness of my life."

In a communication to Rev. Asa Cummings, editor of the "Christian Mirror," written in 1826, Mr. Ladd says: "War, from its origin to its end, in all its manifestations, in the preparation and the execution, from the muster-ground to the battle-field, — it is one black night of Egyptian darkness, without one single solitary star. . . . It was long my inquiry, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' and when this *neglected* part of the vineyard was pointed out to me by the finger of Providence, immediately I consulted not with flesh and blood, but joyfully seized on the work, and all I lament is the feebleness of my arm, which prevents my doing more. I am often called an enthusiast to my face, and perhaps as often a fool behind my back. I know that I am enthusiastic, and therefore apt to expect too much from others, — but they would be as enthusiastic as I am,

had they studied the subject as much. I should be sorry to hurt the feelings of any one. I know that is not the way to make peace; and if inadvertently my warmth should betray me into the commission of so great a blunder, I hope it will be excused, for the sake of the good and great cause which I advocate. Philanthropos."

William Ladd was on the most intimate terms of friendship with Rev. Dr. Payson, of Portland. He often visited Dr. Payson, who was an intelligent and steadfast friend of peace, and greatly encouraged Mr. Ladd in his arduous labors of love.

Mr. Ladd thus speaks, in the "Harbinger of Peace," of his last visit, in 1827, to Dr. Payson: —

"There is a sanctity which attends the last words of a friend; and they make an indelible impression on our memory. We shall never forget the last words of the lamented Edward Payson, D. D., a zealous advocate for the cause of peace. We called on him, by invitation, to take our last solemn farewell of an intimate friend, whom we never expected to see again on the shores of time. We found him in a state of mind which seemed heaven begun on earth. Never shall we forget that eye, radiating beams of joy and bliss from a body emaciated by disease and racked with pain, — that complete triumph of mind over matter. The conversation turned on the principles of peace. He spoke with great satisfaction of a sermon he preached before the Peace Society of Maine. He urged and encouraged us to persevere, and among other

things, made use of the following similitude: "I tell my son, to go and overturn that great rock; he says, 'Father I have not the strength to do it.' Now, supposing I had divine power, I should say to him, 'Go and *try every day*, and at some time I will help you; do not omit trying every day, and at length you will see the work accomplished, by your instrumentality and my power.' Thus you must continually use the means, and in God's own time, success shall attend you and your fellow-workers; but whether in *your* life-time or not I cannot tell."

The American Peace Society was brought into existence by the long-continued labors of Mr. Ladd. This grand purpose he formed several years before he was able to accomplish it. The first meeting of the society was held in the city of New York, May 8, 1828, just two days before William Ladd completed his 50th year. For several months previous to this he lectured on peace extensively in New England and the Middle States. He delivered six lectures in New York city. The "New York Observer" says, "Those who have attended Mr. Ladd's discussions speak of them as able, clear, and convincing. The audience passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Ladd for his unwearied efforts in favor of peace, and particularly for his late lectures in this city."

In May, 1828, Mr. Ladd issued the first number of his "Harbinger of Peace," a monthly duodecimo of twenty-four pages, which he continued for three years. About 1500 numbers were printed monthly. In May,

1831, the "Calumet" appeared in place of the "Harbinger of Peace." It was an octavo of thirty-two pages, and published once every two months. This was continued four years. Mr. Ladd says, in the first number of the "Calumet," May and June, 1831: "In the last number of the 'Harbinger of Peace,' it was intimated that a very considerable change would probably take place in the manner in which that periodical would in future be conducted. The editor was very desirous of being delivered from the difficult task of conducting a monthly periodical at 400 miles distance, and he saw no probability of being able to remove his residence. The editor will therefore retire, and though his name will continue in the committee, to whom the board has intrusted the editorial department, his labors will be only occasional. Many of the friends of peace have thought it best to change the name of the periodical; and the 'Calumet' has been substituted for 'Harbinger of Peace.' To this change the other friends of Peace have rather reluctantly consented." William Ladd always wished to follow the things that make for peace; and *he* cheerfully consented to give up the name of "Harbinger of Peace" for "Calumet." He *preferred* the very beautiful name of "Harbinger of Peace." It is a matter of regret that it was not continued. How beautiful it would be to have a periodical of Peace, bearing the lovely name of "Harbinger of Peace," continued from month to month, even down to the full and glorious dawning of the millennial day. How delightful this would have been to the Apostle of Peace.

In the last number of the "Calumet," March and April, 1835, Mr. Ladd remarked, referring to the condition of the cause of Peace at about the beginning of the year 1828: "At that juncture I solemnly pledged myself to the friends of Peace that, if God spared my life and health, there should be a Peace periodical, whether I was assisted or not. The first number of the 'Harbinger of Peace' was published, and also the last, in New York; and the others at Portland, Portsmouth, and Boston — wherever I might happen to be. Under such circumstances, there could not rationally be expected any great effect, and but little was realized.' How beautifully modest in regard to his own labors! This was strikingly characteristic of William Ladd. Although he thought he accomplished but little for Peace by his "Harbinger," yet he actually performed a great and good work for mankind, which will be more and more evident, as the blessed age of peace and love draws nearer and nearer, and the sound of war grows cheerily fainter, till it shall expire, to the sublime joy of a regenerated world. Speaking of the "Calumet," Mr. Ladd says, in its last number, "I continued to furnish most of the original matter and selections, until May, 1833, when I experienced a paralytic shock in New York, two days after the anniversary of the A. P. S. By the blessing of God I have so far recovered my health as to take the labor on myself, and for all the errors of the last four numbers I am alone responsible. I have made a visit to Hartford and concluded a treaty by which we are to relinquish

the 'Calumet' after the present number; and the 'American Advocate of Peace' is to be published for the American Peace Society. My labors in the publishing and editorial department of the A. P. S. have come now to a close; though I hope to have more leisure to extend my operations as general agent. I feel more encouraged than ever in the good cause; more willing to make sacrifices of time and money."

William Ladd was a generous and steadfast friend of all truly benevolent causes; not only of peace, but also of temperance, sabbath schools, the African and Indian races, seamen, home and foreign missions. Whatever society or cause was designed for the happiness and improvement of mankind, for time or immortality, he affectionately embraced in the widely extended arms of his philanthropy. He was always ready to open his mouth and his purse in their behalf. He frequently spoke in favor of mariners. The "Portland Advertiser" thus refers to an address he delivered in Portland in 1826: "The address of Mr. Ladd was such as we had anticipated. After receiving a liberal education, many years of his early life were devoted to the ocean. All the habits of life and peculiarities of thought and expression of our hardy sons of the 'mountain billows' were familiar to him. He had witnessed the many dangers with which they are surrounded, become familiarized with their wants, and participated in their hardships and sufferings. He was therefore peculiarly qualified for the important purpose of his address. A very numerous collection of sea-faring men were pres-

ent, to whom in a very feeling and appropriate manner he principally directed his discourse. He very pathetically entreated their attention to that compass, the direction of whose needle never varies from its true point, by an obedience to which they might avoid all the rocks and shoals and quicksands with which they are surrounded, steer their ship over the tempestuous ocean of life in safety, and enter the haven of eternal rest with a cargo that never perishes, of infinitely more value than all the wealth of India."

In August, 1828, Mr. Ladd addressed a large audience in Portland on the subject of infant schools. Mr. Ladd related the following incident: "An infant school society was formed in New York in May, 1827. Last winter I had the pleasure to visit their school No. 1, under the immediate direction of Mrs. Bethune, a lady who walks in the same paths that her mother, Mrs. Graham, trod, before she went to receive her reward. One hundred and seventy children were registered in this school; average attendance, eighty. My visit was on a day of exhibition; if I ever had difficulty in preventing my tears from overflowing my eyes, it was then. To see these infants, from lanes and alleys, cleanly though coarsely clad, seated in an amphitheatre, on benches raised one above another, with joyful countenances, watching every motion of their teacher, none over six years of age, and from that age down to eighteen months; reading, spelling, answering questions in arithmetic, geography, and astronomy, repeating a chapter in the Bible, and giving the sense in a manner

which would put to shame many of our grown persons, and singing hymns with astonishing harmony and melody, I could but exclaim, surely, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' Apprehending that this might be stage effect got up for the occasion, I determined to investigate the facts, which, had not my eyes seen and my ears heard, I should have thought incredible, and I resolved to visit the school, at some other time, and see it in its every-day dress. Accordingly, without any form of introduction, a few days after, I rapped at the door, and readily gained access. Here I beheld the same lady, surrounded by her infant charge, whom she was busily instructing. To my mind, she appeared more noble, more entitled to veneration, than Napoleon on his throne, surrounded by kings and dukes, and marshals of his own creation, who strutted their little hour upon the stage, and then passed over it, like a gaudy pageant, and returned to the obscurity from whence they came. I found her as willing and as able to instruct adults as children, and spent an hour delightfully in witnessing the ever-varying evolutions of the school, and the happy countenances of the delighted children, who received their instruction as pastime rather than a task. I do not remember that more than one child cried while I was there, and she was soon pacified. There was no rod; the children were governed by love, not by fear."

(Extract from a letter to Mr. Ladd from Amelia Opie.)

FINSBURY SQUARE, 6 mo. 24, 1828.

I must write thee a few lines, my kind friend. Thine of the year 1826 was *overpoweringly* welcome to me; and, when I sought thy precious communication, in order to answer it, I had *carefully* mislaid it, and it has not yet been found. However, whether I find it or not, on my return to Norwich (my home), I mean to write thee fully. No, dear friend, no one would suspect me of being a friend to war. Thy letter was truly welcome to me, — a bright beam amid discouragement and gloom. I have entire unity with thee, in thy Christian labors. Farewell! Thine gratefully and in true Christian love,

AMELIA OPIE.

Mr. Ladd disapproved of the study of the Greek and Roman writers, as he considered the influence of their sentiments injurious, especially to the young. He says in the "Harbinger of Peace," 1829, "Long did we follow the multitude, in the blind adoration which is paid to Classical Literature, and the works of the great heathen authors of antiquity; and it was not till we began to consider its bearing on the peace and happiness of mankind, that we doubted the propriety of our conduct. But investigation has, on this as well as on many other subjects, entirely changed our opinion. However we may admire the harmony, beauty, and sublimity of Homer's verses, and the brilliancy of his imagination, all must confess that his heroes are as opposite to the heroes of the gospel as light to darkness, heaven to hell. The *virtues* which he extols, are the *vices* against which Christianity warns us." Mr. Ladd also gave his views about ten years afterwards, in the

“Christian Mirror,” as follows: “I know that I am swimming against the current, but I am used to that. When I see what I think to be an error or a fault, in low places or high places, from the muster-field to the pulpit, I think it is my duty to show my opinion, and give my feeble testimony in favor of truth; and whenever I see danger to the cause of my Redeemer, to enter my caveat, and cry *beware!* I wish our Theological students would study the heathen classics less, and the Bible more,—I think it would make them better Christians and better preachers. I am *not* opposed to the study of the Hebrew and Greek languages of the Bible, I highly approve of it; but the heathen classics are but little or no help to the study of the languages of the Holy Scriptures. There are no heathen classics in Hebrew; and the Greek of the classics is as unlike the Greek of the Gospel and the Septuagint, as the English of Spenser and Chaucer is unlike the English of Addison and Channing.”

Mr. Ladd says in the “Harbinger of Peace,” in 1829, “We have long since adopted this axiom, *Everything which ought to be done can be done.* But when we have applied this maxim to the cause of Peace, immediately it is disputed. We see it now adopted by the cause of Temperance. We wish it Godspeed. A majority of a nation cannot *vote* down intemperance; but a majority of a nation *can* vote down war.”

Mr. Ladd’s darling purpose in his peace labors was a Congress of Nations, for peacefully settling the controversies and difficulties of nations. He wrote in

1830, as follows: "But let others do as they may. I have 'listed for the war,' and shall contend for peace with all the moral weapons I can handle, and shall labor in season and out of season, at home and abroad, and devote my substance and my time to this cause until either a Congress of Nations for the abolition of war shall be formed, or I shall cease to breathe."

An eminent philanthropist, now living, says, that "the labors of William Ladd were of the most noble and unselfish nature, as he did not expect, especially in the latter part of his life, when he labored the most abundantly, to live to see himself the fruit of the seed he so bountifully sowed."

The world never saw a more devoted, disinterested philanthropist than William Ladd. He knew the honor of being a co-worker with the God of peace, in the pacification of the world, was of the very sublimest order, and that the honor that all the wise and good in future times will confer on those who should be instrumental in conceiving, perfecting, or establishing a Congress of Nations — the sublimest scheme of benevolence that ever entered the human mind — would be great indeed, infinitely transcending all the honor and glory ever given to the mightiest conquerors of empire; yet he was not desirous of honor from man [nor even from God]. His lofty and farr-reaching purpose of Christian philanthropy was the peace and the good of the whole family of man, for all future ages, and the honor and glory of God, which is eloquently expressed in Bethlehem's angelic song, "Glory

to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." Yes, this was the language of the life of William Ladd, — Peace for *man*, honor for *God*; not peace for *himself*, nor honor *from* God. How lovely such a life in such a world as this!

In 1830, Mr. Ladd wrote a tract entitled "Reflections on War," which was published by the Minot Peace Society. In this tract he says: "Only to imagine the lambs of Christ's flock biting and devouring each other; the members of Christ's body tearing each other in pieces! O, how horrible is the sight! Yet such sights are seen in war. And the church of Christ — the Lamb's wife — sits still with arms folded as though her children were only at play, and does not lift a finger to reprove them."

(Extract from a letter from Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, to Mr. Ladd.)

DART. COLL., April 13th, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your obliging favor of the 6th was received last evening. Since you left us I have turned over the subject of war more than I had ever done before, and am more inclined to regard it as one of the great prejudices by which the world has always been both morally and civilly enslaved. I heartily approve of your views on prayer with reference to peace. We have a highly respectable Peace Society, I think. I will not answer that it will be kept in very active operation, unless you will favor us occasionally with an inspiring visit. I am, dear sir, with very respectful consideration, your obedient servant,

N. LORD.

Wherever and whenever Mr. Ladd spoke, he created

a deep interest in peace. A man once remarked to me, who heard him speak before the students of Bowdoin College, "They could not get away from the truth of his arguments." One of Mr. Ladd's nephews writing to him from Dartmouth College, in 1831, says, "Since you left I have heard the subject of peace frequently agitated in college. Your addresses opened a new field of inquiry to the minds of most of them, and the remark has been made by not a few, that they never viewed the subject in the light you presented it before; and that they thought it a duty to interest themselves in the cause."

Mr. Ladd wrote and published, between the years 1829 and 1832, the following books on peace for the improvement of young people: "The Sword, or Christmas Presents," "Howard and Napoleon contrasted," "The French Soldier," "History of Alexander the Great." These books are entertaining and valuable.

In 1831 Mr. Ladd published an interesting dissertation on a Congress of Nations in the "Harbinger of Peace," and also in a separate pamphlet. This was the first work on a Congress of Nations ever printed in America.

In 1834 Mr. Ladd wrote, "When the friends of peace are triumphantly asked, 'What would you do if waylaid by a ruffian who was agoing to kill you?' many of them, having their prejudices and self-love so forcibly appealed to, and not considering that if it were settled that it would be right to take the life of the assailant, *that* would not justify a premeditated declaration of

war, are stumbled. The American Peace Society does not decide on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of defensive wars; but the longer I have studied the subject, the more I am convinced that all war is unlawful for a Christian, though I must confess that I was long unwilling to come to that conclusion."

In May, 1833, Mr. Ladd was taken suddenly sick in New York, and was not able to reach his home at Minot till the following June, where he was obliged to remain quiet for about one year, being not able to write much on his great theme during that period of time. He however exerted himself so much as to write one article of considerable length in the "Christian Mirror" on the duty of Christians praying and contributing for the cause of peace. He says in this communication, "Now, gentle reader, having so long taxed your patience on a subject on which *I never grow weary*, and on which I have not said the half of what I want to say, let me ask you, what is your determination?" This great and good man never grew weary of peace; often weary *of* it, but never weary *in it*. He, good man, used to say, "I count that day lost in which I have done nothing for peace."

The following letter needs no explanation: —

MINOT, April 28, 1834.

To the Members of the American Peace Society, assembled at their Annual Meeting in New York, May 6, 1834.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, — My health is not yet sufficiently restored to permit my joining you in this very interesting celebration; for I could not be with you without great

excitement, which my physicians caution me as much as possible to avoid. But, though absent in body, I shall be present with you in spirit, and intend to devote a great part of the day of our anniversary to fervent prayer for the success of our great and holy cause.

And, brethren, why should we doubt for a moment of our ultimate success? We have God on our side, and can plead His reiterated and unequivocal promise, that the time shall come when nations "shall beat their swords into ploughshares; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," "for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it."

But it is so ordered in providence, that, generally, no great good can be accomplished without great sacrifices. The Prince of Peace himself died on the cross to redeem mankind from a state of sin and misery, to banish war and every other evil custom from the earth; to proclaim peace on earth and goodwill to man, and His apostles laid down their lives in the same holy cause; and Stephen, the first martyr, prayed for his enemies, saying, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge; and the primitive Christians took joyfully the spoiling of their goods; and in the course of one age, the gospel was preached to the whole known world. Now, unless we have the spirit of Christ in us, we are none of His. Hitherto our sacrifices in the cause of peace have been very small. But little money, little talent, and no suffering or self-denial, have been expended in this holy cause; which, though regarded by the prejudiced and unthinking as the last of all the benevolent operations of the day, commends itself to the unprejudiced inquirer after truth, as indeed the first of all, though it militates more against the pride of the human heart, and all the world calls good or great, than any other. When it is considered what sins and vices are promoted by the practice of war among Christian nations, the removal of the evil appears to be among the first things for Christians to seek after.

Impressed with these sentiments, and considering that I have devoted all that I have, and all that I am, to my Maker and my Redeemer; and being confident that this holy cause is the cause of God, I believe I cannot do better with the little property He has intrusted to my keeping, than to devote it to the dissemination of the principles of peace; and I offer to give three hundred dollars a year, so long as it shall be necessary, to the extent of at least five years to come, in aiding the support of a suitable person as Corresponding Secretary and editor of the society's publications, and another person to labor as a travelling and preaching agent, to lay this cause before the American churches, provided all the other friends of peace in this country will make up the amount to the sum of two thousand dollars a year.

When the true Christians of all nations shall join in a concert of prayer for the abolition of war, and the introduction of the millennium, we can have no doubt that they will be heard by our heavenly Father, and war, with all its sins and its horrors, will cease from among Christian nations, and the heathen will again have occasion to say, "See how these Christians love one another." Then a nation shall be born in a day, and all mankind see the salvation of God. To this end, my dear brethren, let us labor and pray without ceasing; and that God may hear our petitions, and bless our labors, shall be the constant, fervent prayer of, dear brethren,

Your fellow-laborer in the cause of peace,

WILLIAM LADD.

In 1834, Mr. Ladd published his "Solemn Appeal to Christians in favor of Peace," the substance of which now forms Tract No. 43 of the American Peace Society; and in 1835, his work on the duty of women to promote the cause of peace.

In September, 1835, a State Convention assembled

in Portland, consisting of seventy-three delegates, of the most intelligent and best men in the State of Maine, which formed a union in behalf of the colored race. William Ladd was chosen President of the Convention, and also of the Union. The purposes of this Society were very philanthropic. How much it was able to do for the good of this unfortunate and neglected race is not known.

Rev. Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College, in a speech before the British Peace Society in London, in May, 1835, made the following remarks: "Before I sit down, permit me to say a word respecting that Apostle of Peace, William Ladd. He has devoted his talents, which are not small, and his heart, which is very large, and his property, which is very considerable, — he has devoted all to this cause. Hearing that I was expected to visit England, he came, in an inclement season of the year, about one hundred miles, for the express purpose of seeing me, and exhorting me to do whatever I could here and everywhere else to promote the cause of Peace. I have thought it but a bare act of justice to say that that distinguished philanthropist, this friend of his country, of my country, and of your country, and of the world, is co-operating with you day and night, and devoting his all to the promotion of permanent and universal peace." (Cheers.)

In 1836 and 1837, Mr. Ladd published in the "Christian Mirror" twenty-two essays entitled "Obstacles and Objections to the cause of Peace." These very able articles were afterwards published in a book form.

In 1836, Mr. Ladd writes in the "Mirror," in reply to a person who called himself "Ireneus," who had objected to some of his sentiments, as follows: "When we allow Christians to take the sword to defend their lives, they will take it to defend everything else, saying with Shylock, 'You take my life, taking whereon I live.' 'If,' say they, 'we have a right to defend our lives by the sword, we have the right to defend our property by the same means, and our honor, which we value more than either. And so the professed friends of the meek and lowly Jesus are brought to adopt the conclusion of Paley, that they have a right to declare war whenever an injury — to either property, honor, or life — is perpetrated, attempted, or feared. I confess I 'have not so learned Christ.'"

In 1837 the constitution of the American Peace Society was revised, and the high ground taken that *all* war is contrary to the gospel. This was in full accordance with the sentiments and wishes of Mr. Ladd, as it also was to nearly all of the prominent and influential friends of Peace. President Allen, of Bowdoin College, was one who was strongly opposed to this change in the constitution; and he, an honest and able man, measured his sword with Mr. Ladd on this question. All candid, intelligent persons who have reviewed this eacounter, must be of the opinion that the President of the College, at the *best*, came out of the contest with the Apostle of Peace only *second* best.

In 1827 Mr. Ladd wrote four essays on the practice of the primitive Christians in regard to war. These

were written to confute the arguments of "A" (doubtless President Allen) in the "Mirror," who maintained that the early Christians engaged in war. In this conflict "A," powerful as he unquestionably was, found "Philanthropos" more than his match; as he brought forward facts from history which "A" could "neither gainsay nor resist."

In 1837 Mr. Ladd wrote nine articles in the "Christian Mirror," addressed to ministers of the gospel, in which he endeavored to awaken and instruct them in their duty to the cause of Peace. He says: "While I was making the anxious inquiry what the Lord would have *me* to do, the answer to this inquiry appeared so plain in the leadings of Providence, that I have ever since thought it my duty to make the cause of Peace the leading object of my life. When I first began to act in the cause, I saw only 'men as trees walking.' I saw in war an iron colossus stalking over the earth and trampling down the inhabitants, impoverishing the nations, the father of every crime. But I paid but little attention to the immortal souls which war was sweeping into eternity 'with all their sins on their heads.' Nor was I aware of the full extent of the law of love. I thought all which was expected of a follower of Christ was, that he would live peaceably with those who would live peaceably with him. Like the first temperance societies, which were established on the principle that it was right to drink a little, but not to drink too much; so I thought it right for Christians to fight a little, provided they did not fight too much. It was

more than seven years before I could so far divest myself of the prejudices of education, as to see clearly, that *all* war is absolutely forbidden in the Gospel, which inculcated the love of enemies, overcoming evil with good, and even, like the great Prince of Peace, dying for enemies rather than take their lives, and that the only weapons of a Christian should be those of a moral nature, of which love is the chief; and that when these fail, the Christian must be content to suffer for the glory of God and the good of his enemies, like their blessed Redeemer and His apostles and the martyrs and primitive Christians. I cannot distinctly mark the time when my mind changed; all I can say is, that 'whereas I was once blind, now I see' that all war is utterly inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel. I have read almost everything written on this subject, which I have ever heard of, and I have retreated before the light of truth, step by step, until I have at length, as I think, got on gospel ground; and though I pretend not to equal the humblest of the ministers of Christ on subjects of theology in general, I think you will not accuse me of arrogance, if, on this particular subject, I venture to suggest some hints for your prayerful consideration.

"Had not the church been united to the state and taken the sword, it would have gone on 'conquering and to conquer,' until the utmost ends of the earth had seen the salvation of God, and she never would have fallen into the barbarous absurdities of the dark ages, with their holy wars, bishop generals, and fighting priests."

In 1837 Mr. Ladd addressed a letter to William IV, of England, on international peace. Lord Palmerston, in his reply, said : " The king has been very much gratified by the friendly and approving expressions contained in the address."

In 1837 Mr. Ladd received license to preach the gospel of peace.

In November, 1837, Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, of Alton, Ill., was killed while endeavoring to repel a lawless body of men who assaulted his house for the purpose of destroying his printing-press. A few months after this event Mr. Ladd gave his opinion of the sad affair in the " Christian Mirror " as follows : —

" THE MARTYRDOM OF LOVEJOY. — The newspapers have been full of this subject ever since the catastrophe took place, and opinions seem to have been fully expressed on it, particularly in the abolition papers, and a considerable portion of the ' Mirror ' and other religious papers have been devoted to it. Though I take two antislavery papers, and have lots of antislavery pamphlets and papers sent me beside, I have not yet seen any intimation that the lamented Lovejoy did anything wrong. In all the remarks which I have seen, Lovejoy is represented as a *martyr* — the first martyr of abolitionism, as Stephen was the first martyr of Christianity.

" Now, against this view of the subject I beg leave to enter my solemn protest, and I should have done so before, but I was kept back by several considerations. One of them was tenderness towards the feelings of his

friends. It pains me to be obliged, by the duty I owe to the great Prince of Peace, to intimate that this heroic son and husband did anything but right. But I think it to be my duty to speak boldly for 'the faith once delivered to the saints, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.' I readily grant that Lovejoy died like a hero; but my conscience will not permit me to say that he died like a Christian. When a man goes one step from the Christian course, he is more likely to go another. Lovejoy departed from the strict path of duty marked out by our blessed Saviour, when he attempted, a third time, to establish an abolition press in Alton. Christ's commands on this subject are imperative: 'When ye are persecuted in one city, flee ye to another.' I need not take up time to prove that this was invariably the practice of Christ and his apostles, until some one disputes it. I acknowledge there are one or two instances which appear to be contrary to this, but on examination I think it will stand firm, for there is nothing in the gospel which will warrant a resort to violence for defence. When our Saviour came to Jerusalem, He came there indeed to die, and He rebuked Peter when he took a sword to defend his Master against a mob. Had Christ been present would He not have administered the same reproof to Lovejoy? To suffer for others rather than to make them suffer, is the spirit of Christ, and, 'If we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of his.'

"I have often heard Lovejoy compared with Stephen the martyr, and I cheerfully allow that there are many

points of similarity between the two characters. Both contended earnestly for the truth at the risk of their lives. But there is one striking and palpable difference. The weapons of Stephen's warfare were not carnal. Now, a man is not crowned except he strive lawfully. The weapons of Lovejoy in the last fatal conflict were carnal. He took the sword, and he perished by the sword. Had he, like the 'holy army of martyrs' in ancient times, depended on the protection of God and moral power for his defence, whatever might have become of his property, his life probably would have been spared to preach and print abolitionism in other places, and to sow the seeds of antislavery in a more productive soil. But had he *indeed* fallen a *martyr*,—an unresisting martyr,—from every drop of his blood would have sprung up an abolitionist who would have shaken the empire of slavery to its centre; and his death would have been more fatal to slavery than the death of Morgan was to Freemasonry.

"It is stated in the published accounts that 'on the night of the landing of the press, the mayor was with the thirty men under arms counselling them.' I have not the least doubt that the whole conduct of the abolitionists was according to law. All I contend for is, that it was not according to gospel. The result of this sad tragedy will not, I fear, be so favorable to abolitionism as some expect. It is difficult to convince slaveholders with powder and ball. But if this affair should give ever so much to the antislavery cause, that would by no means change my opinion. A Christian

ought to be governed by Christian principles, and not by expediency. We are not to do evil that good may come. But we are informed that just before the sad catastrophe 'Lovejoy had been all day communing with God.' A man may be very devout, and yet his conscience be unenlightened on important subjects. John Newton used to spend eight hours in a day in reading, meditation, and prayer, while he was the master of a Guineaman. This does not justify the slave trade. Col. Gardiner used to spend four hours before he went out to teach his soldiers the art of human butchery, and a longer time before he went out to battle. This does not justify war. These men and Lovejoy and many others know not what spirit they are of, like the apostles James and John, when they would call for fire from heaven to consume their enemies.

"I would not be thought to palliate or justify any single act of the mob at Alton. I look upon their conduct with pity and abhorrence; but I would not give up the plain principles of the gospel to support the cause of antislavery or any other cause. The principles of peace, long-suffering, gentleness, forbearance, meekness, and, in fine, the principles of and example of Christ, should lie at the foundation of every benevolent effort. I would not sacrifice the principles of peace to antislavery. This would be sacrificing the whole for a part. — *Philanthropos*."

(*Extract of a Letter to Rev. Dr. Allen, President of Bowdoin College.*)

BOSTON, March, 1838.

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR, — Nothing serves the cause of Peace so much as candid and frequent investigation.

We never oppose governments. They are founded on the law of violence, and have filled the world with bloodshed; and if, after having made pirates and robbers by their sanguinary customs, they should call out their forces to kill and destroy the "pirates" and "buccaneers" you speak of, we should not resist them. "The powers that be are ordained of God," whether they are executed by a Nero or a republican magistrate. Our Saviour said to his followers, "I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." When the dogs and the wolves fight, Christ's sheep should have nothing to do with the contest. "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate." If the magistrate punishes us for obeying God rather than man, we will not resist him, except by moral power. That "the world will smile with contempt" on us is not strange. We expect it, and are prepared for it. *Your* principles will be in no such danger. That those who would reform the world go too fast and too far, is no new charge; but somebody must go ahead of the world regardless of its "contempt," or the world will never advance.

You say "the church has always been right in regard to peace." Yet her ministers on both sides in time of war, pray for victory; and sometimes have fought for victory. And they have taken the sword into their own hands, and have perished by the sword. And they have enshrined warriors who have slain their thousands, in the temple of the Prince of Peace. And they preach and write in favor of any war which they call defensive! and what war in modern times has not been called defensive by both sides?

If I had not considered war a soul-destroying sin, I never should have sacrificed so much of my life and my property for its extinction.

You allude to the 13th Chapter of Romans. I am very desirous to see how a man of your talents can reconcile the American Revolution with that chapter. I believe it has never yet been attempted, and if anybody can do it you are the man, for no one has written so much and so ably in favor of defensive war. In both of your very long letters, you have not brought one precept of Christ, or any of the apostles, except the 13th chapter of Romans, which goes point blank against the American Revolution, which you so much approve. Could you have found one, you undoubtedly would have made use of it; and one single precept from my adored Redeemer, tolerating *any* war, would have done more to convince me of my error, if I be in error, than all the difficulties of the supposed cases which you think would arise from too literal an interpretation of the precepts of Christ. I feel yet that it is safe to follow Christ; but whether safe or not, it is my duty to follow Him.

Be assured, sir, I entertain sentiments of great respect for your virtues, your talents, and your station; and believe me, when I say, that I intend to remain ever your friend, in Peace and War.

WILLIAM LADD.

(Extract from a Letter to Rev. Dr. Allen.)

MINOT, June 23d, 1838.

RESPECTED FRIEND, — You say, “If you believe in the right of private and individual self-defence,” and found an argument on the supposition that I do. But I do *not* believe that a Christian has a right to take life in self-defence; and that I thought you knew long ago; for I have repeatedly and publicly expressed this opinion, for at least seven years past. I am not afraid to trust to moral weapons and the providence

of God, and to do as I suppose Christ or Stephen, or any one of the apostles would have done in like circumstances, and leave the consequences to God.

I asked you, whether you could find, in the gospel, a single precept, or example, for a fighting Christian; and wished you to name it. You have not named it. I asked you, if there was in the gospel or in the writings of the Christian fathers, for the first three centuries, a single encomium on the war-like character, and wished you to quote it; you have not done it. These questions are plain and simple, and I believe as plain an answer would have been given, could you have found one in the gospel, and if *you* cannot find such an answer, I believe nobody can. But, instead of an answer from the gospel, you have gone to your old argument of expediency and fear of consequences. Sir, I believe you and every one else who carefully and prayerfully examines the subject, will find, that he must abandon either war or the gospel. I have asked you plain questions and you have not answered them. You have asked me a question "to the man," and I have answered you categorically, and I hope I shall always be willing to answer your questions as plainly and unequivocally as my abilities will allow.

If the fruits of war are not good, the tree is not good, but if they are positively evil, they should be rooted out Christ's vineyard. Yours sincerely, in the bonds of Peace,

WILLIAM LADD.

(*To Rev. Asa Cummings, D. D.*)

BOSTON, Sept. 22, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I was obliged to leave Portland last week abruptly, without waiting for the last meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, having received a letter from Portsmouth, informing me that my mother lay at the point of death. I arrived there on Friday noon, and found her speechless, and almost senseless. I watched over her dying pillow until

Monday morning, when she quietly departed this life, aged 88 years and 10 days. At the request of the church, the funeral services were performed in the meeting-house, where her last husband, Dr. Buckminster, preached. A very solemn sermon was preached by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Holt, from the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The eclipse of the sun seemed to add solemnity to the occasion. Thus detained, I did not arrive in Boston until the 19th inst., just as the afternoon session of the peace convention commenced. Probably no other cause would have drawn me so soon from the once delightful, but now gloomy mansion of my dear departed mother; for my soul had more sympathy with gloom than with the bustle of a public meeting; but duty to the living had greater claims on my attention than mourning for the dead.

I found, on my arrival, that the convention was organized with male and female members; some of the latter on committees. On this account, about a dozen members had formally withdrawn from the convention. A large committee of both sexes had been appointed to prepare a constitution. The constitution was reported on Wednesday evening. I found it too ultra for me, and was reluctantly compelled to give my vote in the negative. The convention adjourned without day, and a new society, called the "New England Non-Resistance Society," was formed.

I give you the substance of the constitution as adopted by the society. It opposes capital punishment, suits at law for the redress of injuries, imprisonment of evil doers, military services, allegiance to human governments, fighting for any cause, and resistance to any government by force. It enjoins submission to the powers that be in all lawful things, love to enemies and persecutors, and uncompromising opposition to sin. If the American Peace Society are called ultra for adopting the principle that *all* war is contrary to the gospel, the new society must be called ultra beyond ultra. The leading char-

acters are Rev. Henry C. Wright, William Lloyd Garrison, and George Benson. I fully agree with many of their sentiments, and I bid them Godspeed so far as they follow Christ. During the four long sessions of the convention which I attended, great peace and harmony prevailed, with a transient ebullition of feeling incident to frail human nature, and once or twice I had occasion to pour the oil of peace on the waters of contention; but with these exceptions everything was conducted with perfect decorum. The ladies did not avail themselves of their granted privileges, except by one or two short remarks, and by voting and acting on committees. Thus it ever is with woman: shut the gate in her face, and she will jump over the pickets; but open it wide and treat her with courtesy, and she will not be assuming.

I consider the new society as ultra high; but almost the whole world are ultra low on this subject, and, if I must choose between the two ultras, give me the ultra high one; for I have always found it more easy to come down to the truth, than to come up to it.

After all, let us rejoice that God reigns, and will cause all things eventually to work together for the good of His children. We know that wars will cease; because He hath promised it, and confirmed his promise by a most solemn asseveration, "for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it," but what instruments He will choose we know not: "Let Him send by the hand of whom He will send"; and that He may soon remember His promise, and do as He hath said, is the sincere prayer of, Yours in the bonds of Peace,

WILLIAM LADD.

(Letter to William Lloyd Garrison.)

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 7, 1838.

MR. GARRISON, — I had entertained the hope of being permitted to pursue the "noiseless tenor of my way," while beseeching men "by the meekness and gentleness of Christ,"

to love one another, without being dragged before the public to explain my sentiments, or being obliged to obtrude my private opinions on public notice, — a procedure to which I have always felt the greatest reluctance. But a few editorial remarks in your last paper have made it necessary for me to come out with a full and free avowal of my views and sentiments concerning the late "Peace Convention." For though it may be of little importance for the public to know what are the sentiments of an humble individual like myself, yet it may be of some consequence to the American Peace Society for the public to know the opinions of its presiding officer, whose place I continue to fill by constraint, not willingly, until a more suitable person can be found who will accept it.

As to the "woman question," I frankly avow that so great is my respect for the gentler sex, that I am inclined to look with a partial eye on their whims and fancies. But though I can tolerate an occasional deviation from the path which I think the God of nature has designed for them, on extraordinary occasions, I do not think it comports with their interests, their dignity, or their duty, to raise their melodious but feeble voices to the shrill and harsh notes of debate in promiscuous assemblies. Woman was formed to persuade, rather than to command, and she cannot do both. She must relinquish either one or the other.

I believe that *all* war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel. I also believe that capital punishment should be abolished in civilized and Christian countries. But I do not believe that it is necessary or proper to attach this question to the cause of peace, any more than to the temperance or antislavery question. I believe that suits at law between Christians are, *generally*, inconsistent with the gospel; but, that circumstances may, sometimes, render them just and necessary, and they may sometimes be carried on so as not to violate that love which is inculcated in the gospel; and also that culprits may be seized and condemned without a necessary violation

of that principle of love; consequently, that civil and criminal jurisprudence ought to be supported by Christians, to a certain extent. Therefore it is my duty to pray "that our officers may be peace, and our exactors righteousness"; and if so, it is my duty to *choose* such men as will rule in the fear of God, and to *vote* for the best men, without regard to political parties. We ought to follow the example of Christ and the precepts of Paul, and pay "tribute to whom tribute is due," without regard to the general object of that tribute. But I do not believe that we ever ought to pay tribute when exacted expressly and professedly to support war; nor ought we to pay a military fine, or support by our countenance or presence a military parade. I ought not to take a part in any military service, or any civil office which will compel me to take the life of my brother, or in any way to violate the law of love. But I ought to acknowledge allegiance to the government of any country where I may choose to reside, and in no case ought I to rebel against any government, let it be ever so bad; but when I am "persecuted in one city, to flee to another"; unless it be my duty to remain and die a martyr. I ought not to fight in defence of life, liberty, or religion, much less for property; but to leave vengeance to God, to whom it belongs. I consider moral power the only defence allowed a Christian; and when this will not protect him, he must be content to suffer for righteousness' sake, and thus give his testimony against sin; but if the magistrate will come in to protect him, he should meekly and quietly submit the case to "the powers that be, who are ordained of God" for this very purpose, and sometimes even to appeal to Cæsar. I also believe that physical force may sometimes be used in the spirit of love, as in family government, and restraint of drunkards, lunatics, and criminals. You see that while I agree with you in many things, there are other important particulars on which we differ. I have no more doubt of the disinterestedness and sincerity of those who got up the convention, than I have of

the soundness of nine tenths of the resolves passed ; but there is such a thing as going beyond the millennium. I am content to stop there. When a body flies off in a tangent, every moment carries it farther from the centre of truth. I ardently wish that you and your friends would return within the circle, and be more ready to advance known and partially acknowledged truths, than to spend your time and energies in exploring far distant and unknown regions of speculations.

Yours, in the bonds of National and scriptural peace,

WILLIAM LADD.

In September, 1840, Mr. Ladd attended another convention of the non-resistant society, and a few days after gave his opinion of them as follows : " If I were asked if the non-resistant society were more likely to do good than hurt ? I should answer, not much of either. They mean to do good ; there are some minds so ultra that they will never undertake anything without going beyond the truth. But after all, there is no ultraism so bad as the ultra-conservatism, which will never undertake any thing for fear of going too far. I do not think the society will ever produce any great effect. When they began, they thought they were as ultra as possible ; but the convention to be called will go beyond them, and they will start off together in a tangent, from this sublunary sphere, and will either explode, or be lost in the limbo of vanity, among gone-by chimeras and abortions, and the odd ends and bits of creation."

*(Extracts from Mr. Ladd's Letters to Rev. George C. Beckwith,
Secretary of the A. P. S.)*

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1838.

The celebrated Joseph John Gurney is in this city, and yesterday I sent him a note desiring to know when it would be convenient for me to call upon him. In answer, he invited himself to breakfast this morning at Dr. Cook's, whose hospitality I have enjoyed ever since I arrived in this city; you may depend on it, I improved every moment of the time. My object was to interest him in the Peace cause generally, and to get him to induce the friends in this country to aid the cause of Peace, and in England to help on with the Congress of Nations. Without asking him for anything, he gave me one hundred dollars, expressly for publishing the essays on a Congress of Nations. This is the third hundred-dollar subscriber which we have to this work.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24, 1838.

"Never despair" is the motto which I inscribe on my banners. . . . I have found the most abundant hospitality ever since I left Portsmouth, and have not had occasion to spend a single day at a public house, though I have sometimes done so in hopes of greater usefulness."

Mr. Ladd was always full of Peace. No place was too public or too private, too high or too low, too good or too bad, too hallowed or too common, for him to talk in for Peace. If any human being ever deserved the precious title "Apostle of Peace," that man was William Ladd.

"I did a good business in Princeton, in a moral, not in a pecuniary sense; for I did not get a cent of money, and I did not ask it. It is very distressing to have to go with the olive-branch in one hand and the contribution-box in the other."

(To the Rev. Asa Cummings.)

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 2d, 1839.

The great change which death caused in our family (his mother) prevented me from leaving Boston so soon as I should have done, by two months. Of course I was too late for my intended journey to Buffalo, Detroit, Cincinnati, etc., as the Hudson was frozen over before I was ready to leave New York. In that city I was not able to do much. The people of New York are so busy in getting and spending money, so *immersed* in pleasures and business, that they have but little time to attend to the salvation of any souls but their own, and not much time for that. At Brooklyn and Newark I was more successful. I have been very much engaged ever since I have been here. I attended one discussion on the question "Whether Washington did right in leading armies to battle?" This debate was held in a Lyceum in the Northern Liberties, and shows the progress of public opinion. Twenty years ago, had such a question been discussed, it would probably have created a mob. The name of Washington was treated with great respect, but it was clearly seen, that his conduct could not be justified by the principles of the gospel, any more than an insurrection of the slaves, unless God has given one law for the white man, and a different one for the black man,

Yours, in the bonds of peace,

WILLIAM LADD.

In January, 1839, Mr. Ladd visited Washington, and was introduced by his friend, Hon. Levi Woodbury, to President Van Buren. He had half an hour's conversation with the president on the subject of a Congress of Nations. Mr. Van Buren was favorable to the "Great Scheme," though not in haste to press it for-

ward in the state of opinion then generally existing in Christendom. Among some valuable suggestions, he said it would be unwise for our government to call on the cabinets of Europe, before they were sufficiently enlightened on the subject to receive the proposal with favor. He highly approved of circulating the prize essays on a Congress of Nations among the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe and America.

Mr. Ladd, in a letter to Rev. Asa Cummings, dated Philadelphia, Feb. 27, 1839, thus refers to the "Aroostook war" of Gov. Fairfield, of Maine, and Sir John Harvey, of New Brunswick, about the Northeastern boundary: "You can hardly conceive of my astonishment when I heard of the sudden explosion in Maine, my own chosen State, — 10,000 militia called out, and \$800,000 voted to pay them with. The people here wonder what our government are driving at, and there is but one opinion here on the matter, and that is no ways flattering to a Maine man.

"This transaction shows the want of a competent tribunal to settle the disputes between nations. If we had had a Court of Nations, the case would long ago have been decided to our entire satisfaction and the concurrence of England: an ex-governor of Maine has expressed to me this opinion. There is no man in Maine who would give his own life, much less his own soul, for the whole of the disputed territory; yet lives and souls must be lost in the conflict." Mr. Ladd on his return homeward lingered some weeks in March and April in New York city, and wrote much for the news-

papers concerning the Boundary difficulty, with which he was well acquainted.

Mr. Ladd, in his article in the "Advocate of Peace," April, 1839, on "The War between France and Mexico," thus alludes to one of the many ridiculous absurdities and follies of war. "Has a nation the right to blockade the ports of another nation with whom she may have a difference, without declaring war, and by such a blockade to injure the trade of neutrals? It is conceded by all nations, that, after a declaration of war, a nation has a right of blockade which she did not have before. This doctrine would appear very strange to a people not versed in the code of Christian warfare. My neighbor owes me a sum of money, which he neglects to pay. I lay a blockade on his shop-door, and prevent all people from trading with him, until I am paid. My other neighbors complain of this, but allow, that if I will go into his shop and knock him down, and set fire to his house, then I have a right to blockade his shop-door, but not before."

At the anniversary of the American Peace Society, in May, 1839, Mr. Ladd at the close of his address said, "The brother who preceded me, spoke of an incident which I hardly dare touch upon; for I can seldom speak of it without weeping. It was the dying words of my dear friend, the sainted Payson: 'Try,' said he, 'in this holy cause. Try *every day*, God *will* grant success.' In obedience to the voice from the grave, — I should say from heaven, — I have come here to try to-day; and I will try, God helping me, while

I have a breath or a cent to expend, assisted or unassisted."

(Extract from a Letter to Rev. Mr. Cummings.)

MINOT, Aug. 4, 1839.

I have been seventeen years actively engaged in the cause of Peace. I am now growing old, and many infirmities warn me that I am not long for this world. I cheerfully and thankfully acknowledge that I have had my full share of influence, much greater than my most sanguine expectations when I first began the work.

There are many more able than myself to engage in this blessed cause. I have arrived at that time of life when a man's ideas are apt to run in the same channel. And there are hundreds of topics in the Peace cause, which have never yet been broached. Now, there are many able writers among the friends of Peace, both clergy and laymen. I want them to take up these topics, and write on them for the "Mirror" and other papers.

The religious press is not now, as formerly, closed against this subject. Almost every religious newspaper in the land is open to it, and I have more requests from editors to write than I can answer.

(Letter to the Countess de Sellon.)

MINOT, STATE OF MAINE, U. S. OF N. AMERICA,
Oct. 14, 1839.

DEAR MADAM, — A few days ago I received your melancholy circular announcing the death of your dear husband, — dear to you, dear to his children, dear to me, and dear to every philanthropist. I was prepared for your mournful letter, by hearing, a few days before, the same melancholy tidings from London; but your letter, written in such tender language, opened my wounds afresh. Yet I can hardly realize that the great and good de Sellon, my junior by four years, is no more.

It has pleased God to call him to his reward, and leave the cause of humanity to mourn.

Being heartily engaged in the same cause, I dearly loved your husband, though I never saw him, and I love his family for his sake; and I often anticipated the pleasure of seeing him and his family in Geneva, which I had determined to, if I ever revisited Europe. Now one great inducement to such a voyage is taken away, and I despair of ever seeing that country; but should I do so, God willing, I will visit the ashes of my good friend, and bedew his monument with my tears.

You overrate my poor abilities by placing me beside the great and good de Sellon. It is true I embraced the principles of peace as soon as they were presented to my mind, for I am naturally inclined to mercy, and I never could see even a brute suffer without painful emotions; and having a moderate competency, which for many years I have had no desire to increase, from the moment that I first perceived the truth and beauty of the gospel principles of peace I embraced them, and for nearly the last twenty years, I have made it almost my sole object to impart that light and happiness to others, which I saw and felt myself; and God has prospered me beyond my most sanguine expectations. But this has been owing more to my circumstances and zeal, than to my talents or weight of character. Having no other occupation than the superintendence of my little farm, I am able to devote my time and my means to this cause, as the chief object of my life; but I would gladly resign my office, as President of the Peace Society, to some person of more talents and weight of character, who, by his superior energy and ability, would give an impetus to the cause, which it has never had under my administration, for I am more suited to the station of an operative than of a director. It is melancholy to observe what havoc death has made in our ranks, — Worcester, Cassimir Perrier, Grimke, Cassimir Rostan, Bevans, de Sellon.

Who next will fall a prey, God only knows, but the "king of terrors" cannot find another so precious as those he has already taken, and he must lower his aim, when next he shoots at the friends of peace. Now, my dear madam, farewell. I commend you to God, praying that you may find that consolation in the bosom of your Saviour, which the world can neither give nor take away. Please accept the assurance of my high consideration and esteem.

Your friend and fellow-laborer in the cause of peace,

WILLIAM LADD.

To Madam the Countess de Sellon.

What beautiful humility! The Apostle of Peace was "*clothed* with humility." He was always inclined to esteem others better and greater than himself. He was fain to take the lowest seat. But his Great Master, the Prince of Peace, long ago said to this meek friend of peace, "Friend, come up higher." Mr. Ladd says, for many years he had had no desire to increase his property. Few men ever lived that were content with their portion of this world's goods.

A number of years before his death he was consulted in regard to investing a portion of his estate in trade, as it was thought there was a good opportunity for him to add considerably to his property; but he at once declined the proposal. He said he had property enough. To be sure, he would have rejoiced to obtain millions for purposes of benevolence. But he had a sufficiency for his own wants, and also considerable for charitable objects; and he knew that, if he should enter extensively into business, it would require much care and time, and be necessarily attended with

anxiety, and he would thereby be prevented from following his favorite work. He certainly judged and acted wisely; for his labors for mankind were more valuable than heaps of gold.

(Extracts from Letters to Rev. Asa Cummings.)

PORTSMOUTH, March 20, 1840.

I am still detained in this town by the sickness of my wife, though she is fast recovering; but if that detention must have taken place, it were better here than anywhere else. Indeed, I have reason to say "it is good to be here," and though I lament that the cause of peace must suffer elsewhere, by my absence from places appointed, I am very far from being idle here. A paper, pledging the signers to the principle that *all* war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, has been signed by all the ministers in town except the Universalist, who is absent, and it is expected that the signatures of 300 male professors of religion will be obtained to it.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27, 1840.

I stayed but two days in Washington, just long enough to despatch elegantly bound volumes of the prize essays on a Congress of Nations to the crowned heads represented at Washington. I also presented a splendid volume to the President of the United States.

Mr. Ladd, in forwarding a volume of the Essays on a Congress of Nations to Queen Victoria, addressed a letter to her, of which the following is an extract: —

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY.

The American Peace Society, encouraged by the gracious reception which a letter from them to your Majesty's illustrious predecessor and uncle, William the Fourth, met with from him, now venture to approach your Majesty on the same

important subject. A Congress of Nations for the settlement of the principles of international law, and the organization of a Court of Nations, to determine all cases which may be brought before it, has been the object of the Peace Society ever since its organization.

It is not to be expected that in the compass of a letter the details of the plan can be developed; therefore the American Peace Society has taken the liberty to present to your Majesty a volume of Prize Essays on this subject. The peculiar position of Great Britain and the United States which threatens a war between two of the most enlightened nations of the world, for an inconsiderable portion of wilderness, calls aloud for the examination of a plan calculated to remedy forever such a state of things.

By order of the American Peace Society,

WILLIAM LADD, *President.*

The Queen's reply through her Foreign Secretary was as follows : —

FOREIGN OFFICE, Sept. 3, 1840.

SIR, — I have laid before the Queen the address to Her Majesty, which, on behalf of the American Peace Society, you placed in my hands some time ago; and I am to acquaint you, that Her Majesty was very graciously pleased to receive the said address, and the volume of Prize Essays which accompanied it.

With reference to the objects of the society, as developed in your letter, and in the Prize Essays, I beg to assure you that Her Majesty has nothing more at heart than the preservation of peace and the promotion of harmony and friendship among nations.

I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

PALMERSTON.

WILLIAM LADD, ESQ.,

Minot, State of Maine.

Mr. Ladd, in a public meeting in Boston, in May, 1840, said, "I arose especially to mention what has been done in distributing the Essays on a Congress of Nations. It was for this purpose that I went to Washington; and I succeeded in circulating that work with much apparent acceptance among the foreign ambassadors resident there. All but two received them cordially, and promised to send them to their respective courts. The two exceptions were the Spanish ambassador, who returned no answer, and the Austrian, who replied that the etiquette of his court would not allow him to send pamphlets and books. These, you will remember, are the representatives of the least enlightened countries of Christendom. A copy, probably the most splendid ever issued in this country, has been sent to Queen Victoria. Some may ask, of what use is it to address crowned heads? We expect little from them; but, as they are so elevated, may it not be wise to use them as a flagstaff on which to hoist our colors?"

It may be proper to remark here that these Prize Essays, five in number, were considered the best of about forty, by the committee appointed to make a selection. They were written in consequence of an offer of one thousand dollars by the American Peace Society, for the *best* Essay on a Congress of Nations. But, as the committee, consisting of Joseph Story, William Wirt, and John C. Calhoun, could not agree upon any particular essays as being the *best*, another committee, John Quincy Adams, James Kent, and Daniel Webster, were selected, and they also were

unable to decide the question. The Peace Society therefore concluded to accept the proposal of the first committee, and published five of the best essays. To these essays Mr. Ladd, at the request of the Peace Society, wrote another essay, which was printed and bound with the five prize essays, making six essays in the volume, which was distributed among distinguished persons in Europe and America.

Many thousand copies of Mr. Ladd's essay were reprinted and circulated in Great Britain. Rev. Dr. Beckwith considered this essay, for real practical value, worth more than all the other five, though they are all highly useful and bear the impress of superior abilities and scholarship, especially the one written by our distinguished and worthy countryman, Thomas C. Upham. In the opinion of Charles Sumner, William Ladd, by developing and giving to the world a plan of a Congress of Nations in this essay, has enrolled his name among the benefactors of mankind. Mr. Ladd himself, however, with his characteristic modesty, pronounced the five prize essays "very far superior to this (his essay) in style and richness of matter, both historical and original." Still it is not extravagant to say that this essay of the great apostle of peace will long be read and *prized*. A new edition of Mr. Ladd's essay has lately been published. Mr. Ladd says in reference to his essay, "My claim to originality in this production rests much on the thought of separating the subject into two distinct parts, viz.: 1st. A congress of ambassadors from all those Christian and civilized nations who should

choose to send them, for the purpose of settling the principles of international law by compact and agreement, of the nature of a mutual treaty, and also of devising and promoting plans for the preservation of peace, and meliorating the condition of man. 2d. A Court of Nations, composed of the most able civilians in the world, to arbitrate or judge such cases as should be brought before it, by the mutual consent of two or more contending nations; thus dividing entirely the diplomatic from the judicial functions. I consider the Congress as the Legislature, and the Court as the Judiciary, in the government of nations, leaving the functions of the executive with public opinion, 'The Queen of the world.' This division I have never seen in any essay or plan for a Congress of Nations, either ancient or modern; and I believe it will obviate all the objections which have been heretofore made to such a plan."

(*To Rev. Asa Cummings.*)

BROTHER CUMMINGS, — I attended the meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Union. It is a glorious cause, and I should like to embark heartily in it, but I can only scull one boat at a time. As soon as a Congress of Nations is established, if alive I will take hold of this.

I attended the meeting of the American Home Missionary Society. The first speaker was from Ohio. He was succeeded by the Rev. Hubbard Winslow, of Bowdoin Street Church in Boston. Mr. Winslow is a splendid and polished orator, and he warmed with the subject until his words fell on the immense audience like a cataract of fire. He compared the spiritual conquest of the "Far West" to Gen. Wolfe's victory on the plains of Abraham; and he minutely described

the landing of the British under the heights in the night, ascending them in a ravine led on by Wolfe; the marshalling of 8,000 men on the plain above; the astonishment of Montcalm in the morning, his manœuvres to draw off the attention of the British by scouting parties of Canadians and Indians, the small detachment sent after them without moving the main body, the marshalling of the French army, the bayonet charge of the British with Wolfe at their head, his wounds, his fall, his parting sight, and his glazed eyes at the shout of victory, and the sound "They run, they run!" which fainter and fainter fell on his dying ear, his last words, "I die happy." This scene he described with all the heroic ardor of a French cuirassier describing the passage of the bridge of Lodi, or the battles of Marengo and Austerlitz; and in the bayonet charge raised his voice to a pitch and compass of which I never thought it capable, and I think never heard exceeded on the stage; and the whole has seldom been surpassed even by Garrick himself. What a great tragedian would Mr. Winslow have made, if he had only chosen the stage instead of the pulpit, and I think more than one was sorry he did not. The vast audience were breathless. The effect was electric. It was not weakened by any intimation that this fight was only for earthly glory, and I doubt not that most of the youthful part of the audience envied the state of the invader and the conqueror, and considered Christ washing his disciples' feet a mean and even contemptible character, in comparison with the military hero. And a doubt probably did not cross their minds that Wolfe ascended to heaven from that field of blood. As to the effect on my own mind I must confess that I thought on the Young Men's Bowdoin Street Peace Society, and the many peace lectures, discussions, and prayer-meetings which I had attended in Bowdoin Street Church, and I was sad.

WILLIAM LADD.

New York, May 14, 1840.

(*Extracts from Letters to Rev. Asa Cummings.*)

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1840.

MR. CUMMINGS, — I left Boston September 30, in the cars, and arrived in about two hours at Worcester. On the Sabbath I preached for the Rev. Mr. Smalley, in the forenoon. Sabbath evening I addressed the Rev. Mr. Sweetser's congregation. On Monday evening I lectured in the same church on a Congress of Nations. Tuesday forenoon, I went to Springfield by the railroad, where I transacted some business for the great cause. I started in the stage next morning towards Albany. About sunrise, we passed through the village of Westfield. Soon after leaving the place, we came into a very mountainous country, the most I ever remember to have passed through, except Sweden in Europe, and the White Hills in New Hampshire. I stopped at Lee, 43 miles from Springfield. In the evening I lectured on a Congress of Nations, and the next day visited Stockbridge. I found myself at home, though I had never been there before; I found so many of my most dear and intimate acquaintances. Stockbridge is a beautiful village built on a plain, — a variety in this part of the country, — surrounded by lofty mountains clothed with deciduous trees interspersed with a few evergreens, and there was every tint, from the deep green of the hemlock to the brighter green of the pine, and the half-green, half-yellow elm, the bright yellow of the maple and chestnut, changing into orange, red, and purple. I like the "sober autumn fading into age." If it has not all the brilliancy of spring, it has more of sedate reflection, to prepare us for the time when

"Dread concluding winter comes at last
And shuts the scene."

There are many interesting reminiscences connected with Stockbridge. Here resided the Stockbridge tribe of Indians. Here Brainerd established the first missionary station, I believe, in modern times. Here President Edwards preached,

and here the Dwights and the Sedgwicks, and I believe the Minots too, originated. Among these romantic mountains, the amiable and talented author* of *Hope Leslie* conceived her bright pictures of Indian life. To her and her brother, both of whom are now here, under God, I owe my life, and I can never think of them without a tear of gratitude. Many of their relations dwell here, and here are many kindred spirits, which made me linger among these enchanted scenes—but more delighted with the beauties of intellect and philanthropy, than those of nature—longer than I ought to have done.

In all my journey thus far, I have found the pulpits open to me, and a great desire to hear about Peace. This is a great advance on former times, and shows the progress of peace principles. Not long since, peace was considered a temporal subject only, not suitable to the Sabbath. Even now, I believe, there are some ministers who think Christ's sermon on the mount—the first peace sermon ever preached—rather ultra. Such men like to preach in abstractions against sin in general, and their audience go to sleep under their preaching. A rum-seller never goes to sleep under a faithful sermon from the text, "Cursed is every one who putteth a bottle to his neighbor's mouth."

W. L.

TROY, Oct. 28, 1840.

There is a fine macadamized turnpike road from Albany to the horse ferry opposite Troy. The travelling was very pleasant along the grand canal, all the distance. They are now widening this canal to seventy feet, and deepening it to seven feet. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the stone masonry of this work. When it is finished it will be the eighth wonder of the world, and of more importance and utility than all the others put together; and yet the whole

* Miss C. M. Sedgwick.

cost will not equal one year's expense of our last war with Great Britain, for which we got nothing but glory; the whole of which, when condensed, would not give one hungry child a supper. But the *expense* of the last war was but a small part of the evil. The moral corruption it brought with it cannot be compensated by a thousand canals such as this, and will not be duly appreciated until the day of judgment; and it has caused a precedent which, I fear, will end in the ruin of the republic. The political leaders *now* think that no one can be a successful candidate for the Presidency, unless he has gained a bloody victory. I am heart-sick of the political excitement of the day. Hickory poles and log cabins, with Whig and Van Buren transparencies and caricatures meet the eye in every street; with "coon" skins, and sometimes the living "coon" himself. Nothing is heard of but victories, and plots, and counter-plots. If either party be as bad as it is represented by its adversaries, it would be a disgrace to Algiers; but I never believe more than half of what one political party says of its opponents. It is a great question between the parties, whether one of the candidates for the Presidency be, or be not, a *hero*. This admiration of military glory, which is always associated in my mind with gore, will, I fear, be the rock on which our republic, like its predecessors, will split. The wrecks of past republics, cast away by following an *ignis fatuus*, instead of the light of reason and revelation, strew the shores of time.

But the old heroes are dying off, and we shall want another war to get a fresh batch of them to make Presidents out of.

The murky atmosphere of Wednesday was followed by a dark and rainy night. I had engaged to preach that evening for Rev. Nathan S. S. Beman, D. D. Dr. Nott had given out word that he would preach to the young; and the political parties had meetings, and I never went to a meeting more disheartened. Nothing kept up my spirits but the remembrance that it was just such a night when I addressed a New-

York audience twelve years before, and when my friends told me it would be the first and last time I ever should address an audience in that city. So few attended, that Dr. Beman wanted to turn the meeting into a prayer-meeting; but I knew, by sad experience, the effect of adjourned meetings. I addressed the few who attended, under the most chilling of all sights for a speaker, except a sleepy audience, — I mean empty seats. But I was determined, if possible, to make them sorry who stayed away; and after being listened to attentively for more than an hour, the gentlemen came forward and desired to hear more on the same subject, and bought all the volumes of peace essays I had with me, and more too. At their earnest request, I consented to preach next Monday; and to give a lecture on a Congress of Nations. Next Sabbath I am engaged in three churches. Indeed, I have more invitations than I can accept.

Thus you see, sir, we have passed through the ordeal of ridicule and contempt, and have almost passed the more chilling state of indifference. Both the church and the world begin to awake to the subject. But still, a great deal of labor and sacrifice is necessary to complete the work. I feel sorely the infirmities of age; but yet hope to see the church of the Prince of Peace adopt the principles of peace, as *part and parcel* at least, if not the *sum and substance* of the gospel. Then, I should say with old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." For if the church go before with the silver trumpet of the gospel, the world will follow with the Congress of Nations, and they will beat their swords into plough-shares, and learn war no more. Yours, in the bonds of peace,

W. L.

AUBURN, Dec. 25, 1840.

On Sunday night the snow fell enough to make the first good sleighing this winter. The sleighs have generally no bells, so that in the street one is constantly in danger of

being run over. Besides, one misses the music which is so grateful to a New-England ear, and seems to give a voice of song to the winter.

On Sunday, I preached at the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Congregational churches. The evening meeting was very crowded, notwithstanding the storm.

This is Christmas day, and the Episcopal church is dressed with hemlocks, and so is the Catholic; but *why?* I never could find out, except that it is an old custom. Thus the world is governed by old customs, and not even one in a thousand of those so governed ever question their authority. War is one of those old customs, as ancient as the murder of Abel, but so time-hallowed that few dare inquire into the utility of it.

W. L.

GENEVA, Jan. 1, 1841.

While at Auburn, I visited the State-prison, — a large pile of buildings, with battlements, terraces, and turrets, which put one in mind of the feudal castles of the olden times, when robbery and murder were honorable employments, as now, on a great scale; and when castles were built, not to shut in, but to shut out murderers. These things have passed away, and the independent barons have given up the right of being judges in their own case, and have submitted their disputes to the decision of reason instead of brute force. May the time be not far distant, when independent nations will be equally wise and humane; and cannon law give way to a system more befitting rational creatures and Christians.

I visited the hospital, which is in the highest story. Here is confined, as a servant of the hospital, Rathbun, once the richest man in Buffalo, who had two thousand men in his employment in various departments of industry, and who carried on an amazing amount of business, but who, hasting to be rich, could not be innocent, and committed forgery. I gave him all the consolation I could in his miserable condi-

tion, and inviting him to improve it to the glory of God and the good of his own soul, encouraged him to hope for better days, both in this world and that which is to come; all of which he took kindly as it was intended, and as I gave him a parting grasp of my hand, my emotions choked my utterance, and a tear stood in my eye when I considered that it was grace alone, free, sovereign, unmerited grace, which made me differ from him. From the hospital I went to the kitchen where the provisions are cooked in huge caldrons. I saw the prisoners march from the different workshops to the dining-room in close and single file, the leader beating time with his foot upon the pavement, — dressed in the uniform of the prison, striped cloth, — and all in silence. No tap of noisy drum was there, nor clarionet, nor bugle horn. It was a melancholy sight. When they had all taken their seats, which they did in profound silence, at the request of the chaplain I asked a blessing on this meal, and prayed for mercy on those who had no mercy on themselves, as well as I could in the excited state of my feelings. I kept pretty good command of my feelings while in the prison, but while returning to my friend's house, I could not restrain my tears. There were six hundred and seventy human beings, as good by nature as myself, degraded to the condition of automatons, condemned to hard labor by daylight, and to their own reflections during the remainder of the time, when the mind comes back on itself in dread revulsion, which makes solitude horrible, and its only solace is remorse. Ah, remorse, remorse, — grief is a luxury to it.

W. L.

(Letter to Rev. Asa Cummings.)

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1841.

MR. CUMMINGS, — My last letter, I believe, was written at Auburn. From thence I went to Geneva, and preached three times on the Sabbath, as usual to large and attentive audiences. But my strength failed me in the last sermon, which was to

an overflowing audience, and I was obliged to request the minister to give out a hymn in the middle of the sermon, which was an hour and a half long. On the first Monday of the year, I addressed the monthly concert, and showed the obstacles which war throws in the way of the conversion of the heathen. On Wednesday evening I lectured on a Congress of Nations; and on Thursday went to Canandaigua. Here I was most hospitably entertained, in the seminary under the care of Misses Upham & Smith. On Sunday, I preached to the Baptists, the Methodists, and the Congregationalists; but at the last two, I was obliged to sit on a high stool in the pulpit. I gave out a notice for a lecture Monday evening, in the Court-house. On returning to my lodgings, I found my strength completely prostrated. On Monday I grew still weaker; and when evening came my friends remonstrated against my lecturing, especially as the night was dark and rainy, and the going muddy. I sent a messenger to the Court-house to adjourn the meeting to a more favorable time, but he returned with the intelligence, that it was already half full. I determined on going, come what would. A carriage being provided, I went, but nearly fainted before I had finished my lecture. I returned under great debility, and called in medical advice. The doctor told me I had overdone myself, and that I was ten years older in constitution than in years. Indeed I am compelled to feel that I am an old man. O, that I had another life to devote to the holy cause of peace! It appears to me that I never fully understood its beauty and its excellency until now; and perhaps I am yet far below the truth. It is a cause to die for; and when I die, let it be in the pulpit pleading for peace. It is to me the field of glory, the field on which my Saviour died.

I have reason to praise God, that, if I must have broken down in this holy cause so far from home, it was just here. The ladies of the institution have been as kind to me as sisters, although I do not remember ever to have seen one of

them before. It must therefore be out of love to the cause and not personally to me, and that makes me the more grateful. No wounded red-cross-knight of the olden times was ever more tenderly nursed in a convent of the sisters of charity than I have been by these ladies. May the blessings which the Prince of Peace pronounced on the peace-makers be their reward.

After more than a fortnight confinement to my bed I sat up awhile, the day before yesterday; and yesterday all day. To-day, I feel strong, and to-morrow or next day, hope to go on my way rejoicing to the West; But I have given up my long expected journey to Ohio. May God speedily raise up some other and better messenger of peace, to take my place. "Let Him send by the hand of him by whom He will send." I hope to be able to retrace my steps in March, and to be at home about the first of April.

W. L.

(Extracts from Letters to Rev. Asa Cummings.)

CANANDAIGUA, Feb. 4, 1840.

How few of the professed followers of Him who laid down His life to redeem the souls of His enemies *act* as though they believed the soul to be infinitely precious! How many there are of the professed followers of Jesus who, both speculatively and practically, set the temporal good of themselves and their nation above the value of souls! I do not mean of *their own* souls. No man would give his own soul for the good of his country, nor does Christianity require him to do it. But how many are there of professed Christians who would coolly take measures, which they are sure will result in the loss of ten thousand souls, to save to their nation some temporal good.

ROCHESTER, March 19, 1841.

February 25th, I left Batavia and arrived at Lockport thirty-two miles distant. On the Sabbath which I spent here, it was

sacrament day, and I preached a peace sermon adapted to the occasion. Thirty persons were received into the church by profession. At the request of the minister I addressed the whole church, and the new converts in particular, on the solemnity of the occasion. They had partaken of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of their Redeemer, broken and shed for his enemies. They would exclude from their communion any member who would fight a private duel. But though Christ's table is one all over the world, if a thousand Christians should fight with a thousand Christians of another country, and kill one half of them, instead of being excluded from the communion, they would be received with honor. I reminded those who had just taken the vows of God upon themselves, that in promising never to enter into any employment in which they would be required to violate the Sabbath, they had virtually promised never to enter into the military service; for war acknowledges no Sabbath. A revival season is the best time to preach peace.

March 3d. A friend lent me his horse and buggy to carry me to Niagara Falls. I arrived at 3 o'clock, and directly after dinner, rode over to Goat Island and took a view of the "rapids." In the evening I lectured on a Congress of Nations. The next day I went over to the Canada side of the river to have a better view of the falls. I was much disappointed. I had been told that my imagination never could come up to the reality; I put it on the stretch and it went far beyond it; but I had never been told about the "rapids," and they greatly exceeded my expectations. The falls, too, increased in sublimity the longer I looked at them from various points, and had I stayed long enough, would, perhaps, have equalled my imagination. But my journey here was not on account of any other fall than the fall of man, nor to examine any other rapids than the rapids of human passions, which have, ever since the fall of Adam, been hurrying fallen men into the abyss of misery.

March 4th. At 3 o'clock I took the horse-cars, and rode to Buffalo.

I have great reason to "thank God and take courage" at the result of my tour to Buffalo. I had been told that there was so great a war excitement in Batavia, Lockport, and Buffalo, that I might expect only total neglect or bad usage. But I was never heard with more attention, treated with more respect, or did more for the cause of peace, in the same length of time, than I did in these three places.

The preceding selections from Mr. Ladd's letters give but an imperfect view of his devoted labors in the cause of peace, in the western parts of Massachusetts and New York, from October, 1840, to March, 1841.

An eminent American scholar and philanthropist says, referring to William Ladd, "It was not my privilege to see this great friend of mankind; but I well remember of following in the track of his apostleship in western New York, a few years after he rested from his labors on earth. Everywhere he went he left a hallowed influence. Frequently when he was unable to stand he would kneel down in the pulpit, and in that affecting position address the still, solemn, attentive assembly."

A minister of the Methodist church writes, four years after Mr. Ladd's death, "I have just returned from a tour through western New York. I met with some of the fruits of the labors of the late devoted, self-sacrificing Ladd. His last labors were in New York. His last address on peace was at Cazenovia Seminary. I learned by Prof. Clark, who heard him at that time, and

who was himself convinced of the truth of the peace principles, that much fruit still remains as the result of his labors. Surely he did not labor in vain. Many there call him blessed. The history of the peace cause is interesting as connected with that seminary and the last effort of Ladd."

We now approach the peaceful close of this good man's life on earth. After leaving the State of New York for his home in Minot, Maine, he tarried several days in Boston, and then proceeded to Portsmouth, N. H., by railroad, where he arrived at half-past 7 P. M., on the 9th of April. He spent the evening pleasantly in conversation with his wife and some other friends; but remarked, in course of the conversation, that he could live but a few months at most. This his wife did not hear. As he retired, about 10 o'clock, she said to him, "Now let us kneel down, and thank God that you are safe returned." They knelt, and he prayed fervently. Immediately on lying down, he felt the approach of death, and spoke to his wife; but before a physician could be called, his spirit had fled to join the spirits of just men made perfect, where praise is ever lasting, and "love is the joy forever." Thus suddenly and gently was he transferred from prayer to praise.

As he meekly approached the pearl gates of the New Jerusalem, methinks his Divine Master, the Prince of Peace, saluted him with a benignant smile as He said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER III.

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

(From the Portsmouth Journal.)

“Mr. Ladd was one of the most eminent philanthropists of our country; and his name will be held in lasting remembrance by all the friends of humanity. His private character and Christian deportment were well known to the people of this place, by whom he was greatly beloved,—and it affords us a mournful satisfaction that his remains rest in our midst.

“He had been absent on a lecturing tour six months, and was on his way to his summer seat in Minot, Maine. He paused at the house which was the home of his youth, and where his lady had boarded during his absence,—and thence his spirit took its flight to the mansion of rest above. To him may be applied in its full force that beatitude of the Saviour, ‘Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.’ His death has been noticed in the papers generally as the departure of a truly great man.”

(From the Christian Mirror.)

“A report was in circulation here on Monday that Mr. Ladd, a friend of God and man, had suddenly deceased. We could not think such an event inevitable,

but still hoped the rumor would prove premature ; but on Tuesday morning the mournful intelligence was confirmed. We cannot give expression to our feelings at this time, except in the prayer, ‘ Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth.’ We shall not soon tire of seeing this good man’s name in our paper.”

(From the Exeter News-Letter.)

“ Mr. Ladd has been, for many years past, the advocate of Peace, and the life of our Peace Societies. He has often travelled over this country, and, in most of our cities and very many of our villages, has spoken, in the fulness of his soul, on the angel’s theme, ‘ Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men.’ Wherever he went, he made himself loved and revered ; and his influence extended far beyond the limits of his native land. He had been the correspondent of kings ; and kings and kingdoms will be the better for his labors, if by those labors they shall be induced to beat their swords into ploughshares, and learn war no more. Such men as Mr. Ladd, such a spirit as he manifested, and such principles as he advocated, will be better understood and appreciated a century hence, than by the present generation.”

(From the Correspondent of the Mirror.)

“ I doubt not that the sudden departure of our friend, Mr. Ladd, caused a deep sensation throughout our community. Of how few can it be said with so much truth, in the best sense, he *lived* while he lived. I can-

not wish for any man, that he should espouse a great and noble cause with a truer devotion of spirit, and pursue it with more constancy than he did. The memory of such an one will not perish; and we were particularly gratified in this town, that our pastor, the Rev. George E. Adams, embraced an opportunity on Fast day to pay an appropriate and affecting tribute to his worth. Having illustrated the position that true love to man is the best test of love to God, he passed to a notice of Mr. Ladd, as one who had, in an eminent degree, exemplified the power and loveliness of this Christian grace. In an impressive manner he reminded us of what we had indeed well known before, that this plain, simple-hearted man, by his manly untiring efforts had awakened new sentiments on the subject of peace and war in the most enlightened governments in Christendom. He affirmed that the time will come, when any one will regard it as a subject of self-gratulation to be able to say, that he had heard the voice of William Ladd on his theme. Mr. Ladd has been much among us, and has frequently addressed us on Peace; and when we reflected how great a change has come over us all in regard to this great subject through his agency, and called to mind the exhibitions of his noble and generous spirit, both in public and private life, our souls responded to the just and eloquent eulogium which was pronounced upon him.

“BRUNSWICK, MAINE, April 29, 1841.”

(*From the Report of the American Peace Society, May, 1841.*)

“A cloud darker than ever before has come over the Society’s prospects. Its Father is no more; for God hath taken him. Its founder and president, its chief support and brightest ornament, William Ladd, has been called, we trust, to the peace-maker’s reward in heaven. He fell a martyr to his zeal in the cause. Peace to his memory! He rests from his labors, and long shall his works of universal philanthropy follow him. We feel strongly inclined to linger on the memory of our venerable and much loved friend; but the passing notice of a report can do little justice to his merits. Few are aware how much he attempted or how much he accomplished. We might speak of his conversations on his favorite theme, as he traversed the land, the charm of every circle, and a living encyclopedia on the subject of peace; of his lectures delivered from seminary to seminary, from village to village, from city to city; of the books and tracts, and numberless essays and letters that came in such quick succession from his pen, ever fresh and glowing, like his own ardent, vivid, elastic mind. It will take the world ages to learn how much he did for its welfare; but we already know enough to embalm his memory in the admiration and gratitude of mankind.”

The following resolves were adopted at the annual meeting of the American Peace Society in Boston, in May, 1841:—

1, That we devoutly acknowledge the hand of God in the sudden removal of our late beloved President, William Ladd,

and in the great loss which the cause of Peace has thereby suffered, not only in this country but through the world.

2. That we record our high estimate of his worth, and our grateful remembrance of his able, self-denying services in the cause of Peace, as the founder and president of our society, and its chief support from its organization to his death.

3. That his wisdom in managing its affairs, his zeal and ability in promoting its interests, his liberality in sustaining its operations, the cheerful, unrequited devotion of his time, his talents, and his property to the accomplishment of its great objects, and his perseverance in efforts beyond his years and strength, until he fell a martyr to the cause, entitle him to the admiration of the friends of peace through the world.

4. That a biography of our lamented president, giving in detail the events of his life, and a full portrait of his character, is due to his eminent worth, and would be likely to do good service not only to the cause of peace, but to the interests of piety and virtue.

(From the Report of the London Peace Society, May, 1841.)

“This meeting has learned with great sorrow the mournful tidings that WILLIAM LADD, Esq., the president of the American Peace Society, has terminated his earthly career. Peaceful and laborious was his course, great was his usefulness, and the only considerations that tend to alleviate the painful feelings with which this meeting has received this intelligence are, the full persuasion that he is gone to that world where all the air is love and all the region peace, and that the cause in which he so diligently labored will live and prosper, as it is the cause of the Prince of Peace. This meeting offers its deepest sympathy with the American

Peace Society in the loss which they and the friends of the cause throughout the world have sustained ; but with them they rejoice that such a man lived and adorned their country, assured that ages to come will refer to his history with wonder and admiration."

The following is an additional offering of respect for the memory of William Ladd from the London Peace Society, July, 1841 : —

"The Committee of this Society cannot receive the mournful intelligence of the decease of William Ladd, President of the American Peace Society, without recording on their minutes their deep sorrow at the great loss which the cause of peace throughout the world has thereby sustained.

"The Committee, therefore, desire to record the unfeigned esteem which they entertain for the character and they must cherish for the memory of their departed friend, on account of his high intellectual and moral worth, his benevolence and liberality of hand, joined with his unwearied exertions in promoting the cause of universal peace. They consider his removal as no common loss to his family, to the country in which he resided, to the American Peace Society, and to the world at large. In the cause of peace he labored more abundantly than they all.

"The Committee cannot refrain from a devout acknowledgment of gratitude to Him 'from whom cometh every good and perfect gift,' for the intelligent and devoted services of their late coadjutor, whose vigorous powers, matured experience, conciliatory manners, as-

siduous exertions, and fervent piety, have contributed so effectually to support and advance the great cause of universal and permanent peace. Under these circumstances and impressions, the Committee feel it their duty to address a few lines of condolence to the bereaved widow of their dear departed friend, and to the American Peace Society; expressive of their sorrow and sympathy with them under the painful visitation by which their faith is exercised.

JOHN LEE, *Chairman.*"

To Mrs. Ladd.

RESPECTED MADAM, — We sincerely sympathize with you under that painful bereavement you have, by Divine Providence, been called to experience. We consider the removal of your dear husband as an irreparable loss to you, and indeed a great loss to us, and to the whole human family. His journey is ended, his tongue is silent, and his ready pen is laid aside. But he lives, not only in your pleasing recollections, but also in his writings; he lives in our memories, and he lives in the affectionate regards of thousands.

A few more fleeting years, and we trust you will meet him in heaven to part no more, and to sorrow no more forever.

Accept, respected Madam, our sincere condolence and sympathy, and may the Father of mercies grant you all needed support under your present trial, guide you in safety to the end of your journey, and be your portion forever.

TO THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

Respected Fellow-Laborers in the Cause of Peace, permit us to assure you how sensibly we feel the very heavy loss our common cause has sustained by the death of its able and eloquent champion, William Ladd, Esquire, your very highly and justly valued President and standard-bearer. It will be

no misapplication of Scripture, if we say, "A great man is fallen in Israel."

Rather than mourn to excess that he is dead, let us praise the God of Peace that he ever lived, and let us supplicate the Divine Throne for a large effusion of heavenly influences to dispose and to enable us to follow his noble example. Death found him in the field at his post. He said in one of his last letters, "This is the death I have a long time coveted; it is to me the field of glory. If men will venture their lives to procure some earthly good, which will soon perish, why should I be unwilling to risk my life in the cause of that dear Redeemer who laid down his life for me?" Such were the noble sentiments he entertained in the prospect of death and eternity. "He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith," and has now received the crown of glory. He has been introduced into the regions of undisturbed tranquillity, with the commendation of his Redeemer "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him." But though dead he yet speaketh, and will continue to speak, till all the chariots of war be burned in the fire, till the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, and peace be universally and permanently established throughout the whole world. The recollection of his useful life will be perpetuated in America to the latest generations, and by Americans to all the nations of the earth. It will be a lasting monument of honor to America, that William Ladd lived and died one of her citizens.

Fellow-Laborers, does not our Lord and Saviour, the Prince of Peace, by taking our indefatigable coadjutor to himself, call upon us and you, to increased diligence and assiduity in that cause to the promotion of which our departed friend devoted all his energies?

Let us be followers of him in promoting the heaven-born

cause of peace, till with him, through faith and patience, we inherit the promises.

We hope the mantle of William Ladd will fall on some young Elisha among you, who will instrumentally hasten on the period when war shall be known no more, and universal brotherhood be felt by the whole family of man.

On behalf of the Committee,

JAMES HARGREAVES.

N. MORGAN HARVY.

The following lines were written by the late good and gifted Mrs. Eliza Thornton, of Saco, Maine :—

The National Eagle and the Apostle of Peace.

Bird of my nation's pride, 'mongst the stars soaring,
Millions gaze on thy flight, almost adoring.
Freedom hath given thine eye fire from her altar;
Thou o'er the mountains free, fliest nor dost falter.

In thy strong talon's grasp shine the red quivers,
Keen as the lightning's fork that the oak shivers :
Hold'st thou thine olive-branch, eagle, as surely?
Guardest thou well its leaf? alway? securely?

One eye hath gazed on thee, in thy pride soaring,
Care for that beauteous bough, ever imploring;
Vigil no longer that wearied eye keepeth!
Eagle, thine olive-bough guard while he sleepeth.

Proudly that eye of thine glanceth and flasheth;
Long'st thou thy wing to poise where the steel clasheth?
Long'st thou thy beak to dip in the red river?
Eagle, thine olive-bough, grasp it forever.

Yet should thy kindling eye, haughty foes madden,
Yet, should thy lofty pride clashing steel gladden,
Stoop where the sleeper lies, 'neath the lone willow;
Stoop, and thine olive-bough lay on his pillow.

Sleep, saint; the trumpet's blast shall not alarm thee,
Sleep; not a battle's shock ever shall harm thee,
Sleep: and the war-cry shall startle thee never;
Sleep, "*Child of God*," thou art peaceful forever.

*(From an Eulogy delivered in Boston, May 24, 1841, by Rev.
George C. Beckwith.)*

"The friends of peace meet to-day under circumstances peculiarly afflictive. Death has smitten down the charm of these annual solemnities. That manly form, that countenance beaming with benignity, that tongue always ready with its captivating eloquence to plead for every cause of God and man, are now in the grave. Our father and leader, the founder of our society and the champion of our cause, the apostle and martyr of peace, has gone to his final reward, and left us to mourn his sudden, irreparable loss, and gather from his memory fresh motives to zeal in behalf of an object to which his talents, his property, and his life were all devoted.

"A bereavement so great and so recent will hardly allow us to indulge in the exercises common on this occasion. Every eye is turned to the seat that death has left vacant; the mind is busy with the recollections of what we have lost; nor can we resist the temptation to linger on the sad yet pleasing theme. Death is a mirror which reflects the hues of heaven to earth; and

fain would we gaze till we see once more the full and perfect image of our departed friend. His name, next to the influences he set at work for the good of mankind, is the richest legacy he has bequeathed us, and we feel that the claims of our cause, as well as the strong impulses of our own souls, require us to dwell awhile on the character of our much lamented president.

“Most reformers, like John Baptist and Martin Luther, are trained for their office in retirement, and in like manner was the philanthropist of Minot prepared for his mission of peace. But first he received a higher baptism from on high, ‘an unction from the Holy One.’ The change was marked, prominent, and all-pervading. It gave him a direction and an impulse altogether new. It consecrated him to God and mankind. His all he laid upon the altar, and thenceforth he gave to every enterprise of benevolence and reform his zealous and powerful support.

“The providence of God marked Mr. Ladd as the Coryphæus of the cause of peace.

“It would be interesting to follow our champion through his subsequent career. The fate of our cause seemed to rest on him alone; and he girded himself for the work with an energy of purpose that never faltered, and an ardor of zeal that grew more and more intense to the last day of his existence. Peace was the magnet of his soul, the pole-star of his life. He planned for it; he toiled for it day and night, from one end of the year to the other; and, finally, on this altar of his favorite cause, he sacrificed himself a whole offering. It was

his ruling passion ; and, as he approached his heavenly home, and caught from the nearing summit of Pisgah a wider, clearer view of the promised land he had sought so long, — the reign of universal peace, — it seemed to fill his whole vision, like the flood of glory which burst upon the raptured eye of the dying Payson.

“Acceptable both as a lecturer and a preacher, he had more calls for his services than he could meet ; and his ardor, sustained by a constitution seemingly of iron, pushed him at length into efforts too great even for his giant strength. Besides the ceaseless effusions of his pen, he used to preach three times on the Sabbath, to lecture often through the week, and then converse everywhere on his delightful theme from morning till midnight. All this, even a frame-work of adamant could not long endure.

“He had long contemplated a tour through the Western States, but was frustrated in his plans till last autumn (1840), when he started upon what he regarded himself as his final excursion of any extent. Never did he seem more in his element ; and it was delightful to observe how his spirit was refreshed by the manifestations he met of increasing interest in the cause of Peace.

“At Troy and Albany, at Schenectady and Utica, at Syracuse and Auburn and Geneva and Rochester and Lockport and Buffalo, and many other places, he found open pulpits and so strong a desire to hear “the old man eloquent,” that large churches could not contain the crowds assembled. No wonder that a spirit like his

could not withstand such temptations to excessive efforts ; and at Peterborough he was obliged to rest awhile. He resumed his journey soon ; but was driven to his bed, in Canandaigua, for four weeks. A man of ordinary resolution would have gone no farther, nor even so far ; but, on recovering his strength, he proceeded to Rochester and other places till he reached Buffalo, sometimes attending three services on the Sabbath, as usual, and frequently obliged by the disease in his legs to sit during the delivery of his discourses, and even to pause and rest in the midst of them. Several of his last sermons he preached on his knees ; and, when it came to this, he felt, in spite of himself, he must leave his intended mission to the Ohio unaccomplished, and return home to rest, if not to die. Still, he could not even now resist the claims of any good cause ; and the walls of this sanctuary, a little more than twenty-four hours before his death, echoed to the last strains of his eloquence in behalf of temperance, — a subject that had long been dear to him. The next evening he arrived at the residence of his friends in Portsmouth, still as happy and cheerful as ever ; said his work was nearly if not quite finished. He spent the evening in his usual strain of lively conversation, retired to rest apparently in his usual health, and in less than half an hour expired in peace. “ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace.”

“ The character of our lamented friend was reflected from every page of his eventful history. Its basis was pure gold ; and the severest scrutiny would discover

but little else than new traits of beauty and worth. His was a character of great and manifold excellences. Indebted to him for my interest in the cause of Peace, lured by his influence into its service, and intimately associated with him for the last six years of his life, I have had peculiar opportunities to study his character ; and a calm review of it, as a whole, constrains me to feel more deeply than ever how much reason the friends of peace have to say of him, " He was a man, take him for all in all, we ne'er shall see his like again."

" The difficulties of the peace reform, nothing but experience can fully teach. For this arduous work, so much above the character and even the aims of most Christians, our late President was eminently fitted. Cast in one of nature's largest moulds, he possessed a constitution able to perform, month after month, an amount of labor that would have crushed a man of common strength. His intellect was much above the common range of minds. His mind turned at once to meet the most sudden emergencies. Few ever caught him by surprise. He was extremely quick to see and grasp the main points of an argument ; and his skill in debate, the fairness and pertinency of his replies, and his tact in managing all sorts of minds, made him a favorite advocate of peace, alike in halls of science and the dwellings of the illiterate.

" There was about him a charm quite inimitable ; and, wherever he went, his social qualities gave him, even as a reformer, a ready welcome to every mind and place. There was no resisting such a spirit as his. His bosom

was full of kindness, and it was constantly flowing out upon all around him. His wit and pleasantry and kindness, and guileless simplicity, and amusing, instructive anecdotes, all united to render him the charm of every place. He used, wherever he went, to converse on his favorite theme. Hope was strongly predominant in his character; and, but for this, he would never have continued a month in a cause so depressed as he found that of Peace. His constitutional buoyancy of spirits was quite an essential qualification for his work.

“Benevolence was the mainspring of all his movements. Not only was it seen in the kindness that distilled like gentle dew on the domestic circle; in the hospitality that made his house a free hotel; in deeds of beneficence to all that came in his way,—but it went forth in search of objects, and extended itself over the whole earth, and encircled the whole human family. And can we wonder that such a philanthropy sprang at once into the enterprise of Peace as the noblest reform ever attempted or conceived by man? Can it surprise us that such a philanthropist vowed, on the altar of his God, perpetual hostility to war, as man’s deepest disgrace and deadliest foe, as an outrage on humanity, and a base libel on our holy religion?

“The best benefactors of mankind have showed their benevolence mainly in works of reform. This is the highest type of benevolence. It was the benevolence of Christ. This braves neglect, reproach, and suffering. Such a reformer was our friend.

“But time, if not ability, fails me to give a full por-

trait of our departed leader. He had a rich cluster, a rare combination of excellences as a man and a Christian. His moral courage, his independence and decision, his energy and perseverance, his disinterestedness, self-denial, and self-sacrifice, his candor, his child-like simplicity, the perfect transparency of his nature, his sound judgment and well-balanced mind, the ardor and peculiar tenderness of his feelings, the readiness of his purse, his pen, and his tongue, for every good cause, were fully developed in his history.

“But more than this passing notice is due to his indomitable energy. Not one man in ten thousand would have prosecuted an enterprise, so little appreciated, through so long, so unbroken a series of obstacles well nigh insurmountable; but through them all he held on his way. Some ridiculed, others pitied, and even professed friends of the cause despaired, and began, one after another, to stand aloof; but he clung to the helm with a grasp stronger than ever, and steered the ship in the very teeth of wind and tide. Often have I seen him anxious, but never saw the slightest symptom of wavering in his purpose; that was unalterable. He had nailed his flag to the mast, and had he been left entirely alone on board, I verily believe he would have remained there till the vessel sank, before he would have left his post. All this was interwoven with qualities which served to disarm opposition and produce kindness and confidence. His honesty, his candor, his frankness, his bland spirit, his conciliatory address, his delicate regard for the feelings of

others, his prudence, his respect for the opinions and even the prejudices of mankind, his sympathy with good men of every name on the great points of truth and duty, all conspired to make the community feel safe under his counsels. He allowed himself in the use of no weapons but truth and love. Not William Penn himself was more thorough on Peace. In his principles he was sufficiently radical; but in his movements he was strongly conservative. He aimed at a single object, the noblest and greatest that ever engaged the labors of the philanthropist. It was peace. He sought through the pulpit and the press, through the school and the family, through all the channels of influence over the popular mind, to leaven the whole community with such principles as would ere long banish war from every land in Christiendom.

“This was the sublime object of our departed reformer; and millions yet unborn shall bless his name. A president of the United States lately fell, and a nation mourned; but long after the name of Harrison shall have faded from the memory of man, will the name of Ladd brighten into new and ever-increasing glory as the benefactor of a world through all coming ages. War may chisel the name of its modern demigod on his mausoleum of marble or brass; but the Peace-maker of Minot shall outlive the Corsican soldier.

“The friend of God and man sleeps with his fathers; but never shall the influences he set at work cease to operate, till they shall accomplish the blessed consummation of laws and courts and Christian principles

applied to nations as now to individuals; never till swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and all nations shall learn war no more.

That day will come, for God hath promised it; and when it does come, the spirit of our departed friend will find his eulogy written with a pencil of sunbeams in the character and condition of a renovated world. Never, while on earth, did he for a moment regret any of his benefactions or toils or sacrifices for Peace; and as he bends from his seat above, to watch its onward progress age after age, and beholds one nation after another sheathing the sword forever, and all the warring elements of the whole earth hushed into perpetual peace, and all the millions of our race, as children of one Father, as followers of the same Redeemer, rejoicing evermore in the sweet love and joy of a universal brotherhood. O, how will the glorified peacemaker then rejoice, and bless his God for the privilege of toiling on earth in a cause that has produced such glorious results.

(By Charles Sumner.)

“William Ladd, after completing his education at Harvard University, entered into commercial pursuits. Early blessed with competency through his own exertions, he could not be idle. He was childless, and his affections embraced all the children of the human family. His attention was arrested by the portentous crime of war; and he was moved to dedicate the remainder of his days to earnest, untiring efforts for its abolition.

“By a long series of practical labors in our cause,

and especially by developing, maturing, and publishing to the world the plan of a Congress of Nations, has William Ladd enrolled himself among the benefactors of mankind."

What Mr. Sumner says in reference to Saint Pierre, may with much more propriety be applied to William Ladd, viz.: "Our world hereafter, as it wakes from its martial trance, shall salute with gratitude and admiration the true greatness of his career. It may well measure its advance in civilization—and Christianity—by its appreciation of his character." Address before the American Peace Society, May, 1843.

(By Rev. Thomas C. Upham, D. D.)

"Some years since I was acquainted with an individual, who has gone to his rest, and his reward. I have reference to the late William Ladd,—the mention of whose name will recall cherished recollections to many hearts. On reading a tract on Peace, he was led to reflect upon the inconsistency of war with the gospel. Being a person of a strong mind, he conceived the idea of putting an end to war throughout the world by means of a Congress of Nations, which should have power to establish an international code, and also a High Court of Nations. What a mighty project to be brought about by such limited agency! A few years before his death I visited his retired residence. He showed me the room in which he had written the numerous papers, and even volumes on the subject of war. Walking with him in one of his beautiful fields, he

pointed to a cluster of trees at a little distance, and said, 'It was beneath those trees that I solemnly consecrated myself in prayer to this one work of impressing upon the minds of men the principles of peace.' I met with him often, and have been deeply affected with his simplicity and fixedness of purpose. He fully believed that God had inspired within him that central idea, around which the labors of his life turned; and those who knew him intimately could hardly fail to be impressed with a similar conviction. He died; but he was the means under God of giving an impulse to the cause of Peace, which is felt throughout the world."

(From a Traveller's Journal, September 11th, 1868.)

"Left Portland this morning by railroad at fifteen minutes before seven o'clock, for Portsmouth, N. H., where I arrived at nine o'clock, A. M. As soon as I stepped out of the car I walked down to the south cemetery. It is situated about half of a mile from the city, and contains about thirty-five acres. Through the central part, a valley of gentle descent, containing about eight acres, passes from southwest to northeast, where flourish many large trees of the maple, elm, and other sorts. In the central part of the valley is a small pond about two hundred feet in length, by one hundred feet in breadth, with a smooth, grassy artificial margin. This valley is covered with luxuriant grass; but the land is not used as a burial-place, being too moist.

"This cemetery is very beautiful in itself, and also for situation. William Ladd, the 'Apostle of Peace,' is

buried here. I came to Portsmouth to-day for the sole purpose of visiting his sepulchre. It is about seventeen rods from the gate at the entrance of the cemetery on the left. The main road, which is one rod in width, bare and gravelly, passes directly by, about ten feet southwest of the monument which stands directly over the good man's grave."

The following is a description of the monument : —

The foundation stone is a granite block forty-two inches square and eighteen inches thick ; upon this rests a marble stone thirty inches square and four inches in thickness. From this a marble pyramidal pillar rises to the height of seven feet and two inches, which is at its base twenty-one inches square, and twelve inches at the top. Whole height of the monument 9 feet.

The Epitaph, on the southwest side, reads thus : —

WILLIAM LADD

Born May 10, 1778

Died April 9, 1841

BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-

MAKERS FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED

THE CHILDREN OF GOD

Erected by the

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY

(On the opposite side)

SOPHIA ANN

STIDOLPH

Widow of

WILLIAM LADD

Died Dec. 29, 1855

AGED 75 YEARS.

The monument is very modest, simple, and plain, being more agreeable to the character and taste of the good Apostle than one of costly and curious form. I should have been grieved to have found an expensive and lofty monument of cunning design erected in memory of William Ladd, the meek philanthropist and humble Christian. Peace to his ashes!

(Homestead of Ladd in 1844, three years after his death.)

A late number of the "Lewiston Falls Advertiser" contains the following interesting description of his late residence.

The day on which we visited the mansion was one of the clearest of the Indian Summer. The house is situated in Minot, not more than four or five rods from the road, but nearly concealed from it by a profusion of elegant trees. The windows are shaded by clumps of pine and spruce, among which glisten the silver firs, and over the pathway wave enticingly the bright red berries of the mountain ash. On the north it is shielded from the cold winds by a long row of Lombardy poplars. The garden on the south is entered under a tasteful arch and is well arranged. The smooth, gravelly walks are hemmed in by shrubbery; and fruit and ornamental trees are scattered, with a plentiful hand, through the grounds.

The fields are smooth as a lawn, and the barns, six in number, are large and well filled. "The Majordomo," who showed us about the premises, communicated many interesting anecdotes of its late occupant. The house

is spacious enough to accommodate the train of a feudal lord ; and had Mr. Ladd's taste been different, he might have stabled his hundred horses and ridden over his grounds, attended by a hundred horsemen, and made his home like a castle in the days of chivalry. It is situated on the top of a long swell of grounds, and we could not wonder that Mr. Ladd had chosen this place for his residence, when we looked from the window upon the vast prospect of green hills and cultivated fields spread out below. The White Mountains, at a distance of fifty miles, glistened with the snow-banks and ice-bound rivulets of early winter.

But, as we walked through the large empty rooms, and the walls sent back only hollow echoes to our tread, it was not difficult to feel that the master's presence was not there to animate, and that his absence had filled the place with gloom. Yet, there was a charm about the deserted home of him who had spent the latter years of his life in attempting to perfect one of the most glorious systems that ever flourished on the "tide of time," a system which will do away one of the scourges of society, disarm Mars of his thunders, and give to the fiendish struggles for supremacy only a record among the barbaric institutions of the past.

CHAPTER IV.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM LADD.

(By Rev. Elijah Jones.)

MINOT, April, 1841.

BROTHER CUMMINGS, — When a distinguished character is taken away, some notice may be useful to survivors; and in your paper of the 22d inst., you seem to call upon me to furnish some particulars respecting our departed friend and brother, William Ladd.

From the time of my acquaintance with him, till the day of his death, which was about twenty years, he might truly be said to be growing in grace. In the early part of this period, some tracts fell in his way, developing more fully the *peaceful* nature of the Gospel as opposed to the practice of war. His powerful mind and susceptible heart immediately seized upon the truths they contained, and he began to write on the subject.

He had acquired by reading, travelling, and observation, considerable stores of useful knowledge, a rich fund of anecdote and various information, and a large measure of wit, which was always interesting and instructive, and, being combined with an abundant flow of good-nature, could not fail to please. This wit was not that malevolent sarcasm, which, like the assassin's

dagger, never gleams without aiming a deadly thrust at some victim ; but rather like the harmless flash, that leaps playful from cloud to cloud, inspiring beholders with pleasure, not with apprehension, — but if called into action against anything base or cruel, it was withering as the lightning's stroke, which scathes some devoted tree of the forest.

As a writer, perhaps no person among us has wielded a more powerful pen. His writings all bear marks of intrinsic excellence. Some of his public addresses have been regarded by good judges as the productions of a powerful mind.

It was not in the cause of peace alone that he was accustomed to shine. He was a devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and often had the satisfaction to see the school of which he was the superintendent, watered with the showers of divine grace.

With his exertions in the temperance cause you are fully acquainted ; and the writer of this article has often related to him interesting facts on this subject, with the intention to see them come out in print with the strong impress of his graphic descriptions, and has never been disappointed.

He was a man eminently industrious ; usually rising early, and not retiring till late. Sometimes he would continue his studies till midnight. When admonished, as he frequently was, that such intense application would prove unfriendly to life, he usually answered that he could have but a few years to labor, there was a great deal to be done, and he felt anxious to be con-

tinually about his Master's business; and though he would regard advice so as to relax a little for a season, such was his love of application and his devotedness to the cause, that no one who knew him would expect him to spare his exertions.

Often did he lament that he had not become religious while young, and entered sooner on the good work in which he was engaged, that he might have a whole life to labor for the cause of righteousness. Let our young men think of this.

He earnestly desired and prayed for the deliverance of the slave; but, being a man of peace, could never accord with the violent language and measures which some professed leaders in that cause had thought proper to employ.

Though considered wealthy and generous, he was yet, in his house and on his farm, frugal and economical. He considered wealth valuable as a means of doing good; he understood the great principle by which a man's property is, morally speaking, a part of himself, and he was desirous his property should labor for him in the cause of peace, when his own hand should be in the grave. Who can doubt the sincerity of a man who thus devotes all he possesses?

It might with great propriety be said of him that he was apt to teach. No person could be long in his company without hearing something on the great topic which occupied his mind. No chapter in the Bible could be read or expounded without finding something to suggest the thought that the dread practice of war is

at variance with the spirit of Christianity. He lectured to crowded assemblies; he argued with ministers of the gospel; he wrote for various periodicals; he corresponded with philanthropists, with statesmen, with kings. No man was more abundant in labors. After lecturing for many years, he became desirous of addressing congregations on the Sabbath, because, especially in country towns, a larger assembly could on that day be gathered; and finding that Christians objected that one who was not a minister should occupy the pulpit on the Sabbath, he desired and obtained license to preach about four years previous to his death.

His preaching was always instructive, often very impressive; and it cannot be doubted that he strongly felt those great truths which he labored to impress on those who heard him.

Future years and future ages must tell his worth. Some weak-minded people may say he has put forth well-meant endeavors which after all can never succeed. But if prophecy is to be fulfilled, and the nations learn war no more; if the glory of the millennial age is ever to bless the earth; if the pure precepts of the gospel are so extensively to operate, that rulers shall feel their transforming power, then the day must come when the barbarous custom of attempting to settle disputes by an appeal to brute force must be looked back upon with horror, as deeds of dark and barbarous ages; and the name of William Ladd will stand in history among the benefactors of our race.

Yours, cordially, E. J.

(By Rev. Asa Cummings, D.D.)

One trait of Mr. Ladd's character, which we have not seen recognized in any published notice of him, was pre-eminently valuable, and distinguished him from most other modern reformers with whom we have been acquainted. His fellow-men might oppose or neglect him, or treat his scheme as utopian; yet he *always kept his temper*. He never dealt in denunciation. He was too magnanimous to resent either opposition or indifference. The latter was much the harder for him to bear; and he was often grieved by it, not on personal accounts, but from its effects on the blessed cause to which he had devoted himself. But nothing seemed to interrupt the perpetual flow of kindness and good-will which characterized him. If he erred at all, it was by an excess of pleasantry; or more truly perhaps, by *ill-timed* pleasantry, suffering it occasionally to break out amidst the solemn exercises of a religious meeting. This would not interfere with the edification of minds constituted like his own; but all cannot make such sudden transitions.

But he is gone! and the time and circumstances of his departure were ordered in great mercy to himself. His was an enviable death. He was found in his Master's service. His transition was sudden from the labors of earth to the rest of heaven. And yet we can hardly repress the feelings of melancholy which arise as we reflect that we shall never again be cheered by his hearty greetings, or enlivened and made wiser by his instructive conversation. — *Christian Mirror*, May 20, 1841.

William Ladd may be remembered when Washington shall be forgotten. — *Morning Star*, Dover, N. H.

(By Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D.)

William Ladd seemed to live only for his race. He was a peace-maker, not merely by profession or public efforts, but in private life. He was not one of those who, in their love for the race as a whole, forget the charity due the individual. But he was gentle, forbearing, and conciliatory, thoughtful of the rights of others, always earnest to mediate between those at variance, ready to make sacrifice, to cherish kind feelings among neighbors, fellow-citizens, and fellow-Christians. Few men have left so many warm friends as he; and we doubt whether he has left an enemy; sure we are that he was no man's enemy. The angel of death found him as free as he was in infancy from malice and hatred.

He has for years exerted a commanding influence over the public mind, both in our own country and abroad. When he commenced his labors in the cause of peace, he stood almost alone. But our friend hoped against hope, and toiled on, undaunted by the seeming fruitlessness of his efforts. He knew that he was laboring in the cause of God and of man, and therefore not in vain. He has left many able and faithful fellow-workers; but the most of them derived their first impulse from his discourses or publications; and if mankind are to cease from war, if our country is to take the lead in putting away violence between nation and

nation, his name must go down to posterity as essentially connected with the earliest steps of this Christian movement, and be transmitted for the lasting gratitude of his race.

But he has gone to a surer and an earlier recompense. Happy spirit! On earth he hated strife, and has joined those who know no discord in their song. — *Sermon, Portsmouth, N. H., 1841.*

(By Hon. Gerrit Smith.)

PETERBOROUGH, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1868.

MR. HEMMENWAY: MY DEAR SIR, — Once, if not twice, William Ladd visited me. I well remember what a gentle-tempered, loving-hearted Christian he was, and how enthusiastic he was, and how child-like was his simplicity. My wife and I loved him, and so did our children. He was fond of children.

Very respectfully yours, GERRIT SMITH.

(By Rev. Thomas Adams.)

RIVERSIDE, VASSALBOROUGH, ME., Nov. 20, 1868.

MR. J. HEMMENWAY: MY DEAR SIR, — I was not very intimately acquainted with Mr. Ladd, the good man whose memory you propose to aid in perpetuating as it deserves to be. I met him on various public occasions, and once only received a call from him in my own house.

I first knew him through his contributions to the "Christian Mirror," on his favorite theme, over the signature of *Philanthropos*. They had been for some time

in a course of publication before I learned from whose pen they emanated.

The first time that we met was at a meeting of the Maine Missionary Society, at Brunswick, in 1825, when we were both requested to speak on the same topic. There was one characteristic remark in his address, which I well remember. People, said he, *do not think enough of their money*. His meaning as unfolded in his remarks was, they do not think enough of it as a talent entrusted to their care, as a means of doing good to their fellow-men.

He was quick to discern and to recognize his obligation to aid in a good cause. When, in 1838, I ventured on the publication of the "Maine Temperance Gazette," his name was sent me as a subscriber. I soon received a letter from him, saying he had been requested to subscribe for the paper, and his reply was, "I do not need it. I am a temperance man now." But he added, "I found I *did* need it, and we all needed it, and since it has circulated among us we have had a temperance revival."

He was the friend of every good cause, yet his thoughts were chiefly absorbed by that cause of which he was appropriately the "apostle"; and to that his efforts were chiefly directed. At a meeting of our State Conference, I requested him to speak on the subject of temperance. With true sailor promptness he replied, "*One man can't scull two boats.*"

At a meeting, either of the Conference or of the State Temperance Society, he told us how he was led

to adopt the *teetotal* principle. "It was easy," said he, "to give up rum, for I never liked it; and I did not hesitate to sign the pledge of abstinence from distilled spirit. But I had a fine orchard, and the best cider-mill in the county, and made great quantities of excellent cider. And I always kept the best of wine, and I sipped it, *and my ministerial friends they sipped it.*" At a temperance meeting in Minot, he was urging his neighbors to come forward and sign the pledge. One of them replied, "Why, squire, we would be very glad to sign that pledge, if we could afford to keep as good wine as you do." — "I saw," said he, "that I was cornered. But I told them at once, — Set your mark as high as you please, exclude wine, cider, and everything of the kind, and I will come up to it." He signed the teetotal pledge.

It was at the interview I had with him in my own house that he related an instance of the efficacy of his peace principles in neighborly intercourse.

He had a neighbor whose unruly sheep were getting into his lot, and injuring some of his growing crops. Repeated requests to have them taken care of received no attention. At length he became irritable over the matter, and threatened to have them driven to the pound, which did not help the matter at all. At length he began to reflect that he was not acting consistently with his own principles. He must take a different course. He soon called where his neighbor was at work, but his friendly greeting was roughly responded to. "I have come," said he, "to talk with you about your

sheep." — "I care nothing about the sheep nor you neither," was the pettish reply. "Well," said Mr. Ladd, "I have a lot off at a distance, where there is good feed, and I would like to have you turn your sheep in there. They will thrive well there, and do no one any injury. You shall be entirely welcome to do it." — "Are you in earnest, Square?" said the man. "Certainly, I am," said Mr. Ladd; "it will be better for you and for me." — "Square, my sheep shan't trouble you any more," said the man; and so the difficulty was ended.

It was at the same interview that he told an amusing story of one of his fellow-laborers in the cause of peace, the Rev. Mark Fernald, of Kittery, Maine, a stout, athletic man. Some rough character was bantering him about his Peace principles. "Suppose I should meet you some time and insult you, and make an assault upon you; what would you do?" — "I don't know," was the reply. "If the Spirit of Christ was there, I think you would not be hurt; but if there was nothing but *Mark Fernald* there, it might go hard with you. *You had better not try it.*"

Mr. Ladd had a dash of humor that often developed itself. On account of his apoplectic tendencies, he was advised to confine himself to a vegetable diet. Having friends to dine with him, he could not resist the temptation to partake of the nicely-cooked chickens on the table. "Well," said he, "the doctor said I might eat anything that grew in my garden; and *these chickens grew up in my garden.*"

Very respectfully yours, THOMAS ADAMS.

(By Rev. Stephen Thurston, D. D.)

SEARSPORT, MAINE, Dec. 1, 1864.

JOHN HEMMENWAY, ESQ.; DEAR SIR:—I should like to see a worthy memoir of Mr. Ladd, for *he was no ordinary man*. Yours truly,

STEPHEN THURSTON.

(By Rev. Alpheus S. Packard, D. D.)

BRUNSWICK, January 3, 1869.

MR. HEMMENWAY: MY DEAR SIR, — I used to know Captain Ladd somewhat, and repeatedly heard him speak, but had not that personal knowledge of him that would justify an attempt to draw his character. He was a genial, generous-hearted man, and always commanded respect and esteem. Very truly yours,

A. S. PACKARD.

(From Mrs. Anne S. Brown.)

MINOT, March 20, 1869.

Mr. Ladd, in his youth, was fond of gunning. On one occasion, he had been out without finding anything at which to point his gun. As he was returning homeward, he saw a robin singing in a tree. He lifted his gun and fired, bringing the bird to his feet. As it fluttered, dying, its reproachful eye lifted to his seemed to say, "*Why did you shoot me? why did you shoot me?*" He then said to himself, "I will never shoot another bird," and *he never did*.

Mr. Ladd's study at Minot was a small room, open-

ing out of his parlor, and communicating, through a large closet, with the kitchen. There was but one window, opening through a beautiful cluster of pines, and in close view of a lane of roses in their varieties. Under this window was the table, where he sat so much with pen and paper. A little bolt on each door secured him from intrusion, and here he labored for the cause he loved so well. Yours truly,

A. S. BROWN.

(By Mrs. Almira B. Prescott.)

MONMOUTH, MAINE, April 12, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I lived in the same neighborhood with Mr. Ladd. I knew his family quite well. He was a benevolent man; a person thought to be quite liberal to the poor; a kind husband, and a man that liked to see every one happy, and the whole world at peace.

It is said he was the means of having a shoe and boot shop established in Minot, so that the poor in town could have some means by which they could obtain a livelihood by working on boots and shoes, both men and women.

He bore a character without a blemish. He was spoken of by every one that knew him in the highest terms. Respectfully,

ALMIRA B. PRESCOTT.

(By Rev. Isaac Rogers.)

FARMINGTON, MAINE, Nov. 7, 1870.

MR. JOHN HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR,—I remember Mr. Ladd very well. I can readily call to mind his

portly look and manly gait, his ruddy countenance and genial smile, and how he edified and electrified us by his speeches and remarks at our Annual Conferences, and how delighted we all were to see and hear him, and what a commanding influence he wielded over us and the State and nation; and how sad we all were when he departed this life, that we should see that pleasant face and hear that well-tuned voice no more. Mr. Ladd was a large-hearted, a very liberal man. He always gave freely to all good causes and objects, and was the chief supporter of a preached gospel where he lived.

I well remember what he did in 1828, in reference to a peace sermon that I delivered in Farmington and Temple. The Peace Society of Temple wished to have it printed, but were not able to do it; so I wrote to Mr. Ladd, and he consented to print it at his own expense and risk; and this, although he said I had gone a little farther in the cause than he had. How large the edition was I do not know, but copies of it were sent to Europe, as I saw an English magazine with half of this sermon in it; so that whatever of good was thus accomplished, was mainly owing to his generosity.

Mr. Ladd was an able and forcible writer. His articles in the "Christian Mirror" and other papers of the day were always well arranged, and full in statement, logical and excellent in arguments, and every way adapted to produce the best of results. And I make no doubt that if the millennial day of peace on earth and good-will among men shall ever dawn upon the

earth, much of it will be, under God, owing to the prayers and efforts of William Ladd.

Thus his memory is very precious to me, and I doubt not to many others also. I may have communicated things that you have received from others, but must attribute it to my great regard for that great and good man, who now so sweetly sleeps in Jesus, and is among the spirits of the just made perfect, around the throne of God and the Lamb in heaven. Yours truly,

ISAAC ROGERS.

(*By Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D.*)

BANGOR, MAINE, NOV. 7, 1870.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. Ladd was an old gentleman when I came to Maine. I knew him well for several years. I used to see him generally at our meetings of the General Conference.

He was a genial, social, pleasant old gentleman, supremely devoted to his one object of Peace, and yet a liberal friend to all good objects. He was a grand storyteller, and always interested people in his speeches.

I am glad you are preparing a memoir of him. I shall be glad to see it. Yours very respectfully,

ENOCH POND.

(*By Rev. Joseph Loring.*)

NORTH EDGECOMB, MAINE, NOV. 11, 1870.

MR. HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR, — In regard to Capt. Ladd I cannot communicate much. I saw him several times in my younger days, and knew something of his

reputation. I heard him lecture, perhaps more than once, on his favorite subject; but I had scarcely any personal acquaintance with him.

My general impressions concerning him are quite favorable. I take it that he was one of nature's noble-men, of expansive views and of high and ingenuous aims; so constituted as to exert considerable influence in whatever sphere he might be placed; and that, blended with a true greatness of soul, were a frankness, benevolence, and activity which gave him great worth of character; also that he devoted to God his powers and acquisitions, and then especially directed them to that branch of Christian Philanthropy — the cause of Peace. To promote such an object he appeared to be designed, in the providence of God.

I cannot say whether or not I could agree with all that he advanced; yet it was interesting to hear him present the subject with his wonted pathos and glowing zeal; and it was evident, I think, that he cherished and held forth certain valuable principles and grand ideas having a moral and civil bearing which ought to be widely diffused and strongly enforced, and which may yet tell on the condition of the nations of the earth.

Through his means, in part at least, I have preached on the subject of Peace several times during my ministerial life.

Most respectfully yours, J. LORING.

(By Rev. William Warren, D. D.)

GORHAM, MAINE, Nov. 30th, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I never was much acquainted with Captain Ladd. I only knew enough of him to feel the power of his exuberant mind.

He was a brim-full man, overflowing with humor, anecdote, illustration. He had no *manners*; by which I mean he had the perfection of manners. He could afford to be natural; was a gentleman by instinct. There was an underlying sense of taste in him that kept him from improprieties. And yet it would not have answered for a man of smaller capacities to say and do what he could do and say without giving offence. He was a privileged character. There could be but one Captain Ladd.

No matter whether on Sunday, or in the public conference or convention, when the majestic form of Mr. Ladd rose, surmounted by that sunlike face, there was a predisposition in the audience to smile.

The quaintness of his style, his sharp angles of thought, the ceaseless outflow and overflow of ideas and illustrations, provoked good-nature always, and often convulsed his audience. Very sincerely yours,

W. WARREN.

(By Rev. Josiah G. Merrill.)

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Dec. 1, 1870.

MR. HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR, — I was happily acquainted with William Ladd, Esq., and while I well remember, in general, his genial, noble spirit so as to

excite pleasant emotions in my breast, I cannot now recall anything which would contribute to your design, except it may be the following:—

At one of our County or State Conferences, I remember to have heard Mr. Ladd, in his address to the assembled brethren and sisters in the Lord, say substantially as follows: “We often hear professed Christians complain of want of religious enjoyment. Now I think if we would, after praying over the subject, take a parcel of good religious tracts, and go among our friends and acquaintances, distributing them with such words as their subjects and the circumstances might suggest, we should, I think, return to our homes with higher religious enjoyment.”

This shows that Mr. Ladd held to religious *doings* as well as *professions*. And I think he endeavored to *practise* on this principle. And I trust he is now joyfully reviewing the fruits of his practice.

I hope you will be able to collect such facts respecting Mr. Ladd as will not only honor his name, but more especially honor the name which he held more dear than his own,—the name of the Great Prince of Peace.

Yours respectfully, JOSIAH G. MERRILL.

(By Hon. William Lowell.)

WEST MINOT, ME., Dec. 26, 1870.

J. HEMMENWAY, ESQ.: SIR,—I never had much acquaintance with Mr. Ladd. He was much my senior. He was unquestionably a man of culture, and his position in society carried him more among the refined and

wealthy. I have no doubt he was a man of principle, and truly a religious man ; and was liberal in sustaining the institutions of the gospel.

He spent much of his energies and property in the advocacy of peace, and to avoid the calamities of war, which, if carried out by a Congress of Nations, as he labored to establish, would be the perpetuation of a cause that would rank among the most philanthropic, and to him who instituted it an *imperishable* name.

Respectfully yours,

WM. LOWELL.

(By Rev. John S. C. Abbott.)

FAIR HAVEN, CONN., Dec. 20, 1870.

MR. JOHN HEMMENWAY: MY DEAR SIR, — A little over forty years ago, when I was a student in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Captain Ladd addressed the young divinity students there upon the subject of peace. As I remember him, he was a florid, handsome man, looking like the bluff Christian sailor. His address was very fervent and convincing, though at this distance of time I cannot recall its details. He was received cordially by the students. His arguments were appreciated ; and with no little enthusiasm, as I remember, a peace society was organized in the seminary. Captain Ladd was exceedingly gratified with his reception. I can never forget the ardor of emotion with which, at the close of the meeting, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Upon one other occasion I met him some years after, in a social circle, in Brunswick, Maine. He was the

life of the party, full of fun and frolic. I was told that his natural temperament was of the most joyous kind. He played with the children as though he were one of them. Some one pleasantly remarked, "When you become a man, you should put away childish things." He promptly replied, "Ah, I fear that I shall never be a *man*. I can never be anything more than a *Ladd*."

I hope that you may have much success in writing the biography of one who consecrated his life and fortune to the blessed cause of peace.

I am yours, very truly, JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

(By Rev. Lewis Pennell.)

WEST STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., Dec. 26, 1870.

JOHN HEMMENWAY, ESQ.: DEAR SIR, — I often met Captain Ladd, and once visited him at his house. I admired his zeal.

He did not denounce all who could not carry peace principles to the full extent that he did. As boys, he said, would jump with a piece of chalk in hand to see who could chalk the highest, one jumping up two feet, another three, etc., so one may carry his peace principles a little higher than another.

When called upon to speak in public on any subject, he would generally get upon the subject of *peace* before he got through, and would say that, "as one of the Romans used ever to say, 'Let Carthage be destroyed,' so he would ever say, Let wars and fighting cease."

At one time, when called upon on a sudden to make

a speech, he said, "A full barrel needs but to have the spigot drawn, and it will run, at least for a time." He was ready, on all occasions, to lift his voice for God and humanity.

He was the first mover, or about the first, towards raising a fund for the relief of superannuated clergymen, or their families, in Maine.

I give from Rev. Dr. Ide, of Medway, Mass., the following: He and Capt. Ladd, and a company of clergymen, were returning from New York city, when they held a Peace meeting in the cabin of the steamer. In the course of the debate, — pros and cons, — Dr. Ide proposed this question, to whoever might answer it. "Man has two fists; and, when he is pressed or abused, he feels inclined to use them to defend himself. Now, what was man made so *for*?"

Capt. Ladd immediately sprang to his feet, in the best of humor, exclaiming, "I'll answer him, I'll answer him." And reaching out his two hands with fingers all spread out like claws, repeated from Dr. Watts:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so,
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature to.

Then looking round on the company, like a father on his children, continued: —

"But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

This recitation, in the Captain's comical manner, brought down the house in a roar of laughter.

I ever had a high opinion of Capt. Ladd as a man and a Christian. I was treated with great kindness and hospitality by him when I visited him.

Yours truly, LEWIS PENNELL.

(By Rev. William Clark.)

AMHERST, N. H., Dec. 27, 1870.

JOHN HEMMENWAY, ESQ.: DEAR SIR, — William Ladd was of a family for generations prominent. In person he was one of nature's noblemen; in form large, well built, symmetrical, commanding; head large, forehead high, countenance intellectual, open, genial. In any company he would at once be noticed, as one towering in body and mind.

Eminently given to hospitality, he delighted to entertain his large acquaintance in his spacious mansion, generously and gracefully imparting to them the products of his farm, garden, and orchard. In harmony with his princely hospitality, Capt. Ladd was gentlemanly, courteous, dignified in bearing, though exceedingly affable, making all classes, even the humblest, feel at home with him. Naturally a lover of his race, his interest in all men was enhanced by his Christian character and sympathies. Loving God he loved his fellow-men, and was happy in efforts to promote their temporal and eternal well-being. An excellent parishioner was he, ever ready to do his part towards the support of religious instruction, at home and abroad. His pastor,

the late Rev. Elijah Jones, of Minot, could always count on his confidence, sympathy, and aid, in all religious benevolent enterprises. Here it should be stated, that Mrs. Ladd, his wife, an excellent English lady, was in full sympathy with her husband in all deeds of hospitality, and humane Christian objects.

Thus far, the life and general character of William Ladd. Were this all, it were enough to make him most honorably prominent in the large circle in which he long moved. What gave him while he lived, and what will give him in coming generations the prominent position he held and will retain in this and other Christian nations, were his *peace principles*, and his earnest, untiring efforts at whatever expense of treasure and labor, to make them bear upon the practice of nations.

On the unutterable evils of war, whether foreign or civil, he read, reflected, wrote, and spoke, until his great soul was kindled into a flame that burned brighter and more bright till his death.

Mr. Ladd's interest in Peace, his unceasing, efficient advocacy of it, whether through the press, the pulpit, or on the platform, before ecclesiastical bodies, schools, colleges, theological seminaries, in frequent long journeys over the country, and liberal expenditure of money, it was this that made him conspicuous before the American people and the European nations.

The great object for which he so strenuously labored in connection with showing the terrible effects of war on human life, property, morals, and religion, creating national debts, and disorganizing society, was to create

a public sentiment throughout the Christian world hostile to war, and that should induce nations to settle their difficulties by a Congress of Nations.

Sad, overwhelming sorrow would have come over the good man, had he lived to this day. Were he now living, how would his great heart be saddened at the terrible war now raging between two of the great European nations.

The writer frequently had the pleasure of being present at anniversaries of ecclesiastical bodies, and of benevolent and State and national societies, often attended by Captain Ladd, at which he would solicit the privilege, generally granted, of addressing them on his favorite cause. Present at the meeting of the General Association of New Hampshire, at Meredith, — now Laconia, — in 1834, in the numerous objects before the body, and the limited time at their disposal, he was nearly crowded out, greatly to his grief. In an interval of the business proper of the association, the New Hampshire Missionary Society held its anniversary, when numerous pledges of thirty dollars, by ministers, laymen, and ladies, were made, to constitute their sons and daughters life-members of the society, with the request not unfrequently that prayers might be offered for them. These public pledges and requests awakened great interest in the audience. In the height of the excitement, Captain Ladd arose, his majestic person towering above all others, his tremulous voice heard above all other voices; he was deeply affected, saying, “I have an only beloved daughter, very, very dear to

me; I will make her a life-member of the New Hampshire Missionary Society if you will pray for her. The name of my daughter is *American Peace Society*." On the spot he paid thirty dollars; and now, after the lapse of nearly forty years, "The American Peace Society" is enrolled among the life-members of the New Hampshire Missionary Society. The announcement by the noble man, and the corresponding deed, awakened deep emotions in the great congregation.

Most of the contemporaries of Captain Ladd have passed away. Few living men had personal knowledge of him. In the hope of helping to perpetuate his memory, his excellent character, his philanthropy, his noble benevolent deeds, this humble tribute is offered by one who highly esteemed and greatly honored him.

(By Rev. Asa Bullard.)

BOSTON, Dec. 27, 1870.

MR. JOHN HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 20th has come to hand, and it has awakened recollections of a man whom for many years I greatly esteemed and loved. During my three years' labor in the Sabbath-school cause in Maine — the years 1831, 2 and 3 — I often met Captain Ladd, and several times for days together enjoyed the hospitalities of his sunny, cheerful home. Twice, I think, Mrs. Bullard was with me, and her recollections also of that delightful home are very pleasant. From that time to his death, my acquaintance with him and my interest in him continued. We often conferred together on the subject of

the early training of the young. He frequently wrote articles bearing upon his favorite subject of peace, for a juvenile periodical that I edited. Though he had no children of his own, he was greatly interested in children, and easily secured their love. For many years he was a most faithful and successful superintendent of the Sabbath School in Minot.

Captain Ladd was a most affectionate and faithful husband. Notwithstanding the deafness of Mrs. Ladd, he never wearied in raising his voice to answer all her inquiries, and communicate to her everything of interest. His attentions to her were very remarkable; and, in return, her love for him, and her tender solicitude for his comfort and happiness, were almost passionate.

Captain Ladd's constant cheerfulness, ready wit, great fund of anecdote, and general intelligence, made his company most agreeable. I never knew a man who was so invariably cheerful, and whose laugh was so hearty and frequent. And yet he was by no means frivolous or given to levity. He expressed his feelings of joy and pleasure more strongly in this way than most persons do. His laughter was spontaneous, gushing forth from a fountain of good-humor, ever full and ever flowing.

He was a man of strong religious feelings and sympathies; and his tenderer emotions were also easily excited. Any of the more affecting truths of the gospel, or any tale of suffering and wo, would start the tears as easily as a witty reply would call forth a laugh.

Captain Ladd ever exhibited great interest in *all* the

objects of benevolence and reform. He was not a *one idea* man. He was ever ready to advocate the cause of missions, home and foreign ; temperance, the Sabbath Schools ; though he seldom spoke in public on any cause, without in some way alluding to *the* cause to which he so eminently devoted much of his life. He often felt (to his sorrow) that he was what others called him, the Peace Society, as so few very warmly favored it, and he took every proper opportunity to keep it before the public mind. He once told me of a minister who, on whatever text he preached, would come round, before he closed, to the third chapter of John ; and he acknowledged that he was somewhat like him, for he must always come round to the subject of peace. He was an eloquent and impressive speaker, always commanding the attention of his audience. And he was always candid and fair in his statements and reasoning, never exaggerating for the purpose of effect. Although earnest and even enthusiastic in his advocacy of peace, he was never denunciatory, never seemed as though in his language he was *fighting* for peace. He was kind and forbearing towards those who differed from him. He seemed to remember that he differed from others just as much as they differed from him ; and he would not judge harshly their motives, but would admit that they might be as conscientious and honest in their sentiments as he claimed to be in his. I do not remember ever to have seen him exhibit feelings of anger, in public or private, when speaking of those who had opposed him, or even wronged him. He would speak

of newspaper or other attacks upon his sentiments, or any opposition to him or the cause which he represented, however ungenerous, with his usual hearty laugh.

Captain Ladd always showed great sympathy for the afflicted, the poor, and the suffering, and was ever ready to relieve them when he could. He was the known friend of all such.

Captain Ladd was an enthusiastic agriculturist, and he had an extensive and a model farm. He took the greatest pleasure in riding or walking over it, and looking upon every creature he had on it, — his fine stock of cattle, sheep, swine, and fowls, all of which were of the choicest kinds. He was far in advance of the great majority of farmers, in these respects, in Maine or even Massachusetts. He was a lover of system and order everywhere about his premises, as much as he ever had been when he commanded a ship at sea. Everything about his spacious mansion, his extensive barns, in all his fields, in every nook and corner, was in the finest order. Neatness, and intelligent scientific husbandry, were everywhere apparent.

Had I time, many anecdotes could no doubt be recalled; I will mention two little matters. At a public meeting we were to address, the audience were scattered over the house, — many sitting at the extreme end. Captain Ladd arose: "All that *war* is good for is to get illustrations from; and now, friends, please come up in front. We want you within *striking* distance."

The subject of forming some sort of a society was under consideration. A constitution was presented, in

which it was said, "Any person may become a member by paying five dollars and signing the constitution." Captain Ladd arose and said, "Mr. Moderator, I move to amend that clause, so as to read, 'Any person may become a member by paying *any sum*'; for if there is a crack in a man's soul big enough to let out a ninepence, you better let it come, and it will widen."

I shall feel very anxious to get hold of your book when it is published. Wishing you great success in this truly important work,

I am, yours truly, ASA BULLARD.

(By Rev. Silas McKeen.)

BRADFORD, VT., Dec. 29, 1870.

MR. HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR, — I am glad you are preparing a biographical work in memory of William Ladd, with a view to the promotion of the cause of Peace, to which that whole-souled and strong man so faithfully devoted his life and utmost energies.

The first time I met with Mr. Ladd was at Winthrop, Maine, in 1830. I was there as a delegate to the General Conference of Maine. I had been addressing the congregation; and when at the close of the service I came down from the pulpit, a great, noble-looking man, with a countenance all beaming with animation and benevolence, came up to me, and, without any introduction, gave me a most cordial greeting, saying to me that he was William Ladd, and at the same time putting into my hands a liberal supply of peace publications, which he wished me to use as I should think

best, for he was satisfied that my feelings were in harmony with his own. It was gratifying to meet with a man so full of benignity. I seem, while I remember the occurrence, to still feel the cordial pressure of his great, soft, and warm hand. During my subsequent residence in Maine, from 1833 to 1842, I occasionally met with Mr. Ladd, and was invariably gratified to see that, amid all the changes in the affairs of nations, and apparent discouragements, his hope and confidence remained unshaken, being unmovably fixed on the promises of God, in regard to the surely coming day when universal peace shall bless the world, and men learn war no more; when every knee shall bow in willing submission to the Prince of Peace. That day must come. The word of the Lord endureth forever. With kindest regards,

SILAS McKEEN.

(By Rev. Thomas C. Upham, D. D.)

NEW YORK, 39 East 4th St., Jan. 4, 1871.

FRIEND HEMMENWAY. — Your very kind letter after some time found me in New York, and in a very poor state of health. This has been the reason of delay in answering. I am able to write now only a few words. Your view of Captain Ladd agrees entirely with mine. "*He was the Philanthropist of the nineteenth century.*"

The name of Hemmenway* is very dear to me, and I rejoice to find it associated with the cause of Peace.

May our Heavenly Father be with you.

Most respectfully yours, THOMAS C. UPHAM.

* Dr. Upham here refers to Moses Hemmenway, D. D.

(By Rev. Asa Rand.)

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 5, 1871.

MR. HEMMENWAY: DEAR BROTHER,—Too long have I deferred a reply to your letter requesting some of my recollections of the “Apostle of Peace,” William Ladd. At length I gladly improve one of those brighter hours which my Heavenly Father occasionally grants me, to send you a few reminiscences of that beloved and honored man: aiding, if I may, the attempt you are making to extend and perpetuate the memory of his example and his useful works.

But my personal acquaintance with Mr. Ladd was very limited in time, and in opportunity for intercourse.

I first knew Mr. Ladd when he commenced his series of articles on peace, in the “Christian Mirror”; and I very seldom met him before the series was concluded, and I left both the “Mirror” and the State of Maine in 1825. I afterwards welcomed him at my house in Boston, and he delivered a public lecture on the subject so dear to his heart and my own.

In 1835 I lectured a few months in Maine, on slavery and emancipation, and passed a day or two with him at his hospitable mansion in Minot. After that interview I saw his face no more; and being far away, I know not how he walked with God on earth, and what testimony he bore for God and truth, for humanity and righteousness among the children of men. Very little, therefore, can I furnish for the memoir from my own knowledge. Yet I doubt not that my opinion of the character of Mr. Ladd will be found to be in harmony

with the judgment of all who knew him. I would therefore say that in all relations he was known and read of all men as a man of superior talents, intelligence, education, and capacity for business and work. He was eminently affable, genial, and humane. His urbanity, generosity, sympathy, and moral integrity evermore shone in his face, flowed from his lips, and blest all around him in the discharge of the duties of life. Mr. Ladd was truly and eminently *a man of peace*, evermore seeking those things which make for peace, and by which we may edify and bless each other. As for jealousy, envy, malice, strife, he knew it not. His enemy, if he ever had one, instantly learned that contention must be left off before it be meddled with. And God ordained that such a man should not diffuse light only in the narrow sphere of immediate and personal intercourse. He must proclaim the reign of Immanuel, calling on communities and nations, kings and people, to love one another, and become willing subjects of the blessed and only Potentate, King of Kings, Lord of Lords.

In 1835 Mr. Ladd helped me very much in learning the abominations of the land of tyranny and oppression. He gave me a very lucid and impressive account of his observations concerning the conduct and principles of slaveholders, and of the fearful suffering and helpless condition of their victims.

Respecting Mr. Ladd's distinctive religious principles, his personal experience, his position in the church of Christ, I have always supposed that he professed and also exhibited the spirit and life of a penitent believer

and follower of his glorious Redeemer. Such works of righteousness and labors of love are not produced by humanity alone, however refined. They are the fruits of the Spirit in those who put on the Lord Jesus Christ. William Ladd would never glory in his attainments or achievements. If men honored him for his works of faith and labors of love, he would reply, "By the grace of God I am what I am. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Your brother in Christ,

ASA RAND.

(By Rev. Jonathan B. Condit, D. D.)

AUBURN, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1871.

MR. J. HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR,—I received yours of last month asking me to furnish some of my recollections of William Ladd, "The Apostle of Peace." I regret I cannot send you any important material for a memoir of that excellent man.

I knew him, but I had very little intercourse with him. I heard him occasionally in his public addresses, and admired his noble spirit, and his consecration to the cause of Peace. All my impressions of the man make his memory precious. I wish it was in my power to give facts illustrative of his character. I can only express my sincere conviction of his great worth.

Respectfully yours,

J. B. CONDIT.

(By Mrs. Lois Prince.)

WAYNE, MAINE, Jan. 10, 1871.

MR. HEMMENWAY,—As you have made request of me, I will comply with it according to the best of my

ability. The name of William Ladd is ever dear to me. It is long ago, and I have passed through many changes since I lived in Minot. I think I was about eight years of age when I first recollected him. He was the means of getting up the first Sabbath school in Minot. The recollection of that evening is vivid in my mind. I remember the interest he manifested at the organization of that school. He never had any children of his own; but I have often said I never saw a man more interested for the young and rising generation than he was; it was his theme. If I remember right, at the organization of that Sabbath school, the chapter read was the first Epistle of John, 2d Chapter, beginning as follows: "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not." It is plain in my mind now, with what earnestness Mr. Ladd talked to us children. He told us the story of the blessed Jesus; of his birth, his stay here on the earth, and how he took little children in his arms and blessed them; also of his crucifixion; and that He had gone to heaven to prepare a place for all that would love Him, and keep his commandments. I think I can say I received many lasting early impressions from his lips. I was brought up on the farm adjoining his, and often met with him. He always noticed me, and spoke a kind and encouraging word to me. He was the means of leading me to Christ. There are many, I think, can say the same of William Ladd.

He was kind to the poor, the widow, the orphan. I was a motherless child myself: he always encouraged

me to do right; he gave me a Bible, while in the Sabbath school; and to a number of others he gave Bibles. He tried to encourage us to learn the Scriptures. He was a man of courage; never was afraid to stand on the side of right. I think his aim was to do good in the world. He was a man of peace. He went about preaching peace to the world. He appeared to have a great deal of pity for the African race.

How many times I have seen him rise in church to give an exhortation. He would speak of the love of Jesus in coming into this world to die for sinners. He warned the young, encouraged the middle-aged, comforted the aged. He often spoke of his own unworthiness, — said he had been a great sinner. He would speak of the goodness of God in forgiving his sins. He was a man of deep-toned piety; and I feel that I am not sufficient to give you the information concerning him I wish to.

I am glad God has put into your heart to get up a memoir of my old Superintendent of the Sabbath School. I have often wished some one would undertake it. I would be glad to do something to perpetuate his memory, and bring out to the world his goodness. I think he was a humble follower of Jesus. Yours truly,

LOIS PRINCE.

(*By Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D.*)

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON, Jan. 13, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR, — I had a great respect for William Ladd, and regarded him as a true philanthropist of a most sincere and earnest humanity.

Very truly yours, LEONARD WOODS.

(By Hon. John Neal.)

PORTLAND, Jan. 11, 1871.

MR. JOHN HEMMENWAY, — I am glad that a memoir of my old friend, William Ladd, is under way. No man deserves better such a testimonial.

He was one of the best men I ever knew; honest, faithful, and sincere in whatever he did or said. With large views, a subdued enthusiasm, and a generous heart, he was calculated to do great good — and he did it — for mankind and for his Master. “This world!” said he once to me, “what is it? With my present views, I would not pick it up in the street!”

Yours truly,

JOHN NEAL.

(By Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D.)

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 16, 1871.

MR. HEMMENWAY: SIR, — In the early part of my ministry, in Concord, 1825, I had the honor of an introduction to *William Ladd*, then known and often spoken of as the Apostle of Peace. He usually attended the meetings of the Pastoral Convention, and of the General Association of New Hampshire whenever it was held; and we always expected an address from him on his favorite theme. On several occasions, as appears from the minutes of the General Association, the peace principles which he advocated were adopted, and resolutions passed in their favor.

More than thirty years have since passed, yet even now his image is vividly before me. He was then in the full maturity of manhood; large, well-proportioned,

and dignified in person; his voice full and sonorous, and, when his emotions were kindled, he rose oftentimes to a high pitch of eloquence; his face was placid and benignant, and when aglow with his theme it reflected his own pacific spirit. The very word *Peace*, as he pronounced it, as his temper and language recommended it, seemed to disarm all opposition, and recommended his principles to general adoption. I am glad you are authorized to prepare a memoir of so excellent and useful a man. With much respect, I am,

Your obedient servant,

N. BOUTON.

(By William Lloyd Garrison.)

Boston, Dec. 5, 1871.

DEAR SIR, — I am much gratified to learn that you are collecting material for a memoir of William Ladd, “the Apostle of Peace.” Such a work is due to his memory, and to that Christ-like cause which he espoused with so much zeal and devotedness. Though we met but seldom, and therefore my personal acquaintance with him was not intimate, yet, aside from his public advocacy, I knew him sufficiently well to be convinced that he possessed all those elements of character which are essential to a true reformer and a world-wide philanthropist. Amiable and winning in social intercourse, — hopeful, enthusiastic, indefatigable in the pursuit of his object, — strong in the enforcement of his principles, and felicitous in his appeals to the consciences and hearts of those whose co-operation he sought to win, he commended himself as one whose

high mission it was to accelerate the prophetic age when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation," and spears shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, and human brotherhood be established throughout the earth. Such was my appreciation of his character and labors that, more than forty years ago, I dedicated to him the following Sonnet, which was printed in the first volume of "The Liberator."

SONNET.

The conquerors of the earth have had their day —
 Their fame lies weltering in a bloody shroud;
 As Crime and Desolation haste away,
 So fade their glory and their triumphs proud.
 Great Advocate! a fairer wreath is thine,
 Base Envy cannot soil, nor Time destroy;
 Thou art enlisted in a cause divine,
 Which yet shall fill all earth and heaven with joy.
 To calm the passions of a hostile world;
 To make content and happiness increase;
 In every clime to see that flag unfurled,
 Long since uplifted by the Prince of Peace:
 This is thy soul's desire, thy being's aim,
 No barrier can impede, no opposition tame.

Wishing you great success in your laudable undertaking, I remain, yours for universal peace,

JOHN HEMMENWAY.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

(*Letter from Hon. Amasa Walker.*)

NORTH BROOKFIELD, Feb. 5, 1872.

MR. JOHN HEMMENWAY: SIR,—I have received your manuscript memoir of the life of William Ladd,

and hope it will soon appear in print. No efforts on my part shall be wanting to effect the object.

It is now nearly thirty-one years since our great and good friend died. He fell in the midst of his usefulness, with the harness on, devoting all his energies, and sacrificing life itself, in the cause of Peace.

His memoir ought to have been at once published. The materials were then rich and ample, and had they been then collected would have formed a volume of surpassing interest.

Owing to some unfortunate differences of opinion, the biographer could not be agreed upon, and a serious injury was done to Mr. Ladd's memory, and to the great object he loved, and labored so earnestly to promote.

My opportunities for knowing Mr. Ladd during the last years of his life were very favorable. He visited Boston often in the prosecution of his mission, and made my house his home. I need not repeat what I find has been so often stated in the foregoing pages, that he was one of the most genial of men, of dignified manners, yet accessible to all.

He was not only an agreeable friend, but an earnest Christian man. He had what the author of "*Ecce Homo*" terms the "*Enthusiasm of Humanity*" in as great a degree, and of as true a type, as any person I ever met. It pervaded his life, influenced all his thoughts and actions. He needed just such an enthusiasm; for nothing less could have sustained him in his arduous, thankless task of raising the banner of

Peace at a time when the entire public sentiment of Christendom was against his great enterprise.

Mr. Ladd was *wholly consecrated* to his work. There was no reserve, no hesitation, no doubt. Of its ultimate triumph he never entertained a question, though acting under what, to other minds, would have been regarded as hopelessly discouraging. He would write, he would print, and, as he used to say, jocosely, "he would *read*," if nobody else would, what was written on his great theme.

Mr. Ladd early discovered what the special object to be secured by the friends of permanent and universal Peace was; viz., International action — mutual agreement — a High Court of arbitration; and a Congress of Nations as the means by which this result should be secured.

Hence his offer of a prize for the best essay upon the subject; hence the final publication of his large volume of Prize Essays.

Mr. Ladd saw that here was the laboring point, and to this he directed a large part of his labors, by correspondence abroad and at home, and thus laid the foundation of a structure which already begins to rise to the view of mankind.

The conference now being held at Geneva, Switzerland, between the United States and Great Britain, by which disputes of the gravest character are to be adjusted by arbitration and peaceful settlement, is but one of the fruits of the labors of the friends of Peace in this country and in Europe.

The world can never have Peace while nations are constantly preparing for war. A mutual simultaneous disarmament is the first condition of universal Peace. To secure such a disarmament, nations must act in concert; to secure united action they must meet in council, and arrange the necessary preliminaries. Hence, a general Congress of Nations is indispensable, in order that the first effective movement in favor of permanent peace may be made.

To that single object the friends of the cause are now directing their labors; and in doing so are but endeavoring to complete the great work commenced by their venerated friend and co-laborer so justly regarded as the "Apostle of Peace."

Yours, truly, AMASA WALKER.

(By Rev. John W. Chickering, D. D.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11, 1871.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter reached me here, where I am spending the winter, and I hasten to give you a few reminiscences of our warm-hearted, genial, enthusiastic friend, Captain Ladd, Apostle of Peace.

His philanthropy had no malignant element. He was tolerant, and even sympathetic towards all good ideas of other men. He did not meet Satan with his own weapons, or in a spirit of bitterness. He would not fight, even for peace. He took joyfully, or at least patiently and with a smiling face, all the jokes which his friend, S. V. S. Wilder and others, put upon him as a reformer almost single-handed. Once I remember he

was introduced as "The American Peace Society." But with all this gentleness of feeling and manners, and this soundness of judgment as to the best mode of gaining favor for an unpopular reform, he was sternly in earnest concerning the evils of war, and the duty of Christian nations to learn and practise it no more. He omitted no proper opportunity of proclaiming what he regarded as sacred truth upon this subject. I recollect a striking, not to say amusing instance, of his persistent ingenuity in this respect.

After he became a preacher, I invited him one evening to give my people in Portland their usual weekly lecture; adding a request, that as there was some special religious interest among them, he would select some spiritual topic appropriate to their condition, rather than preach one of his "peace" sermons. He proposed the Lord's prayer as a text, to which, of course, I could make no objection.

He began by saying "Our Father"; then we are brethren, and should not bite and devour one another in war, or otherwise; "who art in heaven"; in that world of peace and love there is no conflict; "hallowed be thy name"; who does not know that war directly promotes irreverence and profanity? "thy kingdom come"; the kingdom of God is righteousness and peace; "thy will be done"; God will have all men to be saved; how many thousands are demoralized by camp life, and hurried into eternity unprepared, on the battle-field; "give us this day, our daily bread"; a petition for a competency, as contrasted with that

“lusting and desiring to have,” that eager grasping for others’ possessions, “from whence come wars and fightings.” “Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors”; the exact opposite of the cruel, unrelenting war spirit; “lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil”; to what crimes has not the war-spirit tempted mankind? what dire evils, what untold miseries has it produced? “For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever, Amen.” How has the Prince of Peace, the God of love, been dishonored, and his glory overshadowed in this part of his wide dominions by the warlike developments of our fallen race?

I have not, of course, given his exact words; and these points are but scintillations of his ever-glowing thoughts on the subject of peace, sparkling at intervals, in a simple, luminous course of remark on the Lord’s prayer. But they showed the absorbing current of thought and feeling that pervaded, with a mild enthusiasm, his whole soul. He was, indeed, *totus in illis*: and when, at the close, he inquired of me if his discourse was satisfactory, I not only forbore to criticise, but told him, that for the future I should allow him to steer his own ship, with no attempts at pilotage.

On one occasion, he beautifully illustrated the nature of true prayer, by relating an incident which occurred while he was a ship-master. He heard the cry of “A man overboard!” and running aft to cut away the life-boat, he saw the poor fellow astern, with uplifted hands, and heard his agonized cry, “Lower away the boat!”

He said it was his first conception of the true nature of prayer.

When shall we look upon his like again? His was one of those sunny Christian characters, whose departure leaves this world darker, while it brightens our anticipations of meeting spirits of just men made perfect, in that celestial kingdom, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Yours fraternally, J. W. CHICKERING.

(By Rev. Seth H. Keeler, D. D.)

MT. VERNON, N. H., Jan. 12, 1871.

MR. HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR, — You request me to furnish some of my recollections of William Ladd, or any reminiscence obtained by reliable report. I well remember him, as I often saw him and heard him in South Berwick, where he had relatives whom he frequently visited, and where he lectured several times, both on the subject of peace, and of temperance. I well remember his commanding presence, and how his whole appearance bore the impress of being every inch a man, — physically and intellectually.

He combined more happily than most men whom I have seen, the “fortiter in re” and the “suaviter in modo.”

Had I formed my opinion of him when I first saw him on the basis of the former trait alone, I should not have taken him for a peace man — nor one with whom it was quite safe to have any contention. He seemed one, indeed, with whom it was best, if possible, to be on

the best of terms. But so tempered was this trait with mildness and gentlemanliness of voice and manner, and so evidently controlled by the true principles of non-resistance, that he seemed made for a genuine Apostle of Peace—one whom you could not but respect, and yet one whom it would not be easy to provoke to combat. He was one indeed who would yield so much (save principle) even to those who had wronged him, that his generous sacrifice for the sake of peace, especially in the case of a provoking neighbor, resulted in not only restraining him from wrong doing, but in making him one of his best neighbors and life-long friends.

Had I judged him from his fresh, if not rubicund countenance, as I remember, I should not have thought him, either a consistent advocate, or even friend of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. But I learned to regard him, both as an eloquent advocate and firm friend of temperance. True, in the outset of his temperance course he made a mistake, which some of the best men and truest friends of temperance at that day unwittingly fell into; viz., that of regarding wine as harmless, and the use of it not inconsistent, in a temperance advocate.

He used often to relate, with great pleasantry and real humility and thankfulness, an incident in his own experience as a temperance lecturer, by which his eyes were suddenly opened to see both his mistake and his inconsistency; and by which, also, he became a teetotaler in principle and practice. Being present at a very large temperance meeting, an occasion of special

importance for the advancement of the good cause, he was prompted, as he usually was, not only to speak, but to do his best as its advocate and champion. He used to say, with his accustomed ingenuousness, that he never made so good a Temperance speech in his life. He used up all the objections of its opposers, and thought nobody could get away from his arguments. "I sat down," said he, "thinking that he who could withstand the appeal I had made must be a hard one indeed." Suddenly a little hard-looking man got up in a distant corner of the house, and said, "Ha! if the Squire will give us some of his good wine, we would n't drink the nasty rum no more!" This was a cut which the good man little expected, and which he could neither gainsay nor resist; for he was a real friend of Temperance, and he saw in a moment both his inconsistency, and the reason why he had met with no more success. He sprang to his feet, and with the frankness of a child, confessed his mistake, and gave up from that hour every kind of intoxicating drink,—thus acting on the noble principle of the Apostle, if meat or wine or anything make my brother to offend, I will taste no more while the world standeth.

As I remember, also, Mr. Ladd possessed a very happy faculty of talking to children, and winning them over to his peace principles. He used to relate the following incident. A distinguished teacher, having two boys that were quite in love with military display, of which he could not cure them, requested Mr. Ladd to try his eloquence with them. Calling to him the old-

est boy, he said, "Do you love to see the soldiers?" — "Yes, I love to see the rub-a-dubs." — "Would you like to be one yourself?" — "O, yes." — "But do you know what these soldiers are for?" — "No." — "Why they are learning to kill people. Those bright bayonets are made to stab and kill people with." The boy turned pale. He had never entertained such a thought. "Do you know who killed the babes of Bethlehem, because a wicked king told them to?" — "No." — "They were soldiers. Do you know who crucified our Lord?" The boy was silent. "They were soldiers; and soldiers would burn your house, and cut down your fruit-trees, and kill your father, if they were told to do it." The boys were astonished; tears stood in their eyes. "Do you want to be a soldier?" — "No?" — "Do you want to see the rub-a-dubs?" — "No."

Mr. Ladd, being a man of shrewd observation, and a great reader, as well as an extensive traveller abroad, became one of the most instructive and interesting of companions. He abounded in information and anecdote, and made himself a most interesting fellow-traveller and most welcome guest. The crown of his excellences, as well as the corrector of his defects, however, was his simple, genuine piety. Love to God and love to man were with him no mere profession, but active principles. He meant the world should be the better for his influence, and it is so. He labored for its highest good while he lived, and the fragrance of his memory is still precious.

Yours truly,

S. H. KEELER.

(By Rev. William Ladd Jones.)

SOUTH SAN JUAN, CALIFORNIA, Jan. 25, 1871.

Mr. JOHN HEMMENWAY: DEAR SIR, — You ask for my recollections of *William Ladd*. I wish I could give you more, but such as I have I give you.

They used to stand during prayers in church when I was a small boy. Prominent among those vigorous worshippers, I remember a man with broad shoulders, full face, and bald head, who filled my childish idea of David the King. There was something so devout, and yet so good-natured and cheerful, in the expression of his countenance, that I thought he might have written a few of the best Psalms, if he had tried. But I do not know that Mr. Ladd ever tried his hand at anything but plain prose. He certainly could never have learned to play upon the harp. I remember hearing him say that he had no idea of music. But the music was so evenly diffused throughout his whole being, that it did not need to find expression in any of the prescribed forms. There was something exhilarating in his very presence. His unfailing fund of anecdotes, his hearty laugh, his jovial countenance, and his wisdom well seasoned with wit, were more enlivening than song, or sound of instruments of music.

That trait which I used chiefly to admire, and which now seems most conspicuous in the distance, is the largeness of his nature. Like all men really great, he never forgot that other people also needed room. Although a rich and educated man, in a community composed largely of men of smaller means and less

educational privileges, he was always a practical advocate of equal rights.

The neighboring farmers, farther from market than now, and sometimes troubled to know how to turn their produce into money, knew well on whose farm they could find a few days' work and ready pay. Even when hardly needed, they were seldom refused. And if a "calculating" man did sometimes bring a marvellously dull scythe, and grind until the sun was well up in the sky, his fellow-workmen have told me he was never hastened to his work.

In the church, in which he always showed an active interest, he never sought to have a pre-eminence. I have often heard his pastor testify, with profound admiration for his character, that he never gave him the slightest trouble from any desire to rule. He never became wilful or unmanageable, or thought that his wish should be more regarded than that of any poorer member. He gave his opinion and his vote, and abode by the result.

His character as a lecturer on *peace* is too well known to require notice here. But it is worth while to mention, that while he regarded his life consecrated to this one work, he still recognized the fact that there were other things. He could talk much and well, and not say *peace*. The whole gospel seemed to blend harmoniously in his character.

In religious meetings, his words were ready and appropriate. Some of the most stirring appeals I ever heard were from him. I distinctly see his face

and hear his voice to-day, although more than thirty years have passed since he stood in the midst of a crowd in my father's house, one Sabbath evening, and entreated the people to be more zealous for the salvation of souls. He then told, with choked utterance and streaming eyes, how one of his men having fallen overboard, called out to him, "O Captain, save me!" But he soon sank, and was seen no more. The appeal which followed, and the exhortation to lose no time in seeking the great salvation, were not soon forgotten.

Mr. Ladd used to spend his winters in travelling and lecturing on his favorite theme. With the return of spring, he came back to superintend his farm, and pursue in retirement his studies, and make preparation for another winter's work.

It was a day of rejoicing, in at least one family, when he returned; and many a little face looked up the street, many times a day, to catch the first sign of his coming.

But one spring, instead of him, there came a letter bringing the tidings that he had gone where "everlasting spring abides," and had found a world of *peace*.

His memory is blessed. Among the privileges of my early years, I count it by no means one of the least that I knew William Ladd.

Wishing you a prosperous and speedy completion of your good work, I remain yours,

WILLIAM LADD JONES.

(By Rev. Thomas T. Stone.)

BROOKLYN, CT., Feb. 1, 1871.

DEAR SIR,— In the winter of 1828-29, I was going to Portland, from my home in Andover, Maine, and stopped about noon at a public-house, I think in Gray. I had just gone to the horse-shed to take my sleigh, when a gentleman who had been with me in the house, but had not known me, came out and introduced himself as William Ladd. He had learned from a friend that I took some interest in the cause to which he was so wholly devoted. He was just starting for a “campaign,” and arranged for me to meet him the next day in Portland, and dine with him at a friend’s there,—Deacon N. Cross. The special purpose of such a meeting was this : During the summer before, I had preached a few sermons on war, hoping some time to print them ; and when I left home, took the manuscript, hoping some advantage towards this purpose might be gained. So I told him what I had done ; and, at his wish, read passages, and talked the thing over as much as we could in so short a time, with company about us. I wished to keep the sermons a little longer, for revision and correction ; but he persuaded me to put them into his hands just as they were. And within a few months he had them printed in Boston. They have long since passed into oblivion, except with some friends of mine ; nor should I mention them now, but for their connection with his own action and character ; and, I may add, his taste. In this interview I learned, as his own writings indicate, that, in a literary way, he not only

preferred the old idiomatic English, such as is supposed to bear the Anglo-Saxon type, to what is often considered the more classical style; but that he rather disliked the cultivation of the latter. I found, too, that in addition to the truth which he was proclaiming, chiefly through the press, he likewise attached considerable value to the language in which he was setting it forth. I remember his speaking with a very natural pleasure of the commendation with which John Neal had spoken of his manner of writing.

Mr. Ladd looked on Deacon Cross as his religious father. Deacon Cross and his family seemed not the less to rejoice in the spiritual affinity.

I am sorry my letter must be so meagre.

Respectfully yours, THOMAS T. STONE.

(By Mrs. Laura Chandler Beale.)

HUDSON, MAINE, Feb. 1, 1871.

J. HEMMENWAY: SIR, — I was gratified to learn that an effort was being made in the direction of which you spoke, and if in any way I can render assistance I shall be most happy to do it.

Mr. Ladd was a near neighbor and intimate friend of my father, and we held him in great esteem. As a neighbor, he was kind and obliging, but somewhat peculiar in his dealings with the poor and laboring classes. He was sometimes charged with penuriousness, and with looking well to the "half cents" (such were in use in his day). So much was said about it that he well understood it, and would in the Bible-

class often relate some anecdote of wealthy people who became so by saving the coppers ; intimating that by thus doing, *he* was able to give for benevolent objects.

As a member of the church, he was constant at all the meetings, and seldom at a weekly prayer-meeting did he fail to refer to the cause of peace in prayer or otherwise. How long he superintended the Sabbath school I do not distinctly remember ; but I know his heart and hand were in the work, and often have I seen the tears trickling down his cheeks as he addressed the school, — often have I seen his face suffused with tears, and the big sobs have prevented his giving utterance to his feelings. In the winter of 1825 and 1826, the Sabbath school was suspended, and a Bible-class formed, which met at the house of Mr. Ladd. For a time the number of those who met was small, and they met in two rooms, the males in one and the females in another, Mr. Ladd taking charge of the males, and Mr. Jones, the minister, of the females. The number attending increased, a revival broke out, spreading all over the town, and a great many were added to the church. After a time, both classes were merged in one.

Mr. Ladd took into his family a young lady who lived with them for many years, apparently having all the privileges of a daughter. Another was taken as a servant, who also was with them for many years, serving them well and faithfully.

It was thought by many, that in his will the first

named one would receive the larger sum ; but they shared alike. In that he acted wisely, I think.

Respectfully yours,

L. C. BEALE.

(*By Samuel E. Cowes, Esq.*)

There is no want of respect and confidence and love on the part of the people for such a man as William Ladd, who raises himself above the common tone, and stands upon the high moral elevation of the principles of Jesus Christ.

Wherever William Ladd spoke, the people crowded to listen to him. They hung upon his accents with delight, for his soul was in his work. During the last years of his life, he never failed to fill the largest churches and public buildings ; and if he made not converts to his own faith, he left his audience, standing in the light of a friend to each and every one who had listened to him. He uttered his convictions boldly, manfully. He would say, " The sword *shall* be beaten into a ploughshare ; the day *is* coming when men shall learn war no more. I believe it, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." And then he would draw so beautiful a picture of a world in peace, of the day when every nation should draw together the bonds of love, when man should knit himself close to his brother man, when in place of the sword men should approach each other with the olive-branch in their hands, and with words of kindness on their lips, with love glistening from their eyes ! We wonder not that he drew all hearts to him. No wonder that he touched and moved

his audience. If he made them not peace men to the full extent, he left on their minds a deep impression of the false nature of martial glory, of the hideous lie that is covered up by the splendor of military array.

His speech and manner were peculiar — difficult to imitate or describe. In person he was large, even to corpulency; his face round and full, beaming with intelligence and benevolence, his forehead high and noble. His appearance impressed the audience with the striking traits of his character, — philanthropy, gentleness, enthusiasm, and intelligence. He appeared a truly venerable man. His memory was peculiarly retentive, and every fact and incident bearing on his cause was distinctly remembered, and told in a simple, artless manner. He always had some story to tell, often of an amusing kind, which was so pleasantly related that it made him at once the friend of his audience; and thus having gained their attention, his eloquence affected their hearts. His manner disarmed all prejudices; the most inveterate opposer of the peace doctrine had, for a time at least, to yield to his opinions, and listen attentively to him. Few men have spoken so often and so long without any abatement of the interest of his hearers.

The character of his mind was not fanciful. In his various employments — as a ship-master, a merchant, a farmer, in the management of his property — he exhibited plain, practical common-sense, with a good-natured interest in the happiness of all around him. These traits of good sense, general kindness, with a cultivated

and retentive mind, when devoted to the cause of peace, gave him his power. He was never intolerant nor denunciatory ; while he declared his own opinions boldly, he did not hate if those opinions were not adopted.

He was full of kindly feelings, even to his opponents ; and he commanded respect by the firm, honest avowal of his "ultraism." He received their reverence, because his soul was so deeply imbued with the meek and forgiving and self-sacrificing spirit of the religion he professed. His very child-like gentleness, united with his firm, uncompromising principles, his untiring zeal, and his whole-souled devotion to the truth, drew all hearts towards him. It was not mere good-nature, but the adoption of the peace principles, which made him thus gentle-hearted.

We have heard it imputed as a fault in William Ladd, that he was in his discourses too much inclined to create a laugh ; that his exuberant flow of spirits, his ready fund of anecdote, often tempted him from the dignity of his subject. But they who make this imputation do not know the springs of human nature. To many minds the facts, the outside bearing, the personal illustration, are essential. Besides, the way to reach the heart is first to arrest the attention, and establish a sympathy with the hearer, — more readily done by the pleasant story than by the soundness of logic. If his humor and playfulness at times overcame the sobriety of the temple, his frequent pathos and his powerful appeals to the sympathies of his audience carried them away captive to his eloquence. If at times some hu-

morous strain came from his lips, it was sure to be followed by an appeal that shook the stoutest heart, and none left the meeting without having fixed upon his mind "the old man eloquent."

His was a settled purpose, ever present to him, ever stimulating him to new efforts. This tenacity of purpose resulted in untiring industry, the devotion of his time, talents, learning, property, to the one great object, and made him cry out, "O God, give me a few more years, if it be thy will, that I may do something more for my Master, the Prince of Peace." It was this self-devotion that enabled him in the last few months of his life to travel over the State of New York, weak and sick, in the dead of winter, by every means of conveyance, over cross-roads in open wagons, his heavy frame disordered, his legs barely able to sustain his weight, conversing and lecturing, and when so feeble that he could no longer stand in the pulpit, kneeling down, and in that painful posture to speak with force and eloquence for hours. The mainspring of his efforts was a religious sense of duty. He was emphatically a pious man. His faith was the faith which springs from love to God and to man. He believed that the peculiar feature of the revelation by Jesus was the abandonment of the old dispensation, — an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, — and the establishment of the reign of peace and love upon the earth.

If at any time he felt the rising of a spirit of denunciation and harshness, it was when he spoke of the mingling of God and Belial by the prayers of the

Christian pastor in the camp or battle-ship. He would say, "God pardon them, and give me the feelings with which I should look upon my brother sinners."

In Minot, Maine, in 1814, he began the business of a farmer with his accustomed energy and perseverance. There he commenced his career as a writer, reading much, and preparing much for the press, principally on Peace. Though absorbed in the great reform, he yet found time for every duty, possessing that rare combination of talents which can sway the minds of men, and still take hold of all the varieties of farm and household affairs. He was scrupulously exact in his dealings. He gave a tone to the whole town and vicinity, both to morals and to the secular pursuits of the people. His zeal in his own peculiar work never interfered with his other duties. His free hospitality, his talents, and his social feelings drew towards him a constant flow of company of the best and most distinguished persons in the land. He gave his attention to his agricultural pursuits, his books, his friends in the summer, and recruited his strength and increased his resources, coming out each successive year with stronger power for his winter "campaign" in the United States, as the apostle of Peace.

(By Miss Sarah M. Grimke.)

HYDE PARK, MASS., Feb. 15, 1871.

DEAR FRIEND, — I thank you for thus addressing me, for I do indeed feel near unity with those who are "Peace-makers."

I esteem it among my great privileges to have been personally acquainted with William Ladd, and should be glad if I could send you anything that might aid you in your labor of love, but I had not much intercourse with Mr. Ladd, and therefore have no special reminiscences to detail. I can only say that I was deeply impressed with his exalted piety, his love of truth and right, his devotion to the cause of Peace, his entire self-abnegation, and his willingness to sacrifice the dearest feelings of humanity to the furtherance of the cause he loved. I remember a few words he spoke to me when I inquired about Mrs. Ladd. "I had not time to go home. Peace first, and my wife afterwards."

Faithfully,

SARAH M. GRIMKE.

(By Mrs. Anna R. Frost.)

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 23, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with the request of my sister, Sarah M. Grimke, it is my pleasure to address you, and I regret that it is not in my power to gratify you by furnishing any materials for a memoir of my excellent friend, William Ladd. Had an application been made to me in former years, I could have furnished many of his letters, giving some account of his sentiments and feelings in the great cause which filled his exalted mind; for *that cause* he lived and prayed continually; it was his day-dream of bliss. If he could only have realized what he fondly hoped, "that wars and fightings" would cease, that the sword would be

converted into a ploughshare, he would have been ready to lay down his life.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

ANNA R. FROST.

(*By Rev. Samuel J. May.*)

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 21, 1871.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. Ladd acted, in all the relations of life, in accordance with the pacific principles of Jesus Christ. He consecrated himself to the dissemination of those principles with an assiduity almost unexampled.

I sought and obtained an acquaintance with Mr. Ladd soon after his public avowal of his peace principles. In 1826 he came to Brooklyn, Ct., where I then resided, and passed a week in the bosom of my family. He was one of the most genial, lively men I ever knew, full of useful information and pertinent anecdotes. He lectured several times in Brooklyn and adjoining towns, and left an impression that was never effaced so long as I remained there. He was never daunted by opposition, nor disheartened by indifference under the most discouraging circumstances.

I am exceedingly glad that you have undertaken to write a memoir of William Ladd.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL J. MAY.

(*By Rev. Howard Malcom, D. D., President of the American Peace Society.*)

PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1871.

BROTHER HEMMENWAY, — My knowledge of William Ladd is very small. Being a very old-fashioned Bap-

tist, I have always regarded war with abhorrence. Hence, learning while I was a pastor in Boston that Captain Ladd, who was accustomed to speak in public on peace, was in the city, I invited him to my pulpit, and he spoke for us on a Sunday morning, to a crowded house.

My only recollections of him are, his fine personal appearance, his admirable simplicity of manner in his public addresses, and his disinterestedness. He received nothing as pay, worked hard, and wonderfully roused up the public.

I rejoice to know that you are strong in the Lord on this great subject. O that the people would consider!

The Lord bless you, and give you a great harvest for your seed sown.

Yours in the great bond,

HOWARD MALCOM.

CHAPTER V.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM LADD BY JOHN HEMMENWAY.

WILLIAM LADD removed from Portsmouth, N. H., to Minot, Maine, in 1814.

The natural scenery of Minot is beautiful, and the climate remarkably healthful. Mr. Ladd settled in the central part of the town. His farm consisted of 200 acres of land, and he also owned four, and for a number of years, six other farms or lots of land situated in different directions from his homestead. Those out-places were occupied principally for pasturing his large flocks of sheep. He cultivated chiefly grass, oats, and wheat. His farm, during the latter part of his life, produced about one hundred and fifty tons of hay. When he purchased his farm, its products were but five tons. He built barn after barn, till there were six large barns on the homestead. He increased his flock of sheep from year to year, till it amounted to seven hundred. He kept from four to six horses, and the same number of oxen and also of cows. He was probably the largest farmer in the county of Cumberland, and perhaps in the State. It might have been truly said of William Ladd, as a philanthropist, a true patriot, a man of noble, enlarged views, and probably

also as a farmer, "He was the greatest of all the men of the East."

The dwelling-house was a large two-story building, with a long two-story porch, the whole built in the form of an L.

Mr. Ladd planted near the house many trees and ornamental shrubs, and bushes of the rose species. The shrubs and rose-bushes have departed. There are still remaining around the dear old mansion, Lombardy poplars, pines, cedars, butternuts, elms, rock-maples, and locusts. Some of these trees are eighteen inches in diameter and fifty feet high.

The summer-house is still standing, near a solitary flourishing chestnut-tree, in the central part of the garden. This neat building, in the hot summer days, afforded the pious sage and philanthropist of Minot an agreeable and healthful place of seclusion and rest, where he could calmly meditate upon his great plans of benevolence for the good of the whole family of man.

A great change has taken place in the appearance of the homestead since his death. It should have been carefully kept, as a place of sacred and pleasant resort, for devoted pilgrims of Peace and Philanthropy in all future times, down to and through the joyful day, when the sound of war shall be heard no more, and peace and love reign on earth as wide and universal as the sunlight which cheers all the world.

Soon after Mr. Ladd came to Minot, he bought a library of religious books, with the intention of "reading himself into Christianity," as his pastor, the Rev.

Mr. Jones,* expressed it. He seems to have been, when he removed to Minot, in a serious state of mind, having considerable desire to know, by regenerating knowledge, Him, of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write, even Jesus of Nazareth. Mr. Ladd said he could not become religious in Portsmouth, there was so much in that place to draw his attention from the "one thing needful." But in reality the great difficulty was not in Portsmouth, but in himself. Still, as he wished to quiet his conscience, he tried to reason himself into the idea that it would be well for him to postpone his attention to religion, not only until "a more convenient season," but also to a more *convenient place*. He thought that in the quiet country-town of Minot he could easily turn his feet into the narrow way that leadeth unto life. But his books did not have sufficient power upon him to cause him to come to Christ as a lost sinner, and he continued, for several years, much the same as he was when he came to his rural home.

Some time in the year 1816, as he was in Portland one day, he stepped into Deacon Cross's tin-shop to purchase a dish, and gave the deacon a bank-bill. The deacon told him that the bill was worthless, as the bank had failed. Mr. Ladd, as he took the bill, uttered a curse or some improper expression against the bank. Deacon Cross said to him, "Remember, you will have to give an account of every word you say." This

* Rev. Elijah Jones began to preach in Minot in 1821, and died there in 1869, aged about 80. He was much beloved and esteemed by Mr. Ladd and his whole parish, and the community generally.

pointed rebuke was the means, by the blessing of God, of his conversion. From this time Mr. Ladd and Deacon Cross were firm friends. They visited each other at their respective homes in Minot and Portland, as Providence permitted. This proverb of Solomon, "Reprove a wise man and he will love thee," was strikingly verified in the conduct of William Ladd.

Mr. Ladd never "kept house" till he came to Minot. He maintained worship in his family before he became a Christian; though it is supposed that he used a form of prayer, or prayed in a formal manner; still, he appears to have had great respect for the Christian religion from his childhood. The question was asked at Minot, soon after Mr. Ladd acknowledged publicly that he was a Christian, "Do you see any change in Mr. Ladd?" And those intimately acquainted with him readily admitted that there was a visible change; and this change, Mr. Jones said, was more and more apparent to the end of his pious and useful life.

A man, for many years a resident of Minot, who knew Mr. Ladd well, once remarked to me, "When Captain Ladd first came into Minot, he felt just as if he was standing on the quarter-deck of a ship." By this expression he meant to convey the idea, that *Captain* Ladd intended that every man for miles around should, like sailors at sea, take the word from him as master, and implicitly obey it. But after he embraced the gospel of Jesus, he became, and continued to the close of his life increasingly, one of the meekest and most philanthropic of human beings. We can see in

him the peerless beauty and power of the gospel, when it is sweetly received, and generously cultivated, in a life of humility and benevolence. The seed of the Great Husbandman truly fell into good ground, and brought forth, in the life of William Ladd, a hundred-fold. It is much for Mr. Ladd's commendation, that his neighbors, the more they knew him, and the longer they lived by him, the more they esteemed and loved him.

It is said that the poorer classes of people in Minot thought Mr. Ladd, when he came to town, to be *immensely* rich; and they thought he ought to give to them very liberally, and were apt at that time to think hard of him because he did not give them more. His custom was to find useful labor for the poor rather than give them outright, which is the best kind of charity. Mr. Jones said, the longer Mr. Ladd lived in Minot, the more the poor loved him. And the character given of William Ladd to me by all classes of people in Minot and vicinity, each one in precisely the same words, was very precious, "*Mr. Ladd was good to the poor.*" Blessed is the man that considereth the poor. Mr. Ladd's methods of assisting the poor were various. He would tell them to come to him at any time when they were out of work, and he would employ them; although often he would be obliged to do this to his own disadvantage, as he did not always need their labor. If, at certain times of the year, they could not conveniently leave their homes to labor, he would lend them money to buy flour, and give them an opportunity to return the money, or pay him in work. Sometimes

he would pay the taxes of people that were in poor circumstances, and make arrangements with them to pay him in an easier way than in money. It would take a long time to tell all the good deeds of this good man; but He who never forgets has recorded them all in His book; and William Ladd shall receive his reward at the "resurrection of the just."

The following are a few instances of his kindness and generosity that have come to my knowledge.

Mr. Ladd once gave a good young horse to that godly minister of the gospel, of "blessed memory" in the State of Maine, the Rev. Perez Chapin, of Pownal. Mr. C. labored much with his hands in the field, and rode in a wagon, not being able to own a chaise.

At a certain time, one of his hired men, Reuben Merrow, who labored for him from 1818 to 1829, was taken very sick; had watchers twenty nights. Mr. Ladd sent to Portland for medicine for him, and he was taken excellent care of, and recovered his health after forty-one days of loss of labor. When Mr. M. was able to work, he said to Mr. Ladd, "I want to settle with you now."—"Settle for what?" said Mr. Ladd. "For the expenses of my sickness." Mr. Ladd replied, "I have no bill against you; all is settled." Mr. M. said, "I have lost forty-one days of time." Mr. Ladd answered, "You have lost no time; your wages have not stopped during your sickness." And this was the rule with this great philanthropist; to take care of his hired men and maidens in their sickness, and also continue their wages the same as when in health.

At another time, Reuben Merrow, during the haying season, and a month longer, was only able to walk about. Mr. Ladd said to him, "If you will stay on the farm, and drive the cart into the field, and carry the luncheon to the men, if able, your wages shall go on as usual."

A young woman who lived in Mr. Ladd's family for several years, was taken sick with fever. She wished to be carried to her home near by. Mr. Ladd carried her home in a carriage, with great gentleness and care, frequently inquiring of her if it hurt her to ride. He sent her, during her sickness, rare delicacies suited to her condition, which her parents could not easily procure.

This lady, now about fifty years of age, recently exclaimed, in my presence, while tenderly gazing at a portrait of Mr. Ladd, "O, what a good man he was!"

Mr. Ladd used to say he was willing to bear a portion of the misfortunes of the persons in his employ.

A negro by the name of Richard Dawes came to Minot while Reuben Merrow lived with Mr. Ladd, and wished Reuben to get him a place to work. Mr. Ladd said he had as lief hire a negro as a white man; but told Reuben he need not eat with him if he did not want to. Reuben replied, "I will not *work* with a man that I will not eat with." Mr. Ladd laughed and said, "When I followed the sea I used to sit down and eat with my sailors. I helped myself, and they helped themselves."

Richard worked for Mr. Ladd for some months, and

received the same wages as other men. He left town before winter, and was taken sick and returned to Minot the following summer, in a very poor state of health. He called on Reuben, feeling very disconsolate; said he was sick, and had no friends and no home. Reuben told him he would speak to Mr. Ladd for him, which he immediately did. Mr. Ladd inquired where Richard was; Reuben told him he was standing out-of-doors, near the house. Mr. Ladd stepped out, and said very kindly to him, "Richard how do you do?" Richard answered, "I am sick and have no home." Mr. Ladd replied, "Well *I* have a home, and *you* shall have a home so long as I have. Make my house your home. When you get well, you may work for me and pay me; but if you never get well, I am paid already." Poor Richard cried like a child. This great and unexpected kindness of Mr. Ladd completely overcame him. Mr. Ladd conducted him to a chamber furnished with as good a bed as the mansion contained, and told him that chamber was his own while he should be sick. Richard soon became very sick, and it was very evident that the end of his life on earth was near. Some ignorant or heedless person had told him that when he died he would be buried in a highway or some lonely place in a pasture. This troubled Richard so much that he wept. It was told Mr. Ladd that Richard had some peculiar trouble. Mr. Ladd immediately stepped to his bedside, and inquired the cause. Richard told his trouble, and remarked that he did not know as it ought to grieve him that he could not be buried in the grave-yard with

white people. Mr. Ladd assured him that he should be buried in the grave-yard. Richard was a pious young man; and soon after this he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. He was buried in as becoming and costly a manner as if he had been a member of the family, and Mr. and Mrs. Ladd, as chief mourners, followed poor Richard to his peaceful grave in Minot Centre burying-ground.

Probably it will be interesting to many to read Mr. Ladd's military history. His "military record" is much better than Alexander's or Cromwell's or Napoleon's, for it is unstained with human blood.

Mr. Ladd says: "New Hampshire about thirty-five years ago (1790) labored under the delusion of a military fever. The aged, the halt, and the purblind turned out, shouldered their rusty muskets, and took the ranks. The exempts were enrolled into what was called the '*Alarm List*.' The boys, too, caught the fever from the aged; and I flourished, with my wooden sword, as a lieutenant of a company of what might have been literally called *light infant-ry*. But on getting possession of an old rusty hanger, which had served in as many capacities as Hudibras's, I was elevated to the captaincy; as being a lad of the most *metal* of them all; a qualification which has generally had its weight in militia elections." The boys finally disbanded their company. Mr. Ladd continues, "We boys found our wooden guns very serviceable in the game of bat and ball; and thus, if we did not turn the sword into a ploughshare, we changed a mock tragedy into a real comedy.

Our militia titles were, however, more evanescent than our grandsires': but mine, unfortunately, has stuck to me to the present day, like the 'old man of the mountain,' in spite of all my endeavors to get rid of it."

Mr. Ladd goes on to say, "I do not know how much my early promotion in the militia line might have puffed up my vanity, and made me a son of Mars, instead of an apostle of peace, had it not been for an impression of a contrary tendency which was made on my mind soon after my promotion. I was sent on an errand to borrow a darning-needle and a pinch of snuff for Maam Creigh'on, my old school-mistress, to the cottage of old Granny Hall, who kept a sort of nursery for unfortunate children, whose parents were ashamed of them, whom she boarded at the low stipend of a shilling a week. The old lady kept the children as neat and clean as circumstances would allow. But, as their parents often forgot them, the boys would outgrow their clothes, so that their legs would protrude far out of their envelopes, and the clothes of the little girls were in no better condition. But there is no station so low in which pride and vanity may not be exhibited. These little creatures, seldom going out-of-doors, or seeing anybody but one another, thought themselves mighty fine. On this occasion one of the little girls, in a frock of many colors, which would remind one of Otway's description of the witch's cloak, and which would have puzzled Martinus Scriblerus himself, assisted with Locke's chapter on identities and diversities, to determine whether it was the same identical blue cotton frock

which her mother gave her, — ran up to me, and pointing with her tiny finger at a piece of new yellow baize— of a shape not to be found in Euclid—which was sewed on her waist, exclaimed, ‘ Ah! see my new patch! see my new patch!’ I cannot tell whether the association arises from the similarity of color, but I never see a new-made officer, strutting under his gold epaulette, but I think I hear him exclaim, with Granny Hall’s bantling, ‘ *See my new patch! See my new patch!* ’ ”

A writer in the “ New York Evening Post,” in 1828, says Mr. Ladd served a while in New Hampshire as a volunteer in the war of 1812, but of this I know nothing.

A gentleman now living in Minot, eighty-two years of age, not long since said to me, “ In 1814 Mr. Ladd and I, in company with others, were called out as soldiers to Portland. *Mr. Ladd made a very good soldier.* ” It seems very singular to hear William Ladd, “ The Apostle of Peace,” called a “ good soldier,” grasping the sword with energy and pride; for a “ good soldier ” must be proud of his profession. William Ladd full of fight and a love of military glory! Could this be William Ladd, the founder of the American Peace Society, the man of Peace? No; this was William Ladd in a state of blindness and heedless sincerity. He however had no opportunity to display his fighting patriotism, as the soldiers were soon discharged without being called into battle. This was about eight years before Ladd enlisted for life in the Peace army, to fight with weapons of love *only*, against the mighty and vengeful hosts of war.

Mr. Ladd was a man of uncommon physical as well as moral courage. One who knew him intimately, recently said to me, "Mr. Ladd had courage like a lion." Had he feared the exposure and dangers of a soldier's life, as he was a wealthy man, he might easily have hired a substitute. Had the war occurred a few years later, he would at once, with a purpose firmer than his love of life, refuse to serve as a soldier or employ a man to take his place, as he, with the highest conscientiousness of soul, became one of the strongest opposers of war and military glory the world ever saw.

Mr. Ladd was greatly given to hospitality. The following is an illustration of it. About a year before he began seriously to consider the subject of Peace, a light infantry company was formed in Minot. Mr. Ladd invited the company to meet at his house at their first training. They met at 10 A. M. As soon as a soldier came with a horse, the horse was immediately provided with provender. When the soldiers were all arranged in military order, Mr. Ladd opened the gate into his large, beautiful field, and invited the captain to march his company in to the field and drill them at his pleasure. At about eleven o'clock he brought in several pails full of excellent new cider, and gave to the soldiers. At dinner time Mr. Ladd invited the whole company, numbering ninety-two men, into his mansion, where one of the very best dinners they ever partook of was provided for them, entirely free of charge.

Mr. Ladd was at this time a sincere Christian, but not an enlightened peace Christian. It would seem that at this time military order, motion, music, display, and gorgeous finery were not especially vain to him, as they were soon afterwards, when he saw them clearly in the full light of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

Mr. Ladd in his early manhood had thoughts of entering the United States Navy.

I know nothing more of William Ladd's history as a man of war, or lover of military glory.

Mr. Ladd was careful to have nothing wasted. He cared little for mere appearance and show. He was too sensible and philanthropic to waste his property — his *Master's property* — in the gratification of what is termed, by the "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," "a refined taste." His dwelling was finished in a plain, economical style. He did not spread for himself or friends a luxurious table, though abundant in quantity, and as rich as sound common-sense and Christianity allow. It is said that some of his fashionable relatives thought his manner of living too plain for a man of his opulence and rank. But he well knew that he was only a steward over the good things which his heavenly Father had committed to his hands, and he joyfully endeavored so to use them as to meet *His* approval, whether agreeable to the opinions and wishes of his frail fellow-beings or not.

About forty-five years ago, a young man from Brunswick, Maine, who is now one of the first citizens of

Minot, went to live with Mr. Ladd as a laborer on his farm. He was then sixteen years of age, and agreed to labor till he should be twenty-one years old, with the privilege of attending school in the winter. He remained till the expiration of the time agreed upon. He says he was used well by Mr. Ladd, who fulfilled his part of the agreement to the very letter. One condition of the bargain was that Mr. Ladd should give him, when twenty-one years of age, one hundred acres of land in the town of St. Albans, Maine. Soon after he became of age, he went and examined the lot of land assigned him, but found it covered with so heavy growth of trees, that he thought it would cost him too much hard labor to clear it for a farm, and so concluded that it would not do for him. But he found another lot there which he liked well, which, unfortunately for him, Mr. Ladd had sold to another man. He told Mr. Ladd that this lot would have suited him. Mr. Ladd then very generously and kindly gratified him by purchasing this lot, and conveying it to him. This act was characteristic of the man.

The affections of William Ladd were deeply interested in the subject of "peace on earth and good will to man." Even in times of revivals of religion, when praying in religious meetings, he would often *seem* to forget the generally considered object of meeting, and cease praying for the religious welfare of the people of Minot in particular, and pray for the whole human family: that the time might be hastened, when peace shall be universal, and war known no more. O,

how lovely was peace, how dreadful was war, to this disciple of Jesus!

The following is an instance of Mr. Ladd's tender regard for dumb animals. He had a horse that he had owned for fifteen years; but its value was nearly gone, owing to its old age. A man offered him thirty dollars for the horse to put into a thrashing-machine. Mr. Ladd gave the man a decided "No" to his proposal. "That horse," said he, "has long been a good and faithful horse to me, and I will never consent to her wearing her life out in a thrashing-machine."

Mr. Ladd's sympathies for the laboring classes were noble and tender. An ignorant, unfeeling man of wealth once argued with him, that laboring people generally fared better than they deserved; said they did not need so good a living as the rich. Mr. Ladd manifested indignation at such sentiments; and said to him: "Who deserves a good living; who should enjoy the good things of the world? Is it such men as you and I, who can quietly retire to our parlors, close our green blinds, and let the soft breezes of heaven sweetly kiss our brows; or the laboring man, who nobly bears, month after month, the burden and heat of the day in his useful labor? Surely his claim is more just than yours or mine."

Mr. Merrow is now living in Auburn, Me. He is about seventy years of age. He is a man of much discernment of character, of more than common natural abilities, and a sensible, humble Christian. He said to me recently, "I lived with Mr. Ladd longer than with

my own father; his house was my home for eleven years. I loved Mr. Ladd. I had reason to; he was good to me. I know much about men. I knew Mr. Ladd well—I knew him by day and by night. ‘I summered him and I wintered him;’ and though I do not say that he was a perfect man, yet I do say that he came the nearest to being what a man ought to be of any man that I ever knew.”

I understand that, in all of the houses in a pretty thickly settled neighborhood, within two miles of Minot Centre Congregational meeting-house, family worship is maintained, with only one or two exceptions. The lady who stated this fact to me, added, “We see here the influence of Mr. Jones and Mr. Ladd.”

Mr. Jones was a good minister, and the people of Minot were greatly and mainly indebted to Mr. Ladd for him. Had *he* been opposed to the settlement of Mr. Jones, he could not have been settled, or continued after he was settled. That good, unpretending minister of Jesus Christ was a preacher well suited to the piety and taste of William Ladd. He chose a *good* preacher before one who is generally styled by the world a *great* preacher. Mr. Ladd’s approving of such a man as the Rev. Elijah Jones for his stated preacher from Sabbath to Sabbath, plainly indicates that the “Apostle of Peace” was not only a good judge of what a gospel minister ought to be, but that he was a heavenly-minded man. It shows that he desired rather to have his soul nourished than his fancy delighted. When Mrs. B. spoke of Mr. Ladd’s religious influence

upon the people of Minot, she did not refer to his indispensable assistance in securing and preserving Mr. Jones to them; but to the healthful and far-reaching power of his Christian character, as illustrated among his neighbors by his precept and example. Blessed is the memory of the good; their influence lives after them. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Mrs. D., an aged and pious lady, who knew Mr. Ladd well during all his life in Minot, said to me, "I was once sick with the fever, and little hope was entertained of my recovery; and, during my sickness, just before Mr. Ladd left Minot on a long journey, he came to see me, and kneeled down by my bed, and offered *such a prayer as I never heard*; and after giving some kind advice in regard to my treatment, and the management of affairs about the house, he left me, to return no more." He soon after departed on his mission of philanthropy to Western New York, where he labored through the winter with an energy and devoted spirit of love, worthy of the Great Apostle to the Gentiles. Mrs. D. said, with striking force of emphasis, "*There never was such another man in Minot.*"

During a protracted religious meeting in Minot, in 1831, Mr. Ladd arose one morning, and said, with tears freely flowing down his face, "My tears are not the tears of sorrow but of joy. I spent nearly the whole of the last night in prayer for the conversion of my wife; and I had resolved to continue in prayer to-night, but this morning my wife entertains a hope that she is a new creature in Christ Jesus."

Mr. Ladd prayed with his whole family, morning and evening, reading from the Old Testament in the morning, and from the New Testament in the evening. His prayers were varied according to the circumstances of the time, of his family, and the community. *He always prayed for the time to come when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares.* How many followers of the Prince of Peace do this? He generally, if not always, stood in family prayer, according to the ancient custom in New England. In prayer, often his eyes were open and fixed intently upward towards heaven, with the sublimest reverence, his whole majestic person, except his lips, as motionless as a statue of marble. In this attitude it seemed as if he would, with the highest gratitude of soul for the wondrous gift of eternal life, through a crucified Saviour, gaze upon the glories of the upper world, and Him who sitteth at the right hand of God. Sometimes he would only occasionally open his eyes towards heaven, seeming, like Moses, who talked with his Maker, and longed for greater manifestations of the divine beauty, to say, "Show me thy glory."

William Ladd was a man of great benevolence of character; it was the soul of his being. As I was one day walking along the street of a village in the northern part of Maine, I met with an aged gentleman who formerly lived in a town adjoining Minot. I inquired if he ever knew William Ladd. He knew him well by reputation, and frequently had heard him lecture, and said with emphasis, "He was a great philanthropist, and it would be well for mankind if they would practise

as he taught"; and he again remarked, "He was a great philanthropist." I thought how much more desirable to deserve the name "a great philanthropist," than to be the mightiest conqueror that ever brandished a sword. . Mr. Ladd was not a philanthropist of one idea and purpose only. Although *Peace* was his darling labor of love for the last eighteen years of his life, in season and out of season, by night and by day, at home and abroad, yea at all times and places, still he loved all enterprises, institutions, and societies whose objects were the happiness and good of his race. His soul embraced them all in the arms of his affections. When he did a good deed it was soon forgotten by him. In this respect he truly forgot the things that were behind, and pressed forward to those that were before. The following instance will illustrate this trait of his character. At the meeting of the Maine Missionary Society at Winthrop in 1830, Mr. Ladd said he had formerly contributed to the funds of the Society, and should have continued to give if he could have found any one to receive the money. Here the secretary rose and informed the meeting that Mr. Ladd had done himself injustice. For, on examining his books, he found record of twenty-five dollars, a sum more than sufficient to make him a life-member. Mr. Ladd said he had forgotten the circumstance. He was continually giving to all good objects according to his ability. He paid one fourth of Mr. Jones's regular salary (four hundred dollars), and one hundred dollars more in presents of various kinds. At one time he gave all the money that

he received from the sale of his wool for one year (one thousand dollars) to Bangor Theological Seminary.

Mr. Ladd, when he came to Minot, in 1814, was said to be worth eighty thousand dollars. Probably few men outside of Portland were worth as much as that; and few, even there. He was continually giving away his property, and very often hired men on his farm, for their benefit, to his own disadvantage. He expended much in making improvements on his farm, which proved, as he knew they would to him, unprofitable expenditures; but he loved agriculture in its varied forms, and loved to employ and *pay* the poor laboring man. At the time of his death, in 1841, his property hardly amounted to forty thousand dollars.

Mr. Ladd gave up the use of tobacco soon after he became a Christian. He gave the amount he used to spend, or rather waste, for tobacco, which was considerable of a sum every year, for the education of a heathen boy, under the care of the A. B. C. F. M.

The Cumberland County Conference of Congregational Churches assembled at Freeport, Maine, my native town, in June, 1828. I was then a boy of fourteen years of age. As soon as I took my seat in the gallery of the house, I noticed, in one of the pews below, a very large man about fifty years of age, of an extremely interesting expression of countenance, combining a dignity and benignity worthy of a ruler of a mighty empire. That man was William Ladd. Such a man I had never seen before; such a man I have never seen since; once seen he was never forgotten. A son of Rev. Dr. Edward

Payson, some years ago, said that often, when he was a little boy, he saw William Ladd at his father's house; but, being young, remembered little about him, except his majestic person.

At this meeting the subject of Sabbath-breaking was discussed. I recollect Mr. Ladd said that he never had any labor done on the Sabbath on his farm but once. That was done in consequence of his cart breaking down in haying-time, one Saturday afternoon. I recollect that one minister took extremely high ground against Sabbath-breaking; but he expressed no disapproval of Mr. Ladd's getting in hay on the Sabbath. He probably considered his conduct justifiable under such peculiar circumstances. This must have taken place before Mr. Ladd became a Christian, or in the very first years of his religious life; as Reuben Merrow, who was with Mr. Ladd from 1818 to 1829, knows nothing of the occurrence. He says the nearest he ever knew Mr. Ladd to come to doing any labor on the Sabbath was as follows: At a certain time he had a large quantity of wheat lying wet in the gavel. It had been in that bad condition for several days. One Saturday afternoon, he remarked, that if the weather on the following day should be fair, it might be right to turn and open his wheat. The next morning was bright and beautiful. Mr. Ladd calmly said, "God has taken care of my wheat thus far, and I will trust him for the future." The grain was not touched. A man who lived near Mr. Ladd, and was his head man for the last ten years of his life, says he

was remarkable for remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy. He never saw him as much as walking over his fields he delighted in so much, on the Sabbath.

The character which the patriarch Job, speaking by Divine authority, gives of himself as follows, "Till I die I will not remove my integrity from me. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me then it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor," was beautifully applicable to William Ladd, yet he himself was too modest to claim or allow that he was worthy to be compared as a master, philanthropist, or saint with Job; yet it is believed that no man of modern times ever had a better right to be ranked, in justice and benevolence and humanity of character, with that devout servant of God and generous friend of man.

There is still living "a cloud of witnesses" to testify that "the Apostle of Peace" was *good to the poor*. Mr. Davis, one of his working-men, said to me in a very serious, affectionate manner, "I do not wish to call him from his seat in heaven, where I believe he is; but I wish he could have lived to this day." Another person who lived in his family eight years said, "I loved Mr. Ladd about as well as my own father, he was so good to me."

Mr. Ladd was one of the first in Minot to move in

the Temperance reform. For a number of years he supplied his farm laborers with rum, as was then the universal practice. And when he discontinued the custom, he added the value of the rum to their wages.

He at first abstained from the use of rum, brandy, and gin, but as he was a great lover of good wine, he with other good men continued to partake of the juice of the grape for several years after he gave up ardent spirits. But Mr. Ladd found that his use of wine retarded the progress of Temperance in Minot, as some of the people said they would sign the pledge of total abstinence from *ardent spirits* if they could afford to drink *wine*, as Mr. Ladd did. On being informed of this fact, he at once and forever bade farewell to his much-loved wine-cup. For a number of the last years of his life he did not even drink cider. Few Christians ever lived who more entirely and cheerfully "crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," than William Ladd.

In an address before the Congregational State Conference at Augusta, Maine, in 1836, he said, "Not long since one of my hired men got drunk on cider, and, worse still, on *my* cider. I at once gave orders to have my cider mill cut into oven-wood, for I was determined to have no more cider about my premises." Mr. Ladd at that time spoke in favor of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. He often delivered temperance discourses in Minot and vicinity; and the very last time he ever raised his voice in public, was in Boston,

about twenty-four hours before his death, in behalf of the good cause of Temperance.

The moral and Christian character of William Ladd, like his person, was noble and well-proportioned. Its symmetry was beautiful. After he affectionately embraced religion, his grand and continual purpose was to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God."

Mr. Ladd was greatly interested in Sabbath schools. He organized the first Sabbath school in Minot, and was its superintendent for many years. All whom I have seen who were in his school, speak of him with much respect, as a teacher of eminent abilities, and uncommonly attractive in his manners, and manner of imparting instruction to them. In addressing the scholars he was so much affected with a tender regard for their best temporal, spiritual, and eternal welfare, that he would often shed tears. It is hardly necessary to say that in explaining the Scriptures, and in speaking to the children and youth, he never forgot to remind them that *Peace* was one of the fundamental principles of the gospel of Jesus, the Prince of Peace. Let Mr. Ladd be where he might, in the prayer-meeting, the temperance-meeting, the Sabbath school, the family, *Peace* was always remembered as kindly and as tenderly and as faithfully as a kind husband ever regardeth the dear wife of his youth. I was recently quite amused by a remark that a lady of Minot made to me. She always lived a neighbor to him, and has great esteem for his character as a Sabbath-school teacher. She spoke of the many books he gave to the school, of his addresses on Sab-

bath-school celebration days, etc., all tending, as she remarked, to show his great interest in the Sabbath school; but she thought, in the last few years of his life, his regard for Sabbath schools somewhat abated, he was so deeply absorbed in the cause of Peace. "Why," she exclaimed, "*he was insane on peace!*" Her husband, who was sitting near me, added, with a pleasant smile, "Had peace on the brain?" The great Apostle to the Gentiles was insane. He was pronounced mad to his face. Luther and William Penn and Baxter and Whitefield and Wesley and Payson and Judson, it must be admitted, were insane men; but it was *gospel* insanity, which is the perfection of rationality.

In the winter seasons, for many years, a Bible class of young people met at Mr. Ladd's house. His interest for the highest good of the youth in Minot was so tender, that he would, in bad travelling and inclement weather, send horses and carriages to bring and return young women that had not means of conveyance.

He made it a rule on Sabbath evening, at the time of family worship, to speak to his family on religious subjects appropriate to their spiritual wants, for about half an hour.

Singing meetings were often held at his house, which would close with some remarks or a pleasant story by Mr. Ladd. His favorite tunes were Old Hundred and Coronation. It is said that Old Hundred was the only tune that he ever joined with others in singing.

He was one of the kindest and best of husbands, and

he was regarded by his wife with an affection which amounted almost to idolatry. Her intense affection for him is evidence that he was one of the tenderest and noblest of husbands. Mrs. Ladd was said to be by nature a very timid woman; would tremble even at crossing a brook; but she braved all the dangers of the mighty deep, during nearly or quite all of Mr. Ladd's sea-voyages after their marriage. At one time she was the means of saving his ship in a storm. His sailors were sick, and she alone with her husband worked at the pumps till the danger was past.

There was a man who lived near one of Mr. Ladd's out-farms. He was very careless about keeping his line fence between his pasture and Mr. Ladd's in repair. Mr. Ladd's sheep would often jump into Mr. ——'s pasture, and out again, and stray away, and some of them could never be found. Mr. Ladd went to see Mr. —— about the matter, and told him his duty, to keep his part of the line fence in proper order. Mr. —— became a little angry, and said, "Mr. Ladd, you know as *much again* as you think you do." Mr. Ladd laughed heartily and said, "Well, you have put the knob on now." Mr. —— meant to say, "You don't know *half* as much as you think you do."

Mr. Ladd said to him further, "I don't know what to do; if you were rich I should know what to do." Mr. —— replied, "I am poor: *you rich, you rich, you rich*; you ought to build all the fence."

Mr. Ladd answered, "I suppose you are poor, as you say you are." Mr. —— replied, "I *be*, I *be*,

I be," spoken with great rapidity. Mr. Ladd turned and went home, and sent his men down and put Mr. —'s fence in repair gratis.

Mr. Ladd had a neighbor, a brother member in the church, a good man, but he did not keep a good fence between his farm and Mr. Ladd's; and also, being a careless man, did not always keep his stock on his own premises, suffering them to stray from home. One spring his horse frequently got into Mr. Ladd's field. Mr. Ladd said to him one day, pleasantly but decidedly, "Mr. —, I *can't* have your horse in my field. I don't allow *my own* horses in my field." Mr. —, being a negligent man, would let his horse get into Mr. Ladd's field again. Mr. Ladd, on seeing the horse in his field again, said to one of his men, "Take Mr. —'s horse and put him in the barn, and take as good care of him as you do of my own." Some hours afterwards, Mr. — came up to Mr. Ladd's a little angry, and said to the hired man, "What have you got my horse in the barn for?" Mr. Ladd, seeing his neighbor at the door, immediately stepped out and said, in a very kind, lively manner, "You need not be offended. I have taken as good care of your horse as I do of my own, and I have no bill against you. I had rather keep your horse in my barn than in my mowing field; but if you can take better care of your horse than I can, you are welcome to take him." Mr. — led his horse home, and Mr. Ladd had no more trouble with the horse that spring.

Mr. Ladd had an orchard on one of his out-farms.

One Josiah Seabury came to him and inquired how much he asked for the apples on the trees. Mr. Ladd said five dollars. Mr. Seabury replied, "I *guess* I will take the apples at that price." Mr. Ladd said, "I once lost fifteen hundred dollars on a cargo, by giving a man half an hour to make up his mind whether to take it or not. I then said I never would trade in that way again. I then stuck my stake down. Now, Mr. Seabury, will you take the apples or not?" Mr. Seabury answered, "I *think* I will." Mr. Ladd said, "Now say whether you will or not." Mr. Seabury replied, "Well, I *believe* I will." Mr. Ladd said, "I tell you, if you don't decide *positively now*, I shall sell them to the first man that calls on me, if he will pay my price." Mr. Seabury goes off, saying, "I *rather* think I shall take the apples." Before night a man comes along and readily agrees to pay Mr. Ladd his price for the apples. The next day Mr. Seabury comes again, and is quite vexed to find that the apples had been sold, and says to Mr. Ladd, "How could you sell them? I told you I thought I should take them." "Why, then," said Mr. Ladd, "did you not *say* so? I followed you out through the gate, but you could not decide." Mr. Seabury found he had no one to blame but himself.

Mr. Ladd, in trade, was very decided and precise. He never made but one offer when he bought. His first was his last and best. When he sold he could never be "beat down." He was a man in trade that every one that knew him always knew where to find. This was true even when he dealt with children. He often

bought berries of them, and generally paid them more than any one else would ; but sometimes children would tell him that some one paid more than he offered. He would tell them, " That is all they are worth to me," and would advise them to carry their berries where they could get the most for them. People soon found out that when they bought of " Captain Ladd," they must pay him his price or not trade. His price for the produce of his farm was often less than the common market price in the neighborhood ; and when the market price was low, he would not sell. His prices, on the whole, were moderate. He admired honesty and frankness in trade. Two men happened to call at his house at the same time to hire a pasture that he had the care of. He was aware that both of the men were anxious to hire the pasture. One who had broken his mind to Mr. Ladd about it, told him he thought his price too high. Mr. Ladd, on hearing that remark, immediately turned to the other man and promptly told him he could have the pasture ; this man very quickly took it. The first man was much disappointed, and said, in a pettish manner, " I *meant* to take it." Mr. Ladd replied, " But you said I asked too much."

He was called, by some at least, "*a very set man*." But it was only when his conscience required him to be. When no moral principle was involved, he was as yielding as the air, — a little child could lead him.

All great and good men are, and must be, if faithful to God and to man, *set men*. Paul was one of the most

set men the world ever knew ; and still, when he justly could, he delighted to become "all things to all men."

When a man like Mr. Ladd settles in a community of strangers, who are all below him in property and scholarship and knowledge of the world, his appearance and manners and actions and character are severely examined and criticised. He was a man that usually spoke very loud in common conversation. Some thought "Captain Ladd" felt his importance over the people of Minot, because he talked so loud. On learning this, he observed, "It is not strange that I talk loud. I have acquired this habit from the practice of being obliged, when I followed the sea, to give my orders to my sailors in a loud tone of voice."

A man one day met him, stopped his carriage in the middle of the road, and bawled out: "I won't turn out for you, if you be Captain Ladd." Mr. Ladd quietly wheeled his carriage out of the road around him, and drove on without saying a word. After he became a Christian, he made it the grand purpose of his life to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," in all the blessed attributes of His humanity. Hence he would not contend for his just right of the highway.

He used to say, "We cannot get along without one another." Sometimes, although having ample means for the supply of his wants, especially by proper care and forethought, he would verify this sentiment, by borrowing of his neighbors. This would give them boldness to borrow of him. An aged man, who always

lived a neighbor to him, recently said: "I never went to him for a favor but what I got it."

He was by nature one of the most amiable of men, and wished to make every one at ease and happy around him. When he came into Minot, as he was a highly intelligent man, and considered very wealthy, and "a great gentleman," many supposed he would have little social intercourse with them, and so at first did not dare to approach him. But he said to them, "I have come to *live* among you, and be one of you, and I am going to have you visit me." And he invited them to visit him, which they did; and he, at their request, returned their visits. A lady who knew much of the world pronounced him the most perfect gentleman she ever saw. Another lady who knew him well said, "He was always the charm and life of the social party at Minot; and always intent on doing good."

There was not only a peculiar dignity, but a loveliness about the personal appearance of William Ladd. A lady who knew him from the eighth year of her age till his death, says: "I remember well his erect, majestic form, as he used to walk up the broad aisle of the church with frank and pleasant expression of countenance, and stately step, to his pew on the right side of the aisle, third one from the pulpit."

Mr. Ladd was careful to attend the week-day religious meetings, which were often held in the school-house, half a mile distant. Mr. Jones said he had an excellent gift in speaking.

He made it a rule to be at the monthly concert of

prayer for foreign missions. At one time he gave an address appropriate to the occasion, which was peculiarly blest to his only auditor, — *his wife*. He and she were the only persons in the house.

I have spoken of his interest in Sabbath schools. It is said he would address the *teachers* as well as the scholars. He would say to them, "God is saying to you, 'Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages.'"

One Samuel Winslow at a certain time was painting the meeting-house near Mr. Ladd's house. Mr. Winslow, with much confidence and self-importance, argued that it was no matter what a man's religious belief was, if he was only sincere in it; it would be just as safe and well for him, here and hereafter. Mr. Ladd replied: "Suppose Mr. Winslow should go up to the top of this ladder very sincere in the belief that he should not fall; but it so happened that Mr. Winslow did fall, and hurt himself badly, and his friends come along and say, 'Poor Mr. Winslow; he went up on the ladder very sincere in the belief that he should not fall; he had no thought of falling; but somehow he did fall; poor Mr. Winslow.'" It is said Mr. Winslow, seeing the unsoundness of his argument, made little reply.

Mr. Ladd never exercised any authority over his men in regard to their use of the elective franchise. He would say to them, "You have as good a right to vote independently as I have. I wish you to vote freely. I shall vote for Mr. —, and you may vote as you please. I wish you to vote as you believe to be right and best."

After he became engaged in the cause of peace, he cared little for political parties *as parties*. He had a very decided preference for John Quincy Adams for president of the United States, instead of Andrew Jackson. Mr. Ladd appears to have sympathized with the whig party; yet he voted for Robert Dunlap, a democrat, for governor, considering him a better *man* than the whig candidate, although they were both good men. He did not approve of the "log cabin and hard cider" enthusiasm and folly that whirled Gen. Harrison into the presidential chair.

He was frequently pressed by his fellow-townsmen to accept the chief offices in their gift; but he always gave to their petitions a decided, though respectful, negation. Such business was not congenial to his philanthropic nature and calling.

He was opposed to the annexation of Texas as far back as 1837. In that year he was chosen by the town of Minot chairman of a committee "to remonstrate to congress against the admission of Texas into the Union."

A lady who lived in her early womanhood eight years in his family as a domestic, says Mr. Ladd's basis of respect for mankind was character only. He would often leave his wealthy friends from Portsmouth, and come out into the sitting-room, and sit for a long time in friendly and religious conversation with some poor neighbor, who would not feel at ease in a company of strangers that moved in the higher walks of life. Sometimes he would spend one or two hours with a

poor, illiterate Christian in this manner. He would say that he enjoyed such a man's company far better than his cultivated visitors from abroad, who knew not Jesus Christ and Him crucified, or if they really knew Him, "followed Him afar off."

He had a very tender regard for all in his employ. After they left him and settled themselves for life, his interest in their welfare still continued. Once when on a journey, and far from home, and having but a few hours at his command, he rode five miles directly out of his way to see a young man who had lived in his early youth a few years with him as a farm laborer, and when he grasped his hand, he was much affected with tender emotions of love and of joy at seeing him again.

Mr. Ladd was ever ready to confess his faults, even to a child. He once sent a little girl to get a corkscrew. She brought him a gimlet. He was in haste to use the instrument, and said she was a dull, stupid girl, and sent her back again. As she left his presence, he said, "I ought not to have spoken so to her." As soon as she returned again, he said, "I ask your pardon for speaking to you as I did."

He was very pleasant to children, who sometimes indulged themselves in mischievous tricks about his premises. There were two boys in the neighborhood who were in the habit of being too free with his trees of choicest early apples. He had never seen them take the apples, but he had good reason to believe they did take them. One day, as the boys were near his house, he said to them, "Boys, can you show me where I can

find some good apples?" The boys immediately conducted him to the trees that bore his best apples. Mr. Ladd then spoke out, right merrily, to them: "Ah, hah! boys! I see you know where my apples are as well as I do."

A certain boy, that lived for a time with him, he suspected of stealing his hens' eggs to drink in cider that was kept in the barn cellar. One day he went out to the barn and found the boy drinking cider, which *at that time* was the common drink of all about the homestead. Mr. Ladd said to the boy, "Come; now draw me some cider." The boy quickly drew a dish of cider and handed it to him. He tasted it and smacked his lips, and said, "Would n't it taste *better* if there was an egg in it?" The boy thought it would. Mr. Ladd said, "Can't you find me one?" The boy immediately started off to find an egg, and Mr. Ladd followed softly behind him. The boy soon came to a hole where he had secreted about twenty eggs. As soon as Mr. Ladd saw them, he laughed, and exclaimed, "O ho! what a fine nest of eggs you have found. Now let us, after we drink some in the cider, carry the rest of them into the house, so that the folks can have some as well as we." The boy saw at once that Mr. Ladd had set a trap for him, and that he was caught. Of course he was greatly mortified. He stole no more eggs.

Mr. Ladd treated all offenders against himself with great gentleness, and yet would manage his case with much shrewdness. One that knew him well said "Mr. Ladd was as cunning as a fox, yet always good and

honest in his craft. There was once a man who lived near Mr. Ladd who occasionally stole things of small value from him. As there was no other person in the neighborhood suspected of thieving, Mr. Ladd concluded this person was the thief. And when he lost anything he would charge it on his book against him; and when he settled accounts, those stolen articles would be brought in with other things. This man was never known to object to any of those things which Mr. Ladd charged as stolen, though no hint was ever given to him on settlement that he was not a strictly honest man. The man soon found that stealing from Mr. Ladd was not a very profitable business, and quit it entirely.

Mr. Ladd used to say, "Man was not made to live alone for himself." He was one of the best of neighbors. He never needed to be reminded of this command of his Divine Master: "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." It is hardly necessary to say that he never took but six per cent interest on money.

At the meeting of the Cumberland County Conference of Congregational Churches at Freeport, Maine, in 1828, Mr. Ladd being invited to make some remarks, arose and said, "If I say anything at this time it must be on my favorite subject — Peace and War." During the progress of his observations he said, "The ladies are often accused of being vain and fond of dress; but what shall we say of those men, who, in order to make a fine appearance, have robbed the bears of their fur, the geese of their feathers, and the horses

of their tails." This was so amusing, and spoken in so amusing a manner, that even grave and venerable clergymen joined in the hearty laugh that prevailed throughout the house.

Before Mr. Jones was settled in Minot, Mr. Ladd, as for a while there was no preaching on the Sabbath, read sermons to the assembled people in the meeting-house.

After Mr. Jones came to Minot, for many years he preached every other Sabbath, two miles distant from the meeting-house, near Mr. Ladd's. He always wished his whole household to regularly attend meeting on the Sabbath. But he did not ask any one to walk. He would furnish all, even robust young men, with horses and carriages to ride; although it would not have been really wearisome for a strong young man to walk two miles, yet he wished to make going to meeting on the Sabbath a pleasant exercise. The Ladd mansion, on the Sabbath, would often be left entirely empty of inhabitants. As there were frequently many visitors there, the number that left for public worship was often quite large.

Mr. Ladd was tenderly interested in the religious, as well as the worldly welfare of his neighbors. An aged man recently said that his wife was for several months before her death in a gloomy state of mind. Mr. Ladd was very anxious that she might enjoy the light of her Saviour's countenance, whom she professed to love. He often visited her, and conversed and prayed with her, and his pious services were greatly blest to

her; and as she neared the dark river, it was illuminated with light from Heaven, and she passed over in peace.

The following is from my note-book of travels.

June 14th, 1860. When about half of a mile from the Ladd homestead, in Minot, I called at a house to make an inquiry. The owner of the house, a man about sixty-five years of age, came to the door. In the course of our conversation he told me he had always lived in Minot. I said, then you knew Mr. Ladd? "Yes," he answered, with a lively expression of countenance. "I knew him well. Our farms joined; we always got along well together. But he carried his peace principles too far; but he was honest in it." I said, William Ladd was a good man. He replied with great emphasis, "Yes; I wish there was a hundred just such men as he was in this town now, — *yes, a thousand.*" Truly, this is high praise indeed; and, coming from an honest man, moving in a low sphere compared with Mr. Ladd's, is exceedingly valuable. It is decisive proof that the "Apostle of Peace," in his sublime labors for the good of a world, did not neglect the humbler duties of a good neighbor and townsman.

After leaving this man, I called on Rev. Elijah Jones, who very kindly walked with me to the Ladd mansion near by. I observed, as we drew near the mansion, "Mr. Ladd was a great man." Mr. Jones instantly said, "Yes, he was a *great* man." The tone of emphasis which he placed on the word great was very remark-

able; it was full, reverential, affectionate, clearly demonstrating that he entertained a profound and tender veneration for the character of William Ladd.

As we entered the parlor, which remains, excepting the furniture, just as Mr. Ladd left it, he pointed to the hearth, and said, "There is where my wife and I have spent many happy evening hours in the company of Mr. Ladd." We then went into the northeast-corner room. This was his library. This was the spot where he conceived and wrote the most of his great and loving thoughts of peace and good-will to man. Books, pamphlets, and papers filled the shelves all around from floor to plastering. Here, in this little room, William Ladd prayed and read and meditated, and wrote with hope and cheerfulness and a disinterested spirit of benevolence as wide as the world and as comprehensive as the woes and wants of all mankind; and unborn generations shall arise and bless his name, when war's mightiest heroes shall be remembered only with pity and abhorrence.

After leaving the mansion, we walked down the road northward, a gentle declivity. Mr. Jones pointed to a long row of apple-trees, one hundred in number, by the wall in the field adjoining the road, saying, "Mr. Ladd planted those trees with the intention that travellers along the road should eat as many apples as they pleased." Good man! how he delighted, when doing good for himself, to plan good for others.

June 15th. Slept in the north chamber, called "the minister's chamber," of the Ladd mansion, and slept,

as Mr. Jones said I would, "*in peace.*" After breakfast I went up into the little roofless enclosure on the roof of the mansion. Here the "Apostle of Peace" often sat during the warm, bright summer hours. From this position is an enchantingly beautiful view, one of the loveliest in New England. It is extensive in all directions; variegated with fields, pastures, woodlands, water, churches, dwelling-houses, orchards, hills, vales, and mountains. How beautiful all this must have been in the eyes of him who loved God and man so well!

It all seems to say, in touching eloquence, "Live like William Ladd, and it shall be well with you in time, and well in eternity."

Mr. Ladd was tenderly attached to his Minot home. Once, when he thought duty required him to leave it for a season, for the improvement of his health, he looked pensively around and exclaimed, "My paradise, must I leave thee!"

Those who knew William Ladd the most intimately had the highest opinion of his mental power and moral goodness.

An intelligent gentleman of good understanding, a native of Minot, who knew Mr. Ladd well, in speaking of him recently, used the following expressions: "Mr. Ladd was a man of great natural powers of mind." "A man of great acquirements." "A very conscientious man." "A great and a good man." The question may be asked, "Which was most conspicuous in the character of William Ladd, greatness or goodness?" To this it is replied, that in him, as in all

truly great and good men, goodness was the most plainly visible.

The clerk of a religious anniversary meeting held in Maine in 1837, records that, "In accordance with previous arrangements, Mr. Ladd occupied the last hour of the forenoon, and introduced his subject — Peace — in the happiest manner, by observing that he had purposely refrained from saying much on the topics that had been discussed, although they were open to all who were disposed to speak; for he perceived that all these subjects, and others not named, such as Temperance and Moral Reform, ran like rivulets into the broad and deep river of Peace. His object would be to show that peace embraced them all. And probably in the judgment of all present he made out his case pretty clearly; for peace, being founded on the *great law of love*, must embrace all good works and cherish all good feelings."

Mr. Ladd never prayed "at the corner of the streets to be seen of men." But as he followed "hard after God," he could not always enter into his closet of prayer without others having some knowledge of it. One who lived in his family many years, says that he was supposed to have a season of secret prayer, of about half an hour's duration every day, soon after dinner, as he was in the practice of retiring for that length of time to his library. His periods of private devotion, morning and evening, could be easily concealed from the family, but not that in the middle of the day.

Soon after Mr. Ladd became a Christian, it is said he burnt three barrels of novels and light reading.

William Ladd was a practical, as well as a professional peace man. Peace, with him, meant an inexhaustible amount of meekness, gentleness, forbearance, patience, kindness, pity, love, as the sum of man's duty to man.

I never knew of Mr. Ladd being called a hypocrite in his profession of love for the cause of peace, but once. Several years before his death, he delivered an address on peace in one of the capitals of New England, in which he spoke, as he often did, on war as involving men in everlasting ruin ; not only as destroying the human body, but also the priceless, immortal soul. The next day a Universalist preacher came out in a bitter editorial article in his weekly paper, accusing Mr. Ladd of hypocrisy in going about from place to place in lecturing on peace. He said his *real* object was to promulgate the doctrine of future eternal punishment. Never was a more groundless charge brought against a good man, than this. William Ladd a hypocrite as a peace man ! To be sure, Mr. Ladd was tenderly alive to the eternal, as well as the temporal interests of mankind. Had he not been, his philanthropy would have been of a very low order. His benevolence for the good of man was as far reaching as the gospel of Jesus. And believing, as he fully did, that men must " follow peace with all men, and holiness," or never enter a heaven of everlasting peace and holiness, and that war has ruined for eternity more human

beings than any other sin, he could not, in his peace discourses, be indifferent to this infinite evil of war.

But he gave the world the fullest possible evidence of his honesty as a friend of peace, in devoting on the neglected altar of peace, his prayers, his pen, his voice, his property, his tears, his life, his dying life, like a martyr.

The last evening Mr. Ladd ever spent in Minot, at family devotion he requested the young women domestics, very worthy persons, to sing; and they sung the hymn called "The Bower." The first and last verses are as follows:—

"To leave my dear friends and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home affects not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From the blest retreat where I have chosen to pray.

Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer."

As they concluded singing the hymn, they observed that the good man was so tenderly affected as to shed tears.

Mr. Ladd's power over the minds of good, intelligent persons was very great. He was the means of converting to the principles of peace many eminent men; among whom may be mentioned Rev. Drs. Thomas C. Upham, Andrew P. Peabody, George C. Beckwith, Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, and William Watson, Esq.

The following account of the conversion of Mr. Watson is from the "Advocate of Peace," December, 1836.

"In 1828, William Ladd delivered a lecture on the subject of Peace, in Hartford, Conn. The style and manner of Mr. Ladd delighted Mr. Watson; and the nature of the enterprise to promote universal peace, now for the first time fully opened to his mind, seemed to impart a new enthusiasm to his character, to give a new spring of action to his life. Returning home from the lecture, he expressed to his family the pleasure which it had afforded him, with the manner of one who had at length found his congenial element. From that time forth, for the cause of peace he lived and labored, and in the midst of efforts to promote it, he died."

Mr. Watson was eminently pious and philanthropic; a friend of God and man indeed.

Very few, if any, candid, intelligent minds ever heard Mr. Ladd speak on peace and war, without being considerably affected with respect for his character and abilities, and for the principles of peace, and an abhorrence or disapprobation of war.

I will here close these reminiscences of Mr. Ladd.

J. H.

CHAPTER VI.

SELECTIONS FROM MR. LADD'S UNPUBLISHED PRIVATE LETTERS.

MR. LADD'S letters were very numerous, especially those on the subject of peace. Many of them are not in existence. His letters to that eminent scholar and devoted Christian, the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, of South Carolina, which would have been very interesting, were unfortunately destroyed during the civil war, when the Grimke mansion was burnt. The whole number of his letters would have made many volumes. He was never tired of writing on peace.

A few selections from his private letters are here given. He never designed *one* of these letters for publication. It will be observed that he writes with great frankness respecting himself and his doings. Those passages which bring him most distinctly to view are *purposely* selected. Such parts would have been the very last that he himself would have chosen for the public eye.

(From Letters to Rev. Samuel J. May.)

“Jan. 1, 1827.

“The part I have taken in the cause of peace, I humbly trust was dictated by a sincere desire to advance the temporal and eternal interests of my fellow-creatures, and I have been amply rewarded. Could

conquerors and heroes appreciate the happiness I experience in my success in this righteous and glorious cause, they would sicken with envy, and hold their laurels cheap. But alas! they have no *taste* for the exercise of benevolence, and it is to them like flesh to an ox, or hay to a dog."

"When I begin on the subject of peace, I never know when to stop."

"As soon as my private affairs will admit, I intend opening my winter campaign; I have some prospect of success, but that depends on God. I have a prospect of establishing a Peace Society at the Theological Seminary at Andover, which I should consider as a great point gained."

"I am not used to despair; perseverance is my motto."

"The formation of a National Peace Society is, I think, highly important to the success of our cause. At the reorganization of the Peace Society of Maine, last winter (1826), I laid the plan before the society, and the following vote was passed, viz.: "That it is expedient to take measures for the formation of a National Peace Society."

Referring to the long journeys which he contemplated making in behalf of the cause of peace, he says:—

"The sacrifice, to be sure, will be great; but it is not the sacrifice I mind; I fear my want of ability. But that I hope may be made up by exertion, as velocity makes up for weight, in giving momentum. Small causes often produce great effects."

"There are many other subjects which I should like to touch upon, but you see my paper is expended. I say to your society, brethren, *persevere*; success is as certain as the gospel is true. Life is short. Our usefulness must soon cease. Snatch while you may the blessing pronounced on peace-makers."

"I remain your friend and coadjutor in the great cause.

WM. LADD,

"Cor. Sec. of the Peace Societies of Maine and of Minot."

"March 1st, 1827.

"I am sorry that the paper containing an account of your meeting at Pomfret has not come to hand; for news relating to peace societies is to me the most interesting of any."

"We come now to the consideration of the great object, — the formation of a National Peace Society. The object of the society will be to give a tone of prominence, unity, and strength to all the exertions of all the friends of peace in the United States, and, indeed, of all the inhabitants of North America who are favorable to the cause. But I cannot, at present, enlarge on the benefits to be derived from such a society, and will barely remark that, as knowledge is power, union is strength."

"The subject of peace is so copious that the only difficulty lies in the choice of what things to say first. Some of my friends, who have not looked much into the subject, are afraid that I shall exhaust it; but I tell them that ministers will sooner preach out the Bible."

“ In general, I endeavor to make my addresses suitable to the character of the audience ; for instance, in addressing the audience in Portsmouth, when last there, I addressed motives of general philanthropy, patriotism, and economy, and endeavored to expose the false glory of war, and the dangers arising from it. At the Theological Seminary, at Andover, where I lately formed a large and, I trust, energetic peace society, my motives were chiefly drawn from the anti-christian nature of war, and its direct hostility to the peaceable principles inculcated by Christ and his apostles, and the obstacles which war throws in the way of propagating the gospel among the heathen.”

“ You may, perhaps, be surprised at my enthusiasm ; but when you consider that the success I have met with has been twenty times greater than I had anticipated, and when you are informed that I never have been so happy as since I embarked in the great and good cause, you ought rather to wonder at my being so lukewarm. Indeed, I grudge every moment I am not engaged in it. I allow my mind to be taken up with other objects, only as the means of greater usefulness, and I never can be sufficiently thankful to my heavenly Father, for having directed my feet into a walk at once so useful and so pleasant, as that which His beloved Son came to earth to point out to erring mortals.”

“ MINOR, June 11, 1827.

“ As to ridicule, one must be content to bear it for a while. What new thing that is good ever escaped

ridicule?" "I lately received a very interesting letter from John Bevans, secretary of the London Peace Society, accompanied by the nineteenth and twentieth numbers of the 'Herald of Peace.' I am much grieved to see in these numbers so much notice taken of myself. I fear it will hurt the cause in this country; for I am sensible that the weight of character of so obscure an individual as myself can add nothing to it, and I have endeavored as much as possible to keep out of sight. Had I any popularity, I should delight to sacrifice it on the altar of peace; but as it is, the more that agents like me are kept behind the curtain, the better it will be for the success of the cause."

"If you knew how much I have to do you would excuse me in not answering your letters more punctually. I have been writing a series of lectures on Peace, preparatory to my next winter's excursion, and thought to have compressed them into four; but they have extended to six. I have had to complete my second series of essays, and some of the numbers required a great deal of research. I have, besides, a considerable mercantile establishment to look out for, and a farm of 500 acres to see to daily, beside some manufacturing and mills, some journeys to make, a great many letters to write, and am personally engaged for three evenings in a week for religious meetings, and once a fortnight beside; and then I have forced upon me offices in many of our benevolent and literary institutions, and in some of the smaller I must be '*facto-*

tum. I hope all these things will apologize for my long silence."

"Your friend and fellow-laborer in the best of causes."

"MINOT, July 5, 1827.

"You talk of the abundance of my labors in the cause of peace; but when I think how few sacrifices I have made, and how little I have done in so good, so great, and so urgent a cause, I am ashamed of myself. *Sacrifices* I have made none; but, on the contrary, it has been my meat and drink to promote the good cause, so conducive to the happiness of my fellow-creatures, and I can safely affirm that the prosecution of this cause and the unmerited success I have met with have caused me more satisfaction than anything else I ever undertook." "I embrace every opportunity to answer objections, and lament that no more are offered; for the progress of our principles suffers as much by the neglect of our opponents, as it does by supineness of our friends." "Conversation is a powerful means of promoting our principles. I like nothing better than to be attacked in public places, provided my assailants come only two or three at a time. I have had the satisfaction of bringing over some very stout opponents. It is only necessary that the subject of peace should be discussed in a spirit of peace."

"I thank you for your compliments. I have no objection to them in *private* letters; but I dislike those *public* compliments, with which I have been rather oppressed, especially by the London Peace Society.

I am conscious I do not deserve them, and I fear it will hurt the cause." "Our progress depends, under God, on our exertions. We are rowing against the streams, and to go ahead, or even to hold our own, requires constant and unremitted exertions. I would impress it on every friend of peace that he must act as though the peace of the world depended on him alone. This is the most auspicious period that ever occurred for the cause of peace, and I grudge every moment that is not devoted to it." "We ought not to be accused of fanaticism if we predict that the condition of the human race will be ameliorated to an extent at present inconceivable, and the joyful anticipation ought to warm the heart of every philanthropist and stimulate him to his utmost exertions."

"I must beg you to excuse the imperfections of this letter, as from my window where I write I superintend my hay-makers, and have been called off by mechanics and domestics and callers I do not know how often since I commenced, and I have no time to copy letters. Yesterday I had the happiness of forming a Bible Society and a Colonization Society. A benevolent spirit is abroad in the world and only waits to be called."

"MINOT, Nov. 10th, 1827.

"We celebrated our anniversary of the Minot Peace Society on the 7th instant. We had a violent snow-storm; but we had a large and respectable and *patient* audience, for the exercises continued between two and three hours. My address exceeded an hour

and a quarter, and was heard with the utmost attention, notwithstanding the severity of the cold." "You know that my object is to form a National Peace Society, located at either New York or Philadelphia, and I shall make my utmost efforts for this purpose, and so shall want every grain of aid I can get from every friend of peace in America, and perhaps shall fail after all. If I do not try, I am sure I shall not succeed, and I *can* try if I can do nothing else. To do great things one must attempt great things. Hitherto my success has altogether exceeded my expectations."

"NEW YORK, Jan. 25, 1828.

"I embrace the first leisure moment since my arrival in New York, to drop you a line to let you know my progress."

"Most of the week I was engaged with the members of the New York Peace Society, and in delivering my lectures. The officers of the Peace Society assured me they were all dead, but I would not believe them. They threw in my way every possible discouragement; but I told them they might as well throw snow-balls into the crater of Vesuvius, in the hope of extinguishing it, as to expect to cool me. *Retreat* does not belong to my vocabulary. I was determined on delivering my lectures, if only to one audience and one candle-snuffer, as I had told you before. Seeing I would not be refused, a meeting was appointed in great fear and trembling. The time came, on Friday eve, at seven o'clock. Mr. Phelps, who was to go with me, did not

arrive; for once, my spirits began to flag. At seven, however, I left the house with Mr. Phelps. We had far to walk. The place appointed was a lecture-room of a church in Pearl Street,—obscure and invisible until you get into it. When we got to the church the yard was locked, the room was not lighted; all was solitary and silent. The sexton lived, nobody knew where, a mile off. It was impossible to scale the iron pickets of the church-yard. I was near giving up the ship. I found one friend and his wife waiting. It was suggested that the keys might *possibly* be at the minister's; they were procured there, for fortunately there had been a Bible-class meeting in the afternoon; the room was still warm, and was soon lighted. After half an hour's delay, the throne of grace was addressed by a minister, Mr. Peters. A respectable audience, a great part of which were my personal friends, and those to whom I had letters, were present. I recovered my spirits; and as I found the audience extremely attentive, I felt great freedom, and my address lasted an hour and a half. Several valuable converts were made. One gentleman came up, and after having thanked me, said: 'Put my name down for fifty dollars.' A vote was taken as to the expediency of continuing my lectures, and the motion was made by a gentleman who has always before opposed peace societies. The vote was unanimous, and I found the friends of peace began to look up a little. I am to deliver my first written lecture this evening.

"My friend, I assure you it requires no small degree

of perseverance to bear up against all the discouragements which I meet with ; but I do not, and I never will despair ; all these discouragements are to be expected ; and if my success is less than my hopes, it is greater than my fears." " A committee of three were chosen to procure a larger and better room. The gentleman who made the motion to raise the committee, said that though he did not think he should become a member of the Peace Society, he, at least, after hearing my lecture, would break the sword he had bought for his boy for a New-Year's present."

" PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12, 1828.

" I have not yet found any one who would do for a corresponding secretary. Many would do it for *pay*, but such will not do it at present, for where is the money to come from ? and besides that, I want a better motive. I am sanguine, however, as to a National Peace Society."

" My reception in this city has been noble. All the churches are open to me. Since I began this letter I have been interrupted by a party of *ladies*, who called on me by appointment, all ardent friends of peace."

" I am heartily glad that you are engaged in writing in the newspapers in the good cause, and hope you will have an able antagonist. The little chaps *give no glory* by the conquest. My best respects to my good and dear friend, Mr. Benson. I lament his fall on the ice ; but at the same time I remember that if I had not run

a nail into my foot last summer, I should not have finished my lectures."

"Nothing but the cause in which I am engaged prevents my being homesick. O, Minot, when shall I see thee again! and O, wife, too!

"Give my *love* to the ladies. God bless them. I shall never forget their kindness and attentions, and my wife will love them forever, when I tell her all about them. I mortally hate to send you any blank paper, but I have not a moment to spare. My time is entirely occupied in preaching from house to house, and I have more appointments than I can well meet."

"MINOT, April 28, 1828.

"I should be very happy to visit Brooklyn, Conn., going or returning from New York; but you must consider what the spring is to the farmer. I am obliged to have a great number of men to work, in order to bring my previously-laid plans to a close. Agriculture was formerly my hobby. I was delighted with the idea that posterity would enjoy the fruit of the trees, the seeds of which I have planted; and that my huge and expensive stone-walls would protect the crop of the farmer in the millennium, when the walls of cities and fortresses and triumphal arches and Bunker Hill monument will be pulled down for the materials to build churches and fences. But now I look at moral improvement, rather than physical. Still I delight in farming, and would not sacrifice it to anything but peace, and the hope of being in some small degree instrumental in

converting the sword to a ploughshare." "Please let me know if you get any subscribers for the 'Harbinger of Peace.' In this poor little backwoods town, I have procured seventeen subscribers, two of them '*Jackson men.*'"

"When I look at our feeble means, and the great work we have to do, I should be discouraged, did I not know that we have One on our side stronger than all."

"MINOT, August 3, 1824.

"Haying season is *always* a busy time with me, but this year especially so, as I have rather more to do than usual, and have a new overseer.

"I have had to prepare an address before the Infant School Society, of Portland, and have had to attend some of our religious anniversaries, but have divested myself of some of the offices, which had become very burdensome, and interfered too much with my main object. I have, however, accepted a second appointment as delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, as that may promote the great cause; and, indeed, I undertake nothing which has not naturally, or cannot be made to have a bearing on the great question of peace. My mercantile concerns I have left to their own course, which I suspect is a wild one. I shall soon, however, be disencumbered of that business, and intend to lay aside every weight as soon as practicable."

Mr. Ladd, at this period of his life, intended to sell his farm and remove to New York city, as he thought

by so doing he would better promote his darling object; but Providence did not open the way, and the idea was soon abandoned.

“I suppose you have received the third number of the ‘Harbinger of Peace,’ which is not much more free from errors than the preceding. The fact is, I compose the numbers at some leisure at home, run down to Portland and put them into the hands of the printer; and, heels over head in business, while there hurry the printers, for I cannot leave home without a sacrifice, get through as soon as I can, hurry over the proof, and hurry back home; and when I get there, on the receipt of the finished number, blush up to the ears, though all alone, at the errors which have escaped me and others, that were corrected in the proof, but omitted by the printer. The difficulty of printing at a distance of thirty-five miles is greater than I expected, and will demand a greater sacrifice; but it must be attended to, cost what it may.”

“The great predisposition of this country to war and military glory is exemplified in the rage for General Jackson for the presidency. A rage for military heroes for rulers will probably be the bane of our republic.”

“Wars of opinion must always be expected; perhaps it is not desirable that they should cease; but only that men should cease to contend for victory, and only contend for truth, and then with good-will towards the persons and character of their opponents. I am so sick of polemics that I have stopped all of my polemic

publications, determined to know nothing among Christians but Christ Jesus and his pacific precepts. I know that some of our Orthodox look upon me as half Unitarian; but they are mistaken. I can see the faults of both parties, and their virtues too. A man's creed is an affair between himself and his God, with which another has nothing to do in anger, but only in love."

"I hope you will write me often. The greatest luxury I enjoy is a letter from the friends of peace."

The Unitarians were, for many years, very prominent friends of peace in New England, especially in Massachusetts. With them, Mr. Ladd labored lovingly and ardently in behalf of the cause so dear to him. From this circumstance, some narrow-minded, illiberal persons, it seems, concluded that Mr. Ladd was inclined to Unitarianism. But this was not the fact. He always enjoyed, as he deserved, the fullest confidence of the Orthodox Congregationalists of Maine, where his sentiments and character were fully known. Not Edward Payson himself was *there* considered a sounder Trinitarian than William Ladd. In his labors in the cause of peace, he used to say that he "knew no man after the flesh." He was not only a theologically sound Christian, according to the doctrines of the sect to which he cordially united himself, but he was a very loving Christian. He delighted to labor in the cause of peace with Trinitarians and Unitarians; with Calvinists and Arminians; with Protestants and Catholics. All real friends of peace were his friends. He judged Christians more by what they *did*, than by what they

said. William Ladd was an active, practical Christian. He would not have been at home in the chair of a theological seminary, excepting at occasional seasons, and then *peace* would have been the *hub* of the system of divinity he would have taught.

“MINOT, Aug. 11, 1828.

“I have to deliver an address on infant schools, in Portland, which I shall turn to account in promulgating the principles of peace; for, as they say of me here, no matter what my *text* is, my *sermon* is always peace. I am aware that some Orthodox are prejudiced against peace societies, because the credit of having founded them, in Massachusetts, rests pretty much with Unitarians. On the other hand, some Unitarians have become lukewarm, and I fear it is because Orthodoxy is so much engaged in peace. But men of large minds will look down on these low prejudices, and will advocate a good cause for its own sake, without regard to the character of its supporters.”

“I beg you will excuse the haste in which this is written, for I am obliged to lay down my pen several times during its progress, and my head is now more like a humble-bee’s nest than anything else. I expect to deliver my *infant* address next week, and have made but ‘mighty little’ progress. I have the sick to attend to up-stairs, the house full of company, haying not yet done, the grain wet in the sheaf, plague about the presidential election, in which I resolutely refuse to take any part except as a simple voter, my commercial

affairs to close, I hope forever, and a dozen letters to write."

"MINOT, Sept. 10, 1828.

"How can you, my dear sir, speak of me as you do, — in the annual report of the Peace Society of Windham county, Conn.? I fear you much injure the cause by it. You make me of far too much consequence. You know I have cautioned you before on this head. I ought to be kept entirely in the background, and my name never mentioned whenever it can be avoided. Our principles have already, in New York, got their appellation of 'Laddism,' which you must confess has an awkward and boyish sound. I assure you, I want no praise to induce me to press forward in the great and glorious cause; and the unexpected success I have met with, and the great happiness I have enjoyed while prosecuting it, ought to be a sufficient reward, and, indeed, has rewarded me ten thousand fold. I would not have you think that I am indifferent to the good opinion of my friends; far from it; but then that should be *inter nos*. But enough on this topic, or at least I hope enough to induce you to be more cautious in future."

"*Perseverance* has always been my watchword, in everything good; and who should persevere if not they who are sure of success, — whether *we* reap the harvest or leave it to others? Whether we receive our reward in this world or the next, is what we must leave to the sovereign disposer of all events, and there I am willing to leave it."

"I have just received a letter from Amelia Opie, but too much like your report to publish, or even repeat to a friend."

"I want to write a thousand things, but I am reminded my time is short, and I have to write by the same conveyance to less indulgent friends."

"MINOT, Oct. 30, 1828.

"I hope something may yet be done to increase the number of subscribers to the 'Harbinger.' I wish it were better, but it is as good as I can make it. It is in vain to think of increasing the size, when the present will not support itself, though I throw in my time, expenses, postage, etc.} But you know that I pledged myself that there should be a monthly publication, and I am determined to redeem the pledge, if I pay all the expenses myself. But we are creeping forward, and I have the satisfaction of making new converts almost daily, and that among the most influential men of society; and I am not disposed to come to anchor so long as I make headway, if my progress be ever so slow.

You will see the use I have made of your report. I have omitted what you say of "ourselves." My dear friend, permit me to rebuke you a little. It is highly expedient to keep me out of sight as much as possible. I believe I have written something about this before.

I hope you will excuse this scrawl, as I am obliged to write in great haste; for, though I consider this a leisure day, and the first I have had for a long time,

yet there are so many things which I have put off for the first leisure day, that I have my hands full.

About the first of December I expect to leave home, and, after attending a meeting of the Maine Peace Society, which will be called for the purpose of hearing some suggestions from me, I make my next stop at Portsmouth, for a few days. Exeter next engages me, where I *must* stop perhaps a week; then Newburyport, then Salem, where I have engaged to break up the fallow ground, and shall have little time enough in Boston before the anniversary of the Mass. Peace Society, which it is necessary that I should attend. My next stage will be New Bedford, then Newport, then Norwich, and then *Brooklyn*, Conn. These are my plans; the performance depends on higher powers. I never so much before lamented the shortness of time and my own weakness. Mrs. Ladd will probably accompany me as far as Philadelphia."

(Extract from a Letter to his Mother.)

"HARTFORD, April 24, 1829.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I believe the last letter which I wrote you was dated at Newport. I left that place a week ago last Tuesday for Providence. I did not do much in Providence, as I had not intended to go there; but I found my old friends the Quakers quite liberal in money concerns. We rode out about five miles to see one of them, and had no reason to lament the time we stayed there.

From Providence we took the stage to Norwich, and

arrived a little after dark; and while getting supper, I learned that there was a meeting on the subject of intemperance, and I went to the meeting. My old friends recognized me, and I was obliged to make a speech in favor of temperance, which I commonly join to the subject of peace.

We arrived at this place at ten o'clock in the evening, and since I have been here, have been very busily employed. I organized a peace society here last year, which has done well. I am to deliver a lecture this evening.

On the whole, dear mother, I have enjoyed myself very much ever since I left Portsmouth, and Sophia — Mrs. Ladd — has been in excellent health and spirits, and says she never enjoyed herself so much before in her life. I went with her to see the infant school this forenoon, and she was highly gratified at the sight of so many children, and so affected that she could not restrain her tears.

Notwithstanding my success, which is greater than I anticipated, I am anxious to get home on account of my business there. O, my dear mother, how happy I should be, if my circumstances allowed me to be entirely devoted to the cause of peace, and have nothing else to do! Remember us affectionately to all.

Yours in affection and esteem. WM. LADD."

(Extract from Letters to Rev. Samuel J. May.)

"MINOT, April 3, 1833.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have not yet answered your kind letter of Feb. 12, for reasons which must be very

obvious. My time has been totally engrossed with the affairs of other people, and though principally devoted to peace, I have turned aside for a few hours to aid the cause of temperance, and have written one or more numbers on colonization. I have, however, been very much gratified by my winter's exertion. I have delivered a good many addresses on peace, chiefly, however, addressed to professing Christians, and as the fruits of my labor, I am happy to state that the three Orthodox Congregational churches of Portland held an union prayer-meeting on the twentieth of March, for the express purpose of praying for God's blessing on the exertions of the American Peace Society, to spread the principles of peace through the world.

Our church in Minot have voted to have a prayer-meeting on the last Monday of this month, in reference to this subject. At these meetings prayers are offered, addresses and contributions taken up."

"I consider the Colonization Society as only one of many enterprises which ought to be undertaken for the benefit of our black population, and while I wish it all success, I am willing to aid and abet all the others, when I can do it consistently; but I cannot at the same time rail at the Colonization Society and support it. I see no reason why I cannot befriend all the operations in favor of the African race, and it is wonderful, that the friends of immediate abolition, of which number I am one, cannot harmonize with those who wish to civilize and evangelize Africa, and afford an asylum to all who *choose* to accept it. There is nothing in the na-

ture of the Colonization Society to put the least impediment in the way of educating the free blacks, elevating their characters, urging their masters to emancipate them, or anything else of kindness. I hope you have received ere this all my numbers of *Africaner*. I directed Shirley to send them to you."

"It is necessary for me to be everywhere, and this is one great reason why I have not sacrificed everything and located myself in New York; but in that case, I should have been nowhere else."

"You know that I have long since abandoned polemics and politics. I have too little time to spare from actual duties to attend much to abstract sentiments. To do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly, I believe to be the great duty of a Christian, and I do not much concern myself with what others *think*, provided I am satisfied with what they *do*."

"I may be in an error concerning Christ's nature, and it may not be fatal; but I must confess that had I not some dependence on Him for salvation, something more than my own righteousness, or even the mercy of God out of Christ, I should 'be of all men most miserable.' Now, if I reject the atonement of Christ, I cannot see how I can be saved by it, and I have no other hope." "Thank God, we have the Bible to go to, and though the *philosophy* of it is past my comprehension, I do not think we have need of theologians to make our *duties* plain. But we do want line upon line

and precept upon precept; we want the truths of the gospel which we *do* understand, to be set home to our feelings, our judgment, and our consciences. O, if Christians had been more engaged in inculcating the pure and peaceable principles of the gospel, — if the *law of love* had always been in their hearts and on their lips, what a different world we should have!”

“MINOT, Dec. 12th, 1833.

“I should have written long ago, but my unanswered correspondence had arisen to a great heap during my illness, and since I have so far recovered that it would be safe to employ much time in writing, I have been, as much as I dare, engaged in answering those letters which required an immediate answer, and in writing for the religious papers, preparing as much as I could the public mind for the approaching prayer-meetings, on the 25th inst.

I have done with advocating the Colonization Society. I am still a friend to colonization in the abstract, though I do not approve of much of the conduct of the society, but I have no time to spare. The cause of peace engrosses all my solicitude, for if I leave it who will take it up? It is an unpopular cause, which goes a-begging, and though of divine origin, it has but few friends in this wicked world, and if I should leave it, it would have one less.

I thank you for your quotation from Dr. Hancock's letter. It was, indeed, a cordial to my soul. There are few men who care less for the applause of the mul-

titude than I do, if I know my own heart, but none value more highly the approbation of *good* men. It is the next thing but one to the approbation of God, and that one thing is consciousness of doing good from good motives. My future destiny I joyfully leave with my heavenly Father. If He pleases to show me that He can do His work without me, praised be His name; but He will do it, for He has promised it. Happy will be His instruments. I wish I could be everywhere. I love to write on the cause of peace; I am never weary of it, but writing exhausts me very much, and I can write but a little at a time."

(Extracts from Letters to Rev. Elijah Jones.)

"PORTSMOUTH, Dec. 24.

"REV. E. JONES: DEAR SIR, — I arrived here on Wednesday after leaving home, and found all our friends as well as usual. I concluded to publish the twenty-first number of the 'Calumet' in Portsmouth, and got it through the press last Saturday; but my wife had a bad fall, and hurt her head very much, which prevented my paying any more attention to it on that day, and it had to lay over for Monday, and I have not yet finished the distribution. Mrs. Ladd has now entirely recovered, and is as well as usual, except the effects of a caustic application to her neck, which the doctor ordered.

I am very anxious to hear how you come on at Minot, — how it is with Dr. Chandler, and Mr. Bradford, and my affairs generally."

"I hope you will observe the annual peace prayer-meeting in Minot."

"Please to remember us affectionately to all friends.

"Yours in the bonds of peace. WM. LADD."

"HARTFORD, March 23, 1838.

"DEAR SIR, — I have been in the midst of a revival ever since I left Minot. There is now a great work going on here in all denominations. Meetings are held every night, and I generally take a part in them, and find it good to be here; but this day I am to set my face towards home, stopping at Springfield to lecture on the Sabbath."

"My health, thank God, has been very good ever since I left home."

"Remember me to Mrs. Jones and all the family, and to all the good folks of Minot. Tell them that I remember them in my prayers, and sometimes speak of them in public meetings. They must let their light shine, that others may see their good works and glorify their Father who is in heaven, from whom all good desires and good works proceed. They must set every stitch of sail they can while the wind blows fair."

"Yours in the bonds of peace. WILLIAM LADD."

CHAPTER VII.

SELECTIONS FROM MR. LADD'S WORKS.

(From Essays on Peace and War. Vol. 1st.)

I WOULD address a few words on the subject of permanent and universal peace to professors of religion. "What do ye more than others?" You may answer, that you do all you can to spread the gospel; that you are a member of a missionary, a Bible, and a tract society, and that you subscribe for the religious publications of the day. You have done well, and I have no doubt reap a full recompense of reward in your own bosoms. But can Christian nations expect the blessing of God on their exertions to extend the gospel of peace, while they "bite and devour one another"? While they prize more the honor which cometh from men, than that which cometh from God? — while Christians worship military glory, with what face can they pretend to convert the Hindoo from the worship of Juggernaut, not more foolish and less bloody than their own? The reproach of the emperor of China yet tingles in my ears. Yes, "Christians have whitened with human bones the countries they have conquered."

Now, what have you done to aid the cause of peace? On the contrary, are there not many of you who are not ashamed to appear vain of military habiliments, and to glory in military titles? I do not say that you

cannot be Christians and do this. But, I do say, that your practice is in direct opposition to the religion you profess.

When we look into your houses, how frequently do we see their walls hung with pictures of sieges and battles, and portraits of generals and conquerors, and the books in your children's hands of that description which cherish military ardor, and give them a thirst for military glory, and their very toys of a warlike character.

"These things ought not so to be." There ought to be some difference between the professors of the peaceable religion of Jesus Christ, and those who worship the god of this world. By such conduct you sanction war, with all its horrid consequences; you lower the standard of Christian perfection, and bring a reproach on that holy name by which you are called.

(From Essays on Peace and War. Vol. 2d.)

Laws which cannot be executed without a military force ought never to be enacted by a republican government. My countrymen, I tell you this solemn truth, that when you need the bayonet to execute your laws, you are no longer fit to be a republic. Once let our fellow-citizens adopt the opinion that the sword is to settle questions of right or of government, and excite in them a thirst for military glory, and, on the first occasion, we shall see armed hosts set in battle array on our now fruitful fields, and havoc, war, and desolation inundate our now happy country.

A humorous story not long since appeared in the papers which is applicable to this case.

A great cock-fighter who was to fight a main of cocks with another amateur of this kind of war on a small scale, and had kept his birds a long time in training, sent his servant with them, some miles, to the cockpit. Now Tom had put two cocks into one basket, and when he arrived at the "bloody arena" it was found that they had pecked each other's eyes out. On being reprimanded by his master, the honest son of Erin replied, "Och! your honor, as the birdies were to fight all on one side, I could but think as how they would be peaceable together." We may laugh at the Irishman's blunders, while we are committing a similar one. We are teaching our young birds to fight, and history will tell whether they will be peaceable; if they are, they will be rare birds.

(*From Essays on Peace and War. Vol. 2d.*)

OBSTACLE TO THE ADOPTION OF THE "GREAT SCHEME."

That there are obstacles to the adoption of the philosophic, pacific scheme which we have been considering, cannot be denied. The greatest obstacle is the love of military glory, for peace is the grave of such glory. But will the world always be dazzled by this *ignis fatuus*? No, it will grow wiser by dear experience, and as the Christian religion shall be better understood and more widely diffused, the empire of peace will be extended. The manner in which history is generally

written tends much to keep up a spirit of war. Even our boasted declaration of independence will hardly bear the test of strict scrutiny. It was calculated expressly to fan the dormant embers and to excite animosity against both the government and people of Great Britain, and it had the effect. But the end having been answered, I do not see the use of annually repeating all our complaints, which, if they did exist, have now ceased, unless it be useful to make a country a slave to prejudice.

The erection of monuments to perpetuate the memory of the battles in which we have been engaged, is an obstacle to the "Great Scheme."

There seems to be the same absurdity in a nation's erecting monuments of its own victories as in an individual's erecting a statue to himself. To me, such a monument appears like the gravestone of departed philanthropy. Should such monuments be erected in some parts of Europe, the whole country would look like a grave-yard.

The last obstacle to the adoption of pacific sentiments, which I shall now mention, is the manner in which we celebrate our independence. We commence with vibrations of air, made by every possible means,—by cannon, small arms, bells, trumpets, fifes and drums, as though we would frighten away the evil genius of slavery from our shores, as the natives of Nootka Sound frighten away the evil spirit who they think is eating up the moon at the time of an eclipse. Our Fourth of July orations are generally frothy encomi-

ums on our prowess and valor, and proud boastings of our being the most enlightened, free, and brave nation in the world; and, by way of contrast, we represent the land of our forefathers as a land of slaves, and George III as a tyrant whom we *conquered*.

While some are industriously gathering all that they can allege against foreign nations, the friends of peace ought to be as industrious in collecting traits of their virtues. To speak well of an enemy when we have an opportunity, is generous and magnanimous; but to refuse him approbation when he merits it is mean and contemptible. The friends of peace ought to discountenance all memorials of past grievances and past hostilities. Forgiveness of injuries is as much the duty of nations as of individuals, and tends as much to national as it does to individual happiness. I know this doctrine is not popular, but a man who courts popularity will not join the peace society, at least for the present.

It is much to be desired that our country would send back to England and France all the flags and trophies of war they have taken from them. This could not but be reciprocated by them, and the example might extend to others. If all the military trophies in the world were heaped together in one vast pile, and consumed, what a *glorious* bonfire they would make.

Finally, by leaving undone many things that we do, and doing some things which we leave undone, the time might be brought near when all the powers in Christendom would consent to a system of international law

which would forever abolish the custom of war, and bury the hatchet so deep that it would never again be found, — the time “when nation shall no more lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more:” a time which will surely come, “for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it.” What immortal glory will crown that nation that shall all lead the way to the joyful consummation.

(*From Essays on Peace and War. Vol. 2d.*)

It is really surprising to observe with what carelessness as to public good or private character some people choose a profession for their children. Not long ago a friend of mine applied to me for advice respecting the education of his son. He had thoughts of sending him to West Point, to make a soldier of him, or to Andover, to make a minister, and was uncertain which to choose. He certainly could not have hit on extremes further apart than the military and the clerical characters, though I allow that they have been united in one person, — strange inconsistency.

(*From the Harbinger of Peace, May, 1828.*)

The cause of peace is in everything directly opposite to the custom of war. It boasts no “glory, pomp and circumstance.” It appeals not to the boisterous passions of mankind, but to the pity and philanthropy of the humane, the common-sense of the intelligent, and the piety of the Christian. Our principles were promulgated by the song of angels, which proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to men; they soar far

above the temporary and local affairs of states and empires; they are as extensive as the world and lasting as eternity. Wherever breathes a human soul, we hail him brother! Whatever may be the color of his skin, or the articles of his creed, we delight to do him good, and to extend to him the peaceful principles of our blessed Saviour. We chiefly build our hopes on the Rock of Ages; on the promise of the immutable Jehovah, who has declared that the time shall come when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more.

(From the Harbinger of Peace, September, 1830.)

Good men generally excel in moral courage; bad men in animal. An excess of animal courage is often united to moral cowardice. Often, the man who will rush on the point of a bayonet, turns pale at the pointing of a finger.

Christ came into the world, not to make us warriors, but to abolish war.

(From the Harbinger of Peace, October, 1830.)

We must be content to take the world as we find it; but no man ought to be content to leave the world as he found it; for every one can do something to improve it. What would now have been the state of the world, if every philanthropist had acted on the principle "that the time has not yet arrived"?

(From the Harbinger of Peace.)

We Christians think ourselves highly civilized because we do not use poisoned weapons like savages and pagans, though we do make use of artifice, decep-

tion, falsehood, treachery, the ambuscade, the mine, the torpedo, and every other means by which we can make cunning take the place of courage; and by these means, we kill and destroy the unsuspecting enemy. We know, that in justification of these means, it is said that war cannot be carried on without them. This we acknowledge; and here we infer that war cannot be carried on without abandoning the fundamental principles of the Christian religion. The only way to abolish these savage customs among Christians, is, to abolish the custom of war itself. When war is once commenced, retaliation and revenge will justify every means, however atrocious; and to expect to carry on war without the violation of the precepts of our holy religion, to expect to regulate the passions of men when once let loose in war, is like setting fire to a powder magazine and expecting to regulate the explosion.

(From the Harbinger of Peace.)

Were a soldier allowed to have a conscience, like another man, there would be an end to war. What would have become of the British army if they had refused to violate the Sabbath at the battle of Waterloo? War violates almost every command of the decalogue. How could it be carried on if soldiers were allowed a conscience? They *must* put their consciences in to the keeping of their superiors, and there is no help for it so long as war continues.

(From the Harbinger of Peace.)

There is a wonderful inconsistency in some men,

that while they say, "When men become Christians they will cease to make war," they still affirm that war is consistent with Christianity. If this be so, how in the name of common-sense will Christianity put an end to war? If the rum-trade and Sabbath-breaking be consistent with Christianity, how will the extension of Christianity ever put an end to them? Our opponents, on the very face of their argument, do allow that war is inconsistent with the Christian religion

(From Dissertation on a Congress of Nations, 1831.)

Mankind naturally love the excitement of war. It is the pastime of savages, and the occupation of the civilized. The applause of mankind has been heaped on those who have delighted in war. Men love to figure in history, to boast of their valor, and erect monuments to perpetuate the remembrance of their battles, and they look on a congress of nations as the grave of all their glory. As it would prevent wars, it would prevent victories. Heroes would cease to be; triumphal arches would no longer be erected, and mankind would be compelled to seek excitement in the increase of knowledge, virtue, and piety. Instead of fortifications would be internal improvements; colleges instead of camps; and cultivated fields, covered with harvests, would take the place of fields of battle covered with gore and glory. All this would be dull business to the master-spirits who have ruled the destinies of nations. "But to this complexion they must come at last." The time shall come, when the sword

shall be beaten into a ploughshare, and the nations shall learn war no more, "*for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*"

(From the Calumet.)

We must keep in mind, that, in all the histories of the first settlement of this country, the English are the historians. Had the Indians written the history, no doubt many an instance of perfidy and murder would have descended to posterity, which will now sleep in oblivion until the day of judgment. The English began their settlement at Plymouth, December, 1620, and one of the first things they did was to *organize the militia system and build a fort*. There is nothing in all the history of New England to prove that the Pilgrims could not have lived as amicably with the Indians as William Penn did, had they pursued the same course.

(From the Calumet.)

The year 1815 was rendered memorable by the discovery of the safety lamp, by Sir Humphrey Davy.

It is plain that the world requires more light, both on morals and physics; and every philanthropist and philosopher ought to let his light shine. Sir Humphrey Davy has immortalized his name by the invention of the safety lamp, and he will be remembered with honor when the names of heroes shall have rotted in oblivion, and as long as coal-mines shall continue to be worked. But he who causes the invention of a congress of nations to go into effect, will be revered after all the coal-mines on earth have been exhausted,

and the world and all there is therein shall have been burnt up.

(From the History of Alexander the Great.)

The Christian is told, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" but the hero is proud in spirit. "Blessed are the meek;" the hero is violent. "Blessed are the merciful;" the hero shows no mercy, except from policy. "Blessed are the peace-makers;" the hero is a war-maker. We are commanded, "Thou shalt not kill;" but the hero's trade and occupation is to kill. Christ says "Love your enemies"; no man can be a hero on these conditions; for, if he really loves his enemies, he must cease to kill them. The Christian is taught, "Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" no hero ever did this; and this precept alone, if practised, would put an end to war, offensive and defensive.

(From the Calumet.)

When the inhabitants of Sumatra had killed three of our seamen, our government sent out a frigate to chastise the nation, punishing the innocent with, or rather instead of, the guilty. Now, when two of our beloved Christian ministers, Lyman and Munson, who visited Sumatra, not for gain, but to carry the gospel to them, are murdered, why does not the government send out another force to chastise them? The very supposition strikes the reader with surprise. But why does it? It is because every man, almost instinctively, perceives the discrepancy between war and Christianity. As well might Belial unite with Christ, as war with His

religion. It would be utterly incongruous, and our consciences tell us so, otherwise we should as soon think of defending our missionaries, or avenging their death by the sword, as we should of doing the same thing for our seamen.

(From Essays on the Duty of Women to Promote the Cause of Peace.)

Many a man has not the moral courage to plead for peace, for fear he shall be accused of effeminacy and cowardice. Woman has no such fear. To be the advocate of peace is congenial to her character. She fears not the taunts nor the scoffs of the dissolute. She, who was "last at the cross and earliest at the grave" of the Prince of Peace, when his disciples forsook him and fled, can plead for his cause. There is something peculiarly appropriate in woman's undertaking the cause of peace. Men make war—let women make peace.

All that mildness, forbearance, forgiveness, gentleness, and long-suffering, so beautifully depicted in Isaiah, and so directly opposed to all that the world calls great, and to all the heroism which the world has worshipped, show forth in the character of Christ. What would a conqueror do with these lamb-like, dove-like qualities? Can we possibly conceive of the meek, benevolent Jesus assuming the character of a soldier?

The principle of Christianity is to conquer by suffering, not by making others suffer. This doctrine is hard to be received by the natural man.

Use your influence for the promotion of the cause of

peace in your *own family*, on your husbands, brothers, and sons. In all that you do, or refuse to do, have an eye to the great "consummation so devoutly to be wished," — the reign of peace on earth, and good-will to man.

If you are invited to sing or play a tune, let the theme and the music favor peace rather than war. The lady who plays a martial tune, or sings a martial song, is, in a measure, accessory to war. What should we think of that friend of temperance who should sing the drunkard's song? It is just as absurd for a friend of peace to sing or listen to a war song.

Last winter, an amiable young lady in Boston, of fine musical talents, and a friend of peace, very kindly entertained me for an hour with the sweet sounds of her piano accompanied by her sweeter voice. I requested her to sing me a song or hymn on peace. She searched her music book, but not a peace hymn or peace song could be found! There were marches and battles and glory enough. She felt the inconsistency of playing martial tunes, or singing war songs, to an advocate of peace. Bacchanalian songs are no longer sung in Christian society; why should Christians continue to sing war songs?

The motto of the warlike statesman is, "In peace prepare for war;" and the motto of the Christian should be, "In peace prepare to prevent war." In the name of the Prince of Peace, I call on the church, which He has redeemed with His own blood, I call on ministers of the gospel, I call on the female sex, as

they value the benediction which their Saviour has pronounced on the peace-makers, to do what they can to promote the holy cause of peace, and abolish the unchristian custom of war.

(From Solemn Appeal to Christians.)

Christian people contribute the money which ought to be devoted to the promotion of good and the propagation of the religion of peace, to erect huge piles of granite to perpetuate the remembrance of a fatal strife, where the professed disciples of the Saviour fell by each other's hands.

Monuments and trophies of victory harden the heart of nations. There will be no monuments in the millennium.

The frequency of an evil reconciles us to it. When we hear of the slaughter of thousands, it is an old story which we have been so long used to that it is disregarded. Had we never been used to such things, we could not believe that they would ever happen, and the first sight of a battle-field would astonish and shock us as much as the corpse of murdered Abel did Adam and Eve.

Suppose that, by a miracle of grace, a soldier should be converted. He loves God. He loves all God's creatures, and his soul goes out in benevolent feelings towards the whole human race. How can he, in such a state of feeling, plunge his bayonet into a sinner and send him to everlasting perdition? However others may conceive the abstract idea of loving an enemy and praying for him, and at the same time sending his soul to hell, to my mind it is perfectly inconceivable.

There is not, perhaps, a single vice of which this fallen world is guilty, which war does not draw after it.

“A tree is known by its fruits.”

Some Christians say, “Wars will cease when the millennium comes, and not before. Let us labor to make all men Christians, and we need not trouble ourselves about universal peace, that will come of course.” They do not reason so on any other subject. They do not say when the millennium comes all men will be temperate. They do not say let intemperance alone till the millennium.

Christians should labor for the abolition of war, because it is one of the greatest obstacles to the temperance reform; because it violates the Sabbath more than any other custom; because it is a great obstacle to “moral reform,” and one of the greatest promoters of licentiousness; because it is one of the greatest promoters of profane swearing; because it is the greatest of all obstacle to revivals of religion; because it is the greatest of all obstacles to the spread of the gospel both at home and abroad.

(From Obstacles and Objections to the Cause of Peace.)

There is no danger of making the world too peaceable; and as no man was ever yet hurt by total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, so no nation was ever yet hurt by total abstinence from all war.

There is great reason to fear that the friends of peace in this country have never yet taken the high ground which the Scriptures warrant them to take.

We have reason to suspect that if the principles of peace, which are warranted by the gospel, were openly promulgated by the friends of peace, they would meet with the opposition of the world. If they should come out and denounce *all* war, offensive and defensive, and assert that the law of violence is never allowed to the Christian, and that come what may he never should depart from the law of love, that he should consent to suffer rather than make others suffer, and "take joyfully the spoiling of his goods," that he should never attempt to overcome evil with evil, if they should take the ground of the primitive Christians, and never resort to the law of violence for the prevention of evil, protection, or redress, and if it is wrong to fight it is wrong to learn to fight, and consequently all preparation for war should be immediately abandoned, — if the friends of peace should take this ground, indifference would cease.

I am almost tired of this everlasting apathy, and feel more fit to fight in the cause of peace than ever. But the weapons of my warfare shall not be carnal, but spiritual.

Let a man adopt the pacific principles of the gospel to their whole extent. Let him love his enemies, and be prepared to render always good for evil, and the millennium has come *to him*. The principle of love is the principle of happiness; it dwells in heaven, and heaven dwells in the breast of that man who loves God with all his soul and his neighbor as himself.

One of the most formidable obstacles to the cause

of peace, in this country, is the glory of the Revolutionary war. But it is not necessary to my purpose to magnify the evils or undervalue the advantages which accrued from the Revolution. I allow that the advantages were great—that a country ought not to be governed by men three thousand miles distant—that representation and taxation ought to go together; and could America have been separated from Great Britain in the same peaceful manner as the colonies of ancient Greece were separated from the mother country, or Maine from Massachusetts, such a separation was highly desirable. But the end ought not to sanctify the means. Mobs were then no more justifiable than they are now. “The Boston tea party,” and the affair of the 5th of March, were no more justifiable than modern mobs. Tarring and feathering a man for his private opinions was not more justifiable than it is now. Indeed, the mobites of the present day justify themselves by the example set them by the heroes of the Revolution; and well they may. We are the creatures of circumstances. Had the American Revolution failed, it would have been a bloody rebellion. As it succeeded, we called it a glorious Revolution.

There is another view which ought to be taken of this subject. We should look at it by the light of eternity. Did it not send many a poor soul to its last account “with all its imperfections on its head”? Were all the temporal advantages of the American Revolution equal to the value of one immortal soul? Would any one give his own soul for all the advantages of the

Revolution? If one such person can be found, then he can easily answer the question of Christ, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The devoted Christian, who is determined to follow the precepts of his Master, let them lead where they may, ought to ask himself these and many similar questions. Perhaps, if he should, he would come to the conclusion that those things which are highly esteemed among men are abominations in the sight of God. But, whatever may be our opinion of the American Revolution,—its means or consequences,—it ought not to prejudice us against the cause of peace. War is still an evil of tremendous consequences, both temporal and eternal, to which the occasional and accidental benefits sometimes accruing from it are but the "small dust of the balance."

The great principle of Christianity is to suffer for others, rather than make them suffer. Although I allow that physical force may be carried to a great extent without violating the law of love, I do not think it ought to be carried, in any case, to the extent of depriving a fellow-creature of his life, and sending his soul to a miserable eternity. No circumstances can justify it under the gospel dispensation. The only lawful way for a Christian to conquer is by suffering when he cannot overcome evil with good; his Saviour did so from choice.

The precepts of Christ and his apostles teach us to love our enemies, to feed them when hungry, and to give them drink when thirsty, to return good for evil, and to overcome evil with good; and the example of

Christ teaches us to suffer death for our enemies, rather than make them suffer. I ask, how war can be carried on agreeably to these precepts and this example.

(From Comparison between Protestant and Catholic Prejudices.)

Roman Catholics are not the only ones who are the slaves of the prejudices of education. The gospel inculcates humility, meekness, forbearance, overcoming evil with good, love of enemies; and it absolutely forbids doing anything to our enemies inconsistent with perfect love and good-will towards them. What is the reason that the Christian world will not receive this doctrine, plainly laid down in the gospel? It is because we have imbibed prejudices against it, just as the Catholics have done.

The first thing which strikes the attention of children is often the bright button, the gold-laced, party-colored clothing, the gorgeous helmet and the nodding plume of the soldier. The first pictures which he sees are often of great warriors and battles. The first processions which he sees are military, more noisy and brilliant than those of the Catholics. The first books which he reads tell him of the glorious exploits of great generals, who are honored as heroes, and almost deified as demigods. The birthdays of warriors and the anniversaries of victories are celebrated by the ringing of bells, roaring of cannon, and hoisting of colors on board of ships; and our churches, once a year, are made to resound with our boasts of victory.

We are industriously taught that our only safety

lies in arms, and if we are not prepared to kill other people, they will kill us.

Though Christ has blessed the peace-makers, there are many who would treat them as traitors to their country, and liberty of conscience is not granted them, when they refuse to bear arms, and they have to suffer a persecution as severe as Protestants now suffer in popish countries.


Enlightened Protestant Christians, pause and consider; and while you pity or condemn the benighted Catholics, examine your own prejudices in favor of war, a custom a thousand times more cruel and destructive to the souls and bodies of men than the inquisition ever was, because a thousand times more extended. The reformation has begun, but it has, as yet, made but little progress. We hold many errors yet, in common with the Catholics; and we have far, very far to go, before we arrive at the purity of the primitive church, when Christians did not take the sword either for offence or defence. War was almost the first error which crept into the church, and it let in a legion of others; and war must be banished from the church before it can expel the others.

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